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MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT.)

Richard Cumberland

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THE

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N° XXXVII.

THE firſt effuſions of poetry having been addreſſed to prayer and worſhip, to the myſand genealogies of the deities, to religious ſacrifices and initiations, and to the awful ılgation of oracles by enthuſiaſtic Sybills, ting forth to the aſtoniſhed multitude their ndous denunciations, the time was now in ach, when that portion of divine inſpiration, ſeems to be the moving ſpring of poetry, l branch into a new department.

When the human genius was more matured and better qualified by judgment and experience, and the thoughts, inſtead of being hurried along by the furious impulſe of a heated fancy, began to take into ſober contemplation the worldly actions of men, and the revolutions and changes of human events, operating upon ſociety, the poet began to prepare himſelf by forethought and arrangement of ideas for the future purpoſes of compoſition: It became his firſt buſineſs to contrive a plan and ground-work for the ſtructure of his poem; he ſaw that it muſt have uniformity, ſimplicity and order, a beginning, a middle and an end; that the main object muſt be intereſting and important, that the incidents and acceſſary parts muſt hinge upon that object, and not wander from the central idea, on which the whole ought to reſt; that a ſubject correſponding thereto, when elevated by language, ſuperior to the phraſe and dialogue of the vulgar, would conſtitute a work more orderly and better conſtructed, than what aroſe from the ſudden and abrupt effuſions of unpremeditated verſe.

In this manner *Homer*, the great poet of antiquity, and the father and founder, as I muſt think, of epic poetry, revolving in his capacious mind the magnificent events of the Grecian aſſociation for the deſtruction of Troy, then freſh in the tradition, if not in the memories of his contemporaries, planned the great deſign of his immortal Iliad. With this plan arranged and ſettled in his thoughts beforehand, he began to give a looſe to the force and powers of his imagination in ſtrains and rhapſodies, which by frequent

fluent recitation fixed upon his memory, and, as he warmed with the advancing compoſition, he ſallied forth in ſearch of hearers, chaunting his verſes in the aſſemblies and cities, that received him; his fancy working out thoſe wonderful examples of the ſublime, as he took his ſolitary migrations from place to place: When he made his paſſages by ſea, and committed himſelf to the terrors of the ocean, the grandeſt ſcenes in nature came under his view, and his plaſtic fancy, ſeizing every object that accorded to its purpoſes, melted and compounded it into the maſs and matter of the work, on which his brain was labouring: Thus with nature in his eye, inſpiration at his heart and contemplation ever active, ſecured by ſolitude againſt external interruption, and undiſturbed by worldly cares and concerns from within, the wandering bard performed what time has never equalled and what to all poſterity will remain the ſtandard of perfection.—*Hunc neque in magnis ſublimitate, in parvis proprietate, ſuperaverit: Idem latus ac preſſus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poeticâ modo ſed oratoriâ virtute eminentiſſimus.* (*Quint. lib.* x) "Him no one ever excelled in ſublimity on great "topics, in propriety on ſmall ones; whether "diffuſed or compreſſed, gay or grave, whether "for his abundance or his brevity, he is equally "to be admired, nor is he ſupereminent for poe- "tical talents only but for oratorical alſo."

There is no doubt but Homer compoſed other poems beſides his Iliad and Odyſſey: Ariſtotle in his Poetics decidedly aſcribes The Margites to Homer; but as to the Ilias Minor and the Cypri-

acs, though it is evident theſe poems were in hands, yet he ſeems ignorant of their author; paſſage I allude to will be found in the twe third chapter of his Poetics; he is compa theſe two poems with the Iliad and Odyſſey, furniſhing ſubjects for the drama, and obſe that the ſtage could not properly draw above or at moſt two plots for tragedy from the Iliad Odyſſey reſpectively, whereas many might be ken from the Cypriacs, and he enumerates to amount of ten, which might be found in Ilias Minor: It is evident by the context, t he does not think either of theſe poems w compoſed by Homer, and no leſs evident he does not know to whom they are to be aſc ed; their high antiquity therefore is the c point, which this celebrated critic has put ou doubt.

The Ilias Minor appears to have been a po which includes the taking of Troy and the ret of the Greeks: The incidents of the Æneid, far as they refer to the Trojan ſtory, ſeem to h been taken from this poem, and in particular epiſode of Sinon, which is amongſt the dram ſubjects mentioned by Ariſtotle: The contro ſy between Ajax and Ulyſſes for the armou Achilles was copied by Ovid from the ſame po If this work is not to be given to Homer, muſt believe it was written ſince the Iliad, fr the evidence of its title; but if the author's n was loſt in Ariſtotle's time, his antiquity is p bably little ſhort of Homer's: Some ſcholi have given this poem to Leſches, but when I

ches lived and of what country he was I find no account.

The Cypriacs are ſuppoſed to contain the love-adventures of the Trojan ladies during the ſiege, and probably was a poem of fiction. Herodotus has an obſervation in his ſecond book upon a paſſage in this poem, in which Paris is ſaid to have brought Helen from Sparta to Troy in the ſpace of three days, whereas Homer ſays they were long driven about on their voyage from place to place; from this want of correſpondence in a fact of ſuch conſequence, Herodotus concludes upon fair grounds of criticiſm, that Homer was not author of the Cypriacs, though Pindar aſcribes it to him: Some give the Cypriacs to Hegeſias of Salamis, others to Staſinus a poet of Cyprus, and by ſome Homer is ſaid to have given this poem, written by himſelf, by way of portion to his daughter married to Staſinus; this daughter of Homer was called Arſephone, and his ſons Theriphon and Theolaus: Nævius tranſlated the Cypriacs into Latin verſe: Many more poems are aſcribed to Homer, which would be tedious to particulariſe, they are enumerated by Suidas, whom the reader, if his curioſity ſo inclines him, may readily conſult.

As to any other information perſonally reſpecting this great poet, it has been given to the world ſo ably by the late Mr. Wood in his eſſay *on the original writings and genius of Homer*, that I can add nothing on the occaſion, except the humble recommendation of my judgment in its favour. The internal evidence which this eſſayiſt adduces to fix the birth-place and early reſidence of his poet in Aſia, is both learnedly collected and ſatisfactori-

ly applied: He obſerves that Homer in his general manner of deſcribing the geography of countries, ſpeaks of them as more or leſs diſtant in proportion to their bearing from Ionia; he deſcribes Zephyrus as a rude and boiſterous wind, blowing from Thrace; this circumſtance had been urged againſt Homer as a proof of his error in geography, and the ſoft and gentle quality of Zephyrus, ſo often celebrated by poets in all times, is quoted in aid of the charge; but the ſagacity and local knowledge of Mr. Wood divert the accuſation, and turn it into an argument for aſcertaining the ſpot of Homer's nativity and reſidence, by reminding us, that when the poet deſcribes the wind blowing from the Thracian mountains upon the Ægean ſea, it muſt of courſe be a Weſt wind in reſpect to Ionia, from which circumſtance he draws his conſequence that Homer was an Ionian. This argument muſt ſurely be ſatisfactory as to the place, in which the poem was written; and when we have located Homer in Ionia, whilſt he was employed in writing his poem, we have one point of doubt at leaſt cleared up in his hiſtory to our conviction, and his accuracy in one branch of knowledge vindicated from the cavils of critics.

Having eſtabliſhed this point, viz. that Homer was an Aſiatic Greek, inhabiting the ſea coaſt, or an iſland on the coaſt of Ionia, and having vindicated his accuracy in geographical knowledge, the ingenious author of the eſſay proceeds to ſhew, by way of corollary from his propoſition thus demonſtrated, that Homer muſt have been a great traveller; that geographical knowledge was in thoſe days no otherwiſe to be acquired; that he appears

to

to have been thoroughly converſant in the arts of building and navigating ſhips, as then underſtood and practiſed; and that his map of Greece, which both Strabo, Apollodorus the Athenian, Menogenes and Demetrius of Scepſis illuſtrated in ſo diffuſive a manner, puts it out of doubt, that he muſt have viſited the ſeveral countries and ſurveyed them with attention, before he could have laid them down with ſuch geographical accuracy: Certain it is, that ſo great was the authority of Homer's original chart, that it was a law in ſome cities that the youth ſhould learn it by heart; that Solon appealed to it for eſtabliſhing the right of Athens to Salamis in preference to the claims of the Megarenſians; and that territorial property and dominion were in ſeveral inſtances decided by referring to this Homeric chart: Another evidence of Homer's travels he derives from his lively delineations of national character, which he obſerves are marked with ſuch preciſion and ſupported throughout with ſuch conſiſtency, as not to allow us to think that he could have acquired this knowledge of mankind from any other ſource but his own obſervations.

It is more than probable Homer did not commit his poems to writing; it is mere conjecture whether that invention was actually in exiſtence at the time he lived; there is nothing in his works that favours this conjecture, and in ſuch a caſe ſilence is ſomething more than negative: The retention of ſuch compoſitions is certainly an aſtoniſhing effort of the human memory, but inſtances are not wanting of the like nature in early and uncivilized ſtates, and the memory is capable of

being expanded by habit and exerciſe to an extraordinary and moſt unlimited compaſs. Unwritten compoſitions were always in verſe: and metre was certainly uſed in aid of memory. It muſt not however be taken for a conſequence, that writing firſt came into uſe when Pherecydes and Cadmus firſt compoſed in proſe, as ſome have imagined; for it undoubtedly obtained before their time, and was probably brought into Greece from Phœnicia.

The engraving of the laws of Draco is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt application of that art; but it was a work of labour, and required the tool of the artiſt, rather than the hand of the penman. Thales and Pythagoras left us no writings behind them, though they ſpread their learning over Greece and from their ſchools peopled it with philoſophers. The unwritten drama was long in exiſtence before any compoſitions of that ſort were committed to writing. Solon's laws were engraved in wood or ſtone, and there appears to have been but one table of them. Of Lycurgus's regulations there was no written record; the mind of the judge was the depoſitary of the law. Draco publiſhed his laws in Olymp. xxxix; Piſiſtratus died in Olymp. lxiii: A century had nearly paſſed between the publication of theſe laws and the firſt inſtitution of a public library at Athens; great advances no doubt were made within that period in the art of writing; nevertheleſs it was by no means an operation of facility in Piſiſtratus's time, and his compilation of Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey was a work of vaſt labour and of royal expence: The book remained at Athens as a princely monument of

of his munificence and love of letters; his library was reſorted to by all men of ſcience in Greece, but copies of the work were not circulated till the time of the Ptolemies; even Alexander of Macedon, when he had poſſeſſed himſelf of a complete copy of his favourite poet, locked it up in the rich cheſt, of which he had deſpoiled King Darius, as the moſt worthy caſe, in which he could incloſe ſo ineſtimable a treaſure: When a copy of Homer was conſidered by a prince as a poſſeſſion ſo rare, it cannot be ſuppoſed his written works were in many hands: As for the detached rhapſodies, which Lycurgus in more early times brought with him out of Aſia, they muſt have been exceeding imperfect, though it is to be preſumed they were in writing.

Nº XXXVIII.

FROM the ſcarcity of tranſcribers in the time of Piſiſtratus, and the difficulties of collecting and compiling poems, which exiſted only in the memories of the rhapſodiſts, we are led to conſider the inſtitution of the Athenian Library, as a moſt noble and important work; at the ſame time, when we reflect how many compoſitions of the earlieſt poets depended on the fidelity of memory, we ceaſe to wonder that we have ſo many more records of names than of works. Many poets are enumerated antecedent to the time of Homer;

ſome of theſe have been already mentioned, and very few indeed of their fragments are now in exiſtence.

Conjecture, and even fiction, have been enviouſly ſet to work by grammarians and others within the Chriſtian æra to found a charge of plagiariſm againſt Homer, and to diſpute his title to originality. We are told that Corinnus, who was a ſcholar of Palamedes, inventor of the Doric letters, compoſed a poem called the Iliad, whilſt Troy was ſtanding, in which he celebrates the war of Dardanus againſt the Paphlagonians, and that Homer formed himſelf upon his model, cloſely copying him: It is aſſerted by others, that he availed himſelf of the poems of Dictys the Cretan, who was of the family of Idomeneus, and lived in the time of the Trojan war: But theſe fables are ſtill leſs probable than the ſtory of his conteſt with Heſiod, and of the prize being decreed againſt him; Orpheus, Muſæus, Eumolpus and Thamyris, all of Thrace; Marſyas, Olympus, and Midas, all of the Ionian ſide of the Meander, were poets antecedent to Homer; ſo were Amphion, Demodocus, Philammon, Phemius, Ariſtæus author of the Arimaſpia, Iſatydes, Drymon, Aſbolus the Centaur, Eumiclus the Cyprian, Horus of Samos, Proſnautis of Athens, and the celebrated Sybill.

The five poets, who are generally ſtiled the maſters of epic poetry, are Homer, Antimachus the Colophonian, Panyaſis of Halicarnaſſus, Piſander of Camyrus, and Heſiod of Cumæ: And all theſe were natives of the Aſiatic coaſt.

Before I ceaſe ſpeaking of Homer, I cannot excuſe myſelf from ſaying ſomething on the ſubject

of

of Mr. Pope's tranſlation, which will for ever remain a monument of his excellence in the art of verſification: It was an arduous undertaking, and the tranſlator entered upon it with a candid confeſſion that he was—*utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer;* he alſo ſays—*That if Mr. Dryden had tranſlated the whole work, he would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation he knows in any language.* This is a declaration, that reflects as much honor on Mr. Pope, as it does on Mr. Dryden; great as his difficulties were, he has nevertheleſs executed the work in ſuch a manner as to leave ſtronger reaſons why no man ſhould attempt a like tranſlation of Homer after him, than there were why he ſhould not have undertaken it after Mr. Dryden. One thing above all ſurprizes me in his execution of it, which is *The Catalogue of the ſhips;* a difficulty that I ſhould elſe have thought inſurmountable in rhime; this however he has accompliſhed in the ſmootheſt metre, and a very curious poem it is: No further attempt therefore remained to be made upon Homer, but of a tranſlation in blank verſe or in literal proſe; a contemporary of eminence in the republic of letters has lately given a proſe tranſlation of the Iliad, though Mr. Pope had declared in his preface that *no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language*—It is eaſy to ſee what Mr. Pope aims to obtain by this poſition, and we muſt interpret the expreſſion of the word *juſt* to mean that no ſuch literal tranſlation can be equal to the ſpirit, though it ſhall be *juſt* to the ſenſe of its original:

nal: He knew full well, that no tranſlation in rhime could be literal, and he was therefore intereſted to premiſe that no literal tranſlation could be *juſt*; whether he has thereby vindicated his own deviations from the ſenſe of his author and thoſe pleonaſms, which the ſhackles of rhime have to a certain degree driven him into, and probably would have driven any other man much more, muſt be left with the claſſical reader to judge for himſelf; ſome of this deſcription, and in particular a learned Lecturer in Rhetoric, who has lately favoured the public with a collection of eſſays, pronounce of Mr. Pope's poem *that it is no tranſlation of Homer*: The ſame author points out the advantages of Miltonic verſe; and it muſt be confeſſed that Miltonic verſe ſeems to be that happy medium in metre, which ſtands the beſt chance of giving the compreſſed ſenſe of Homer without debaſing its ſpirit: It is a ſtern criticiſm to ſay that Mr. Pope's *is no tranſlation of Homer*; his warmeſt admirers will admit that it is not a cloſe one, and probably they will not diſpute but that it might be as *juſt*, if it had a cloſer reſemblance to its original, notwithſtanding what he ſays in the paſſage I have quoted from his preface. It is agreed therefore that an opening is ſtill left between literal proſe and fettered rhime; I ſhould conceive it might be a pleaſant exerciſe for men of talents to try a few ſpecimens from ſuch paſſages in the Iliad, as they might like beſt, and theſe perhaps might engage ſome one or more to proceed with the work, publiſhing a book at a time (as it were experimentally) by which means they might avail themſelves of the criticiſms of their candid judges, and

and make their final compilation more correct: If this was ably executed, a very ſplendid work might in time be compleated to the honour of our nation and language, embelliſhed with engravings of deſigns by our eminent maſters from ſelect ſcenes in each rhapſody, according to the judgment of the artiſt.

Small engines may ſet great machines in motion, as weak advocates ſometimes open ſtrong cauſes; in that hope, and with no other preſumption whatever I ſhall conclude this paper with a few lines tranſlated from the outſet of the Iliad, which the reader, whoſe patience has hitherto kept company with me, may or may not peruſe as he thinks fit.

Sing, Goddeſs Muſe, the wrath of Peleus' ſon,
Deſtructive ſource of all the numerous ills
That vex'd the ſons of Greece, and ſwept her hoſt
Of valiant heroes to untimely death;
But their unburied bodies left to feaſt
The dogs of Troy and carrion birds of prey;
So Jove decreed (and let Jove's will be done!)
In that ill hour, when firſt contention ſprang
'Twixt Agamemnon, of the armies chief,
And Goddeſs-born Achilles. Say, what power
'Mongſt heav'n's high ſynod ſtirr'd the fatal ſtrife?—
Son of Latona by almighty Jove—
He, for the King's offence, with mortal plague
Smote the contagious camp, vengeance divine
For the inſulted honour of his prieſt,
Sage Chryſes; to the ſtationed fleet of Greece,
With coſtly ranſom off'ring to redeem
His captive daughter, came the holy ſeer:
The laurel garland, enſign of his God,
And golden ſceptre in his hand he bore;
And thus to all, but chief the kingly ſons
Of Atreus, ſuppliant he addreſs'd his ſuit.
"Kings, and ye well-appointed warriors all!

" So may the Gods, who on Olympus' heights
" Hold their celeſtial manſions, aid your arm
" To level yon proud towers, and to your homes
" Reſtore you, as to me you ſhall reſtore
" My captive daughter, and her ranſom take,
" In awful reverence of the God I ſerve."
He ceas'd: th' aſſembled warriors all aſſent,
All but Atrides, he, the general voice
Oppoſing, with determined pride rejects
The proffer'd ranſom and inſults the ſuit.
" Let me not find thee, Prieſt!—if thou preſum'ſt
" Or here to loiter, or henceforth to come,
" 'Tis not that ſceptre, no, nor laurel crown
" Shall be thy ſafe-guard: Hence! I'll not reſtore
" The captive thou demand'ſt; doom'd for her life
" In diſtant Argos, where I reign, to ply
" The houſewife's loom and ſpread my nightly couch;
" Fly, whilſt thy flight can ſave thee, and begone!"
No more: obedient to the ſtern decree,
The aged ſuitor turns his trembling ſteps
To the ſurf-beaten ſhore; there calls his God,
And in the bitterneſs of anguiſh prays.
" Hear me, thou God, who draw'ſt the ſilver bow;
" Hear thou, whom Chryſa worſhips; hear, thou king
" Of Tenedos, of Cilla; Smintheus, hear!
" And, if thy prieſt hath ever deck'd thy ſhrine
" Or on thy flaming altars offer'd up
" Grateful oblations, ſend thine arrows forth;
" Strike, ſtrike theſe tyrants and avenge my tears!"
Thus Chryſes pray'd, nor was the pray'r unheard;
Quick at his call the vengeful God uprear'd
His tow'ring ſtature on Olympus' top;
Behind him hung his bow; onward he ſtrode
Terrific, black as night, and as he ſhook
His quiver'd arrows, the affrighted air
Echo'd the dreadful knell: Now from aloft
Wide o'er the ſubject fleet he glanc'd his eye,
And from his ſilver bow with ſounding ſtring
Launch'd th' unerring ſhaft: On mules and dogs
The miſſile death alighted; next to man
Spread the contagion dire; then through the camp
Frequent and ſad gleam'd the funereal fires.
Nine mournful days they gleam'd; haply the tenth
With better omens roſe; Achilles now
Conven'd the Grecian chiefs, thereto inſpir'd

By

By Jove's fair conſort, for the Goddeſs mourn'd
The deſolating miſchiefs: At the call
Of great Achilles none delay'd to come,
And in full council thus the hero ſpake.
" If quick retreat from this contagious ſhore
" Might ſave a remnant of our war-worn hoſt,
" My voice, Atrides, would adviſe retreat;
" But not for me ſuch counſels: Call your ſeers,
" Prophets and prieſts, interpreters of dreams,
" For Jove holds commerce with mankind in ſleep,
" And let that holy convocation ſay
" Why falls Apollo's vengeance on our heads;
" And if oblations can avail for peace
" And intermiſſion from this waſting plague,
" Let victims bleed by hecatombs, and glut
" His altars, ſo his anger be appeas'd."

N° XXXIX.

HESIOD's heroic holds a middle place between the Orphean and Homeric ſtile; his Genealogy of the Deities reſembling the former, and his Shield of Hercules at due diſtance following the latter: His famous poem in praiſe of illuſtrious women is loſt; from the words Ἢ οἵη, with which it opened, it came in time to be generally known by the name of the *Eoics* or *The Great Eoics*, and this title by miſinterpretation has been conſtrued to refer to the proper name of ſome favourite miſtreſs, whom he choſe to make the heroine of his poem; the poet being born at Aſcra, a ſmall village in the neighbourhood of Mount Helicon, *Eoa* was ſuppoſed to have been a beautiful damſel of Aſcra, whom he

was

was in love with: This poem ſeems to have been conſidered as the beſt work of the author, at leaſt it was that which brought him moſt in favour with his contemporaries, and gained him ſome admirers, who even preferred him to Homer; we cannot wonder if that ſex at leaſt who were the objects of his panegyric, were the warmeſt in his praiſe. I ſuſpect that Homer did not pay much court to the ladies in his Margites, and as for the Cypriacs they were profeſſedly written to expoſe the gallantries of the fair ſex; the character of Penelope however in the Odyſſey is a ſtandard of conjugal fidelity, and Helen, though a frail heroine in the Iliad, is painted with ſuch delicate touches as to recommend her in the moſt intereſting manner to our pity and forgiveneſs.

Heſiod's addreſs carried every thing before it, and the choice of his ſubjects ſhews that popularity was his ſtudy, for not content with engaging the fair ſex in his favour by the gallantry of *The Great Eoics*, he flattered the heroes of his time, or at leaſt the deſcendants of heroes, by a poem which he entitled *The Heroic Genealogy:* As one was a profeſſed panegyric of beautiful and illuſtrious women, the other was written in the praiſe of brave and diſtinguiſhed men: If this heroic catalogue compriſed only the great and noble of his own ſex, his *Times and Seaſons* were addreſſed to the community at large and conveyed inſtruction to the huſbandman and labourer; nor was this all, for great authorities have given to Heſiod the fables commonly aſcribed to Æſop, who is ſuppoſed only to have made ſome additions to Heſiod's collection; if this were ſo, we have another ſtrong reaſon

ſon for his popularity—*For fables*, as Quintilian well obſerves, *are above all things calculated to win the hearts of the vulgar and unlearned, who delight in pleaſing tales and fictions, and are eaſily led away with what they delight in.*—In ſhort Heſiod ſeems to have written to all ranks, degrees and deſcriptions of people; to rich and poor, to the learned and unlearned, to men, women, and even to the deities themſelves.

Can we be ſurpriſed then if this politic and pleaſing author was the idol of his time, and gained the prize even though Homer was his competitor? His contemporaries gave judgment in his favour, but poſterity revokes the decree: Quintilian, who probably had all his works before him, pronounces of Heſiod—*That he rarely ſoars; that great part of his works are nothing elſe but catalogues and ſtrings of names, intermixed however with uſeful precepts gracefully delivered and appoſitely addreſſed; in fine, that his merit conſiſts in the middle ſtile of writing.*—Talents of this ſort probably recommended him to the unreſerved applauſe of all, whom ſuperiority of genius in another affects with envy and provokes to detraction. Many ſuch, beſides the grammarian Daphidas, were found to perſecute the name of Homer with malevolence, whilſt he roſe ſuperior to their attacks: The rhapſodiſts, whoſe vocation it was in public and private to entertain the company with their recitations, were ſo conſtantly employed in repeating Homer's poems preferably to all others, that in time they were univerſally called Homeriſts; Demetrius Phalereus at length introduced them into the theatres and made them chaunt the poems of his favourite author

thor on the ſtage: The poet Simonides, celebrated for his memory, repeated long paſſages of Homer, ſitting in the public theatre on a ſeat erected for him on the ſtage for that purpoſe; Caſſander, king of Macedonia, had the whole Iliad and Odyſſey by heart, and was continually repeating, not in company only, but in his private hours to himſelf: Steſichorus alſo, the ſublimeſt of all poets next to Homer and his greateſt imitator, was remarkably fond of chaunting forth paſſages in the Iliad and Odyſſey; it is related alſo that he uſed frequently to repeat verſes of Heſiod, Archilochus, Mimnermus, and Phocylides the Mileſian, who is the ſuppoſed author of the poem intitled *Paræneſis*, yet extant. We are obliged to the grammarians for many ſcraps or fragments from the wrecks of authors, but in the caſe of Heſiod's Eoics meet with one remnant only preſerved by Pauſanias, and this relates to Iphigenia, who, by Heſiod's account, was by the favour of Diana reprieved from extinction and immortalized in the perſon of the goddeſs Hecate.

As for the bards of the Orphean family, it is difficult to adjuſt their chronologies and deſcents; I have already enumerated five poets of the name of Orpheus, and ſaid in general terms, that there were ſeveral of the name of Muſæus; they may be thus deſcribed; viz. firſt, Muſæus, ſon of Antiphemus and diſciple of Orpheus, ſtiled an epic poet; he wrote a long poem of four thouſand verſes containing precepts, addreſſed to his ſon Eumolpus, and thence intitled *The Eumolpiad*; he wrote a hymn to Ceres, a poem on the cure of diſeaſes, and publiſhed certain prophetic verſes, though

though his title to theſe has been brought into diſpute by the artifices of one Onomacritus, a plagiariſt and pretended diviner in the time of Hipparchus, who put off theſe verſes of Muſæus as his own. The ſecond Muſæus was grandſon of the firſt and ſon of Eumolpus; various poems are given to this Muſæus, particularly The Theogony, the Sphere, the Myſteries of Initiation and Luſtration, The Titans, &c. The third Muſæus a Theban was ſon of Thamyris and grandſon of Philammon; he flouriſhed about the time of the Trojan war: His father Thamyris is recorded by Homer.

" And Dorion fam'd for Thamyris' diſgrace;
" Superior once of all the tun'ful race,
" Till vain mortals' empty praiſe he ſtrove
" To match the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove:
" Too daring bard! whoſe unſucceſsful pride
" Th' immortal Muſes in their art defy'd;
" Th'avenging Muſes of the light of day
" Depriv'd his eyes and ſnatch'd his voice away;
" No more his heav'nly voice was heard to ſing,
" His hand no more awak'd the ſilver ſtring."

(POPE, Il. 2.)

Such was the fate of blind Thamyris, but he has double ſecurity for immortality, having a place not only in the Iliad of Homer, but alſo in the Paradiſe Loſt of Milton:

" Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
" That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
" Nightly I viſit; nor ſometimes forget
" Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
" So were I equall'd with them in renown,
" Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides."

(BOOK 3d.)

Thus,

Thus, although the works of this famous bard have totally periſhed, and *his heavenly voice is no more heard to ſing*, yet it has been his ſingular good fortune to be celebrated by the greateſt poet of antiquity, and ranked with that very poet by the greateſt of the moderns and all three involved in the ſame viſitation of blindneſs; an extraordinary concurrence!

The fourth Muſæus was ſon of Orpheus and Preſident of the Eleuſynian Myſteries: This is the Muſæus, whom Juſtin Martyr ſays was inſtructed by his father in a more rational religion than he practiſed in the temple of Ceres, and taught the knowledge and worſhip of one ſupreme God, creator of all things. The fifth was Muſæus of Epheſus, an epic poet; the ſixth a grammarian, whoſe treatiſe on the Iſthmian games is quoted by Euripides; and the ſeventh and laſt, is that Muſæus, whom the poet Martial mentions for having written *Pathiciſſimos libellos*, and the author as it is probable of the little poem upon Hero and Leander, now extant, which Scaliger ſo much admires.

Archilochus flouriſhed in Olymp. xxiii. and was a very early writer of Iambics;—*He excels*, ſays Quintilian, *in energy of ſtile; his periods ſtrong, compreſſed and brilliant, replete with life and vigour: So that if he is ſecond to any it is from defect of ſubject, not from natural inferiority of genius.*

He adds, that—*Ariſtarchus was of opinion, that of all the writers of Iambic verſe Archilochus alone carried it to perfection.*—Athenæus has preſerved a little epigram of his no otherwiſe worth recording than as it is the only relick of his muſe, except

cept one diſtich in long and ſhort verſe purporting that he was devoted to Mars and the Muſes; the epigram may be tranſlated as follows:—

Glutton, we aſk thee not to be our gueſt,
It is thy belly bids thee to our feaſt.

ARCHIL.

Archilochus fell in battle by the hand of Calondas, who immolated his own ſon to the manes of the poet to atone the vengeance of Apollo: He was a man of great private virtue and diſtinguiſhed courage, but a ſevere unſparing ſatiriſt.

Tiſias, commonly called *Steſichorus* from his invention of the chorus, which he ſung to the accompaniment of his harp, was contemporary with Solon, and born at Himera in the iſland of Sicily; as a lyric poet he was unequalled by any of the Greeks but Pindar; his ſubjects were all of the epic caſt, and he oftentimes roſe to a ſublimity, that rivalled Homer, upon whoſe model he formed himſelf: This he would have done throughout according to the opinion of Quintilian, if his genius had not led him into a redundancy, but his characters are drawn with great dignity and preſerved juſtly. He did not viſit Greece till he was far advanced in age, and died in Olymp. lvi. in the city of Catana in his native iſland of Sicily, where he was buried at the public coſt with diſtinguiſhed ceremony and magnificence. A tomb was erected to his memory near one of the city gates, which was thenceforward called the gate of Steſichorus; this tomb was compoſed of eight columns, had eight ſteps and eight angles after the cabaliſtical numbers

numbers of Pythagoras, whoſe myſterious philoſophy was then in general vogue; the cubic number of eight was emblematic of ſtrength, ſolidity and magnificence, and from this tomb of Steſichorus aroſe the Greek proverb Πάντα ὀκτώ, by which was meant any thing perfect and compleat. Phalaris of Agrigentum erected a temple to his name and decreed him divine honours; all the cities in Sicily conſpired in lamenting the death of their favourite poet, and vied with each other in the trophies they dedicated to his memory.

Epimenides of Crete, the epic poet, was contemporary with Solon, and there is a letter in the life of that great man inſerted by the ſophiſts, which is feigned to have been written by Solon in his exile to Epimenides: This poet as well as his contemporary Ariſtæas is ſaid to have had the faculty of ſtopping the functions of life and recalling them at pleaſure: *Ariſtæas* wrote a poem entitled Arimaſpea, containing the hiſtory of the northern Arimaſpeans, a people of Scythia, whom he deſcribes as the fierceſt of all human beings, and pretends that they have only one eye; he alſo compoſed an heroic poem on the genealogy of the deities: Strabo ſays, if ever there was a quack in the world, this Ariſtæas was one. *Simonides* the poet lived in the court of Hipparchus, and was much careſſed by that elegant prince; he was a pleaſing courtly writer, and excelled in the pathetic. *Alcæus* was poet, muſician and warrior; Quintilian gives him great praiſe for the boldneſs of his ſatire againſt tyrants, and occaſionally for the moral tendency of his writings, but admits that ſometimes his muſe is looſe and wanton: It appears

appears from ſome fragments preſerved by Athenæus, that he wrote ſeveral poems or ſonnets in praiſe of drinking; there is alſo a fragment in the martial ſtile, deſcribing the variety of armour, with which his houſe was adorned. *Callimachus*, *Theocritus*, *Anacreon* and *Sappho*, are to a certain degree known to us by their remains: Every branch of poetry, but the drama, was at this æra at its greateſt perfection.

Nº XL.

THERE is a conſiderable fragment in Athenæus of a love-poem written by *Hermeſianax* of Colophon to his miſtreſs Leontium; the poet recommends his paſſion by telling her how love has triumphed over all the great geniuſes in their turns, and begins with the inſtances of Orpheus and Muſæus, and brings them down to Sophocles, Euripides, Pythagoras, and Socrates. This Hermeſianax muſt have been a contemporary of Epicurus, foraſmuch as Leontium was the miſtreſs of that philoſopher as well as of his diſciple Metrodorus: It is plain therefore that the learned Gerard John Voſſius did not advert to this circumſtance, when he puts Hermeſianax amongſt the poets of a doubtful age. Leontium was an Athenian courtezan, no leſs celebrated for ſcience than beauty, for ſhe engaged in a philoſophical controverſy

controverſy with Theophraſtus, of which Cicero takes notice (*lib.* 1. *de Nat. Deor.*) Pliny alſo records an anecdote of her being painted by Theodorus ſitting in a ſtudious attitude.

This fragment may not improperly be called the amours of the Greek poets, and as it relates to many, of whom we have been ſpeaking, and is withal a very curious ſpecimen of an author very little known even by name, I have inſerted the following tranſlation in the hope that it will not be unacceptable to my readers.

Οἰῆν μὲν φίλος γὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰάγροιο,
Αἰγριὸ πην θρῆσσαν στειλάμενος κιθάρη.—
&c. (*Athen. lib.* xiii.)

SUCH was the nymph, whom *Orpheus* led
From the dark manſions of the dead,
Where Charon with his lazy boat
Ferries o'er Lethe's ſedgy moat;
Th' undaunted minſtrel ſmites the ſtrings,
His ſtrain thro' hell's vaſt concave rings:
Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
And refluent turns his pitying ſtream;
Three-headed Cerberus, by fate
Poſted at Pluto's iron gate,
Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
Ecſtatic and foregoes his prize:
With ears erect at hell's wide doors
Lies liſt'ning as the ſongſter ſoars;
Thus muſic charm'd the realms beneath,
And beauty triumph'd over death.

The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
In ſecret on the Athenian ſhore,
Muſæus, felt the ſacred flame,
And burnt for the fair Theban dame
Antiope, whom mighty Love
Made pregnant by imperial Jove;

The

The poet plied his amorous ſtrain,
Preſs'd the fond ſair, nor preſs'd in vain,
For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
That ſcreen'd her myſteries from his view,
Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
That woman cloſe beſieg'd will yield.

Old *Heſiod* too his native ſhade
Made vocal to th' Aſcrean maid,
The bard his heav'n-directed lore
Forſook, and hymn'd the Gods no more:
Soft love-ſick ditties now he ſung,
Love touch'd his harp, love tun'd his tongue,
Silent his Heliconian lyre,
And love's put out religion's fire.

Homer, of all paſt bards the prime
And wonder of all future time,
Whom Jove with wit ſublimely bleſt,
And touch'd with pureſt fire his breaſt,
From gods and heroes turn'd away
To warble the domeſtic lay,
And wand'ring to the deſart iſle,
On whoſe parch'd ſands no ſeaſons ſmile,
In diſtant Ithaca was ſeen
Chaunting the ſuit-repelling Queen.

Mimnermus tun'd his am'rous lay,
When time had turn'd his temples grey;
Love revell'd in his aged veins,
Soft was his lyre, and ſweet his ſtrains;
Frequenter of the wanton feaſt,
Nanno his theme, and youth his gueſt.

Antimachus with tender art
Pour'd forth the ſorrows of his heart;
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryſeis his beloved maid;
And thence returning ſad beſide
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minſtrel came,
Still ſighing forth the mournful name,
Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

Alcæus ſtrung his ſounding lyre,
And ſmote it with a hand of fire,
To Sappho, fondeſt of the fair,
Chaunting the loud and lofty air.

Whilſt old *Anacreon*, wet with wine,
And crown'd with wreaths of Leſbian vine,
To his unnatural minion ſung
Ditties, that put to bluſh the young.

Ev'n *Sophocles*, whoſe honey'd lore
Rivals the bee's delicious ſtore,
Chorus'd the praiſe of wine and love,
Choiceſt of all the gifts of Jove.

Euripides, whoſe tragic breaſt
No yielding fair one ever preſt,
At length in his obdurate heart
Felt love's revengeful rankling dart,
Thro' Macedon with furious joy
Panting he chas'd the pathic boy;
Till vengeance met him in the way,
And blood-hounds made the bard their prey.

Philoxenus, by wood-nymphs bred
On fam'd Cithæron's ſacred head,
And train'd to muſic, wine and ſong,
'Midſt orgies of the frantic throng,
When beauteous Galatea died,
His flute and thyrſus caſt aſide;
And wand'ring to thy penſive coaſt,
Sad Melos, where his love was loſt,
Each night thro' the reſponſive air
Thy echoes witneſs'd his deſpair;
Still, ſtill his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly-ſinging bird.

Philotas too in Battis' praiſe
Sung his long-winded roundelays;
His ſtatute in the Coan grove
Now breathes in braſs perpetual love.

The mortified abſtemious ſage,
Deep read in learning's crabbed page,

Pythago

Pythagoras, whoſe boundleſs ſoul
Scal'd the wide globe from pole to pole,
Earth, planets, ſeas and heav'n above,
Yet found no ſpot ſecure from love;
With love declines unequal war,
And trembling drags his conqueror's car,
Theano claſp'd him in her arms,
And wiſdom's ſtoop'd to beauty's charms.

Ev'n *Socrates*, whoſe moral mind
With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
When at Aſpatia's ſide he ſate,
Still found no end to love's debate,
For ſtrong indeed muſt be that heart
Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage *Ariſtippus* by right rule
Of logic purg'd the Sophiſt's ſchool,
Check'd folly in its headlong courſe,
And ſwept it down by reaſon's force;
'Till Venus aim'd the heart-felt blow,
And laid the mighty victor low.

A little before the time that Piſiſtratus eſta-ſhed his tyranny at Athens, the people of reece had diſtinguiſhed certain of their moſt inent ſages by the denomination of the Seven iſe men. This flattering pre-eminence ſeems have been diſtributed with more attention to e ſeparate claims of the different ſtates, than the particular pretenſions of the perſons, who mpoſed this celebrated junto: If any one com-mity had affected to monopolize the preroga-e of wiſdom, others would hardly have ſub-ibed their aſſent to ſo partial a diſtribution; d yet when ſuch diſtinguiſhed characters as hagoras Anacharſis the Scythian, Miſon, recydes, Epimenides, and Piſiſtratus himſelf re excluded, or at beſt rated only as wiſe-men-

extraordinary, many of their admirers complained of the excluſion, and inſiſted on their being rated in the liſt; hence ariſes a difficulty in determining the preciſe number of the principals: The common account however is as follows, viz. *Solon* of Athens, *Thales* of Miletus, *Periander* of Corinth, *Cleobulus* the Rhodian, *Chilon* the Lacedæmonian, *Bias* of Priene, and *Pittacus* of Mytylene.

This diſtribution was well calculated to inſpire emulation amongſt rival ſtates, and to that emulation Greece was indebted for the conſpicuous figure ſhe made in the world of letters. The Ionic and Italian ſchools of philoſophy were eſtabliſhed under Thales and Pythagoras; the firſt was ſupported by Anaximander the ſucceſſor of Thales, by Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Ariſtotle, Diogenes, Zeno and other illuſtrious men; Pythagoras's ſchool devolved upon Empedocles, Heraclitus, Zenophanes, Democritus, Pyrrho and Epicurus. The original tenets of the firſt maſters were by no means adhered to by their deſcendants; the wanderings of error are not to be reſtrained by ſyſtem; hypotheſis was built upon hypotheſis, and the labyrinth at length became too intricate to be unravelled: Sparks of light were in the mean time ſtruck out by the active colliſion of wit; noble truths occaſionally broke forth, and ſayings, worthy to be regiſtered amongſt the doctrines of Chriſtian revelation, fell from heathen lips: in the lofty ſpirit of philoſophy they inſulted pain, reſiſted pleaſure, and ſet at defiance death itſelf. Reſpect is due to ſo much dignity of character; the meek forgiving

tenets

tenets, which Chriſtianity inculcates, were touched upon but lightly and by few; ſome however by the force of intellect followed the light of reaſon into a future ſtate of immortality; they appear to have contemplated the Divine Eſſence, as he is, ſimple and ſupreme, and not ſiltered into attributes corruptly perſonified by a ſynod of divinities. Of ſuch men we muſt think and ſpeak with admiration and affection.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic ſchool, was a great man and a good citizen; he ſtudied geometry under Egyptian maſters, and introduced ſome new diſcoveries in aſtronomy and the celeſtial ſphere, regulating and correcting the Greek calendar, which Solon, about the ſame time, made ſome attempts to reform at Athens. This he did by bringing it to a conformity with the Hebrew calendar, except that his year began with the ſummer ſolſtice, and that of the Hebrews with the vernal. Now the Hebrew calendar compriſed twelve months, and each month ſeverally compriſed the ſame, or nearly the ſame, number of days as our's. This appears by an examination of Moſes's account of the deluge in the ſeventh chapter of Geneſis.

Amongſt other nations, the calendar was exceedingly vague and unſettled: The Egyptians meaſured their year by four months; the Arcadians by three; the Carians and Acarnanians by ſix, and the people of Alba by ten; at the ſame time all theſe nations were in the practice of making up the year to its natural completion by intercalendary months or days. In the time of Romulus the Romans followed the calendar of the Albanians;

banians; and of the ten months, which their year conſiſted of, four comprized thirty-one days each, viz. Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October; the ſix other conſiſted of thirty days; and were named Aprilis, Junius, Sextilis, September, November, December. By this calendar Romulus's year regularly conſiſted of only 304 days, and to compleat the natural period he was obliged to reſort to the expedient of intercalendary days.

Numa was too much of a philoſopher not to ſeek a remedy for theſe deficiencies, and added two months to his year: The former of theſe he named Januarius from bifrons Janus, one of whoſe faces was ſuppoſed to look towards the ſucceeding year; the other new month he called Februarius, from Februus, the deity preſiding over luſtrations; this being the month for the religious rites of the Dii Manes, it was made to conſiſt of twenty-eight days, being an even number; all the others, conformably to the ſuperſtition of the times, conſiſted of odd numbers as more propitious, and accordingly Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October, had each thirty-one days, and the other ſeven, twenty-nine days, ſo that the year, thus regulated, had 355 days, and it was left to the prieſts to make up the reſidue with ſupplementary days.

This commiſſion became a dangerous prerogative in the hands of the ſacerdotal order, and was executed with much irregularity and abuſe; they lengthened and ſhortened the natural period of the year, as intereſt influenced them to accord to the prolongation or abbreviation of the annual magiſtracies dependant thereupon. In this ſtate things

things were ſuffered to remain till Julius Cæſar ſucceeded to the pontificate; he then undertook a reform of the calendar, being in his third conſulate, his colleague being Œmilius Lepidus. Aſſiſted by the beſt aſtronomers of the time, particularly the philoſopher Soſigenes, he extended the year of his reform to 442 days, and thenceforward ordained that the year ſhould conſiſt of 365 days, diſtributed into months as it now ſtands, except that he added one day to February every fifth year, and not every third.

Thales died in the fifty-eighth Olympiad in extreme old age: the famous philoſopher Pherecydes died a few years before him of that horrible diſtemper called the *Morbus Pediculoſus*, and in his laſt illneſs wrote, or is ſuppoſed to have written, to Thales as follows:—

PHERECYDES to THALES.

May your death be eaſy, when the hour ſhall come! for my part, when your letter reached me, I was ſinking under the attack of a moſt loathſome diſeaſe accompanied with a continual fever. I have therefore given it in charge to my friends, as ſoon as they ſhall have committed my remains to the earth, to convey my manuſcripts to your hands. If you and the reſt of your wiſe fraternity ſhall on peruſal approve of making them public, do ſo; otherwiſe let them not ſee the light; certainly they do not ſatisfy my judgment in all particulars: the beſt of us are liable to error: the truth of things is not diſcoverable by human ſagacity, and I am juſtly doubtful of myſelf: Upon queſtions of theology I have been cautious how I

have committed myſelf; other matters I have treated with leſs reſerve; in all caſes however I ſuggeſt rather than dictate.

Though I feel my diſſolution approaching and inevitable, I have not abſolutely diſmiſſed my phyſicians and friends; but as my diſeaſe is infectious, I do not let them enter my doors, but have contrived a ſignal for informing them of my condition, and have warned them to prepare themſelves for paying the laſt offices to my carpſe to-morrow.

Farewell for ever!

N°. XLI.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis,
Qui canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora.

(HORAT.)

HAVING carried down the hiſtory of Athens to that period, when a new ſpecies of poetry made its appearance, I propoſe in this place to treat of the origin and introduction of the drama; in doing this, my chief ſtudy will be to methodize and arrange the matter, which other writers have thrown out, ſenſible that in a ſubject ſo often exhauſted very little elſe can now remain to be done.

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle ſays—*That Homer alone properly deſerves the name of poet, not only as being ſuperior to all others ſo called, but as the firſt who prepared the way for the introduction of the drama; and this he did, not merely by the diſplay of his powers on grave and tragic ſubjects, but inaſmuch as he ſuggeſted the firſt plot and device for comedy alſo; not founding it upon coarſe and opprobrious invective, but upon wholeſome and facetious ridicule: ſo that his Margites bears the ſame analogy to comedy, as his Iliad and Odyſſey do to tragedy.*

This aſſertion in favour of Homer coming from ſuch high authority has been adopted by the ſcholiaſts, critics and commentators, who have treated either of that great poet or of the drama from the time when it was made to the preſent: But it ſhould be obſerved that Ariſtotle is not here ſpeaking of the drama profeſſedly as a chronologiſt, but reviewing it as an object of criticiſm and under this view it can no otherwiſe come into contemplation than in its more advanced and perfect ſtate, when built upon the model of Homer's fables and characters; after it had thrown off the barbarous traces of its real origin, and had quitted Bacchus and the Satyrs. Of tragedy, as a written and conſiſtent poem, Homer may well be ſtiled the father; for when Phrynichus and Æſchylus introduced on the ſcene *Μύθυς καὶ Πάθη*, the ſtories and calamities of heroes, tragedy became Homeric, or in other words aſſumed a dignity of tone and character, that was copied from the epic of Homer, as comedy was from his iambic; and agreeably to this Ariſtotle names Epicharmus as the firſt comic poet, who was profeſſedly a copyiſt of the Margites.

Now by ſettling the dates of a few well-eſtabliſhed facts we ſhall bring this queſtion into cloſer view. Piſiſtratus after a broken reign of thirty-three years died in Olymp. lxiii. whereas the Marmor Chronicon records, that the firſt tragedy at Athens was made by Theſpis, and acted on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. Suidas confirms this record: From the ſame authority (viz. Mar. Chron.) we collect that Suſarion made the firſt comedy at Athens, and acted it on a moveable ſcaffold in the middle of Olymp. liv. being one year before Piſiſtratus eſtabliſhed his tyranny. By theſe dates it appears that comedy was made and acted at Athens ſeveral years before the compilation of Homer's epic poems, and tragedy before or at that time, admitting for the preſent that Theſpis was the firſt who made tragedies, and that the record above cited was the date of his firſt tragedy.

I am aware that theſe facts alone will not prove that the inventors of the drama did not copy from Homer; for it cannot be denied that Theſpis and even Suſarion might have reſorted to his poems, before they were compiled by Piſiſtratus; and as for Theſpis, if we were to admit the tragedies, which Suidas aſcribes to him, to be genuine, it is evident from their titles that ſome of them were built upon Homeric fables; but good critics find ſtrong reaſons to object to this liſt, which Suidas has given us, and I muſt think it a fair preſumption againſt their authenticity, that Ariſtotle, who gives Homer the credit of furniſhing the firſt ſuggeſtions of the drama, does not inſtance Theſpis's tragedies; for had they been what

what Suidas reports, it can hardly be ſuppoſed that Ariſtotle would have overlooked an inſtance ſo much to his purpoſe, or failed to have quoted Theſpis, as the firſt tragic writer, when he names Epicharmus as the firſt comic one, who copied from Homer.

Plutarch in his Sympoſia ſays—*That when Phrynichus and Æſchylus firſt turned the ſubject of tragedy to fables and doleful ſtories, the people ſaid, What's this to Bacchus?*—According to this anecdote how could Theſpis, who was anterior to Phrynichus and Æſchylus, be a writer of ſuch tragedies, as Suidas has aſcribed to him?

Another very ingenious argument for their confutation is drawn from a ſhort fragment, which the ſame author has quoted from the *Pentheus*, one of thoſe tragedies which Suidas gives to Theſpis: This fragment purports that—*The Deity is ſituated remote from all pleaſure or pain!* A paſſage of this caſt can never have been part of a ludicrous drama belonging to Bacchus and the Satyrs, and therefore either Plutarch muſt be miſtaken in his anecdote above cited, or Suidas in his author of *The Pentheus;* but it is further urged by a ſagacious critic that this fragment bears internal evidence of a forgery, being doctrine of a later date than Theſpis, and plainly of the fabrication of Plato's academy: In confirmation of this remark, circumſtances of a more poſitive nature are adduced, and Diogenes Laertius is brought forward, who actually charges Heraclides of writing certain tragedies and fathering them upon Theſpis, and this charge Laertius grounds upon the authority of Ariſtoxenus the muſician: the

the credit of Ariſtoxenus as a philoſopher, hiſtorian, and faithful relater of facts, is as well eſtabliſhed with the learned world, as the character of Heraclides is notorious for plagiariſm, falſehood and affectation; he was a vain rich man, a great juggler in literature, aſpiring to rival Plato in his writings, and one who was detected in bribing the Pythia, to decree a crown of gold and divine honours to him after his deceaſe; a man as apt to palm his own productions upon others as he was to aſſume other men's productions to himſelf, which he was convicted of by Chamæleon in his ſpurious treatiſe upon Homer and Heſiod.

This practice of fathering tragedies upon great names obtained in more inſtances than one; for Dionyſius wrote a tragedy called Parthenopæus and palmed it upon Sophocles, a bolder forgery than this of Heraclides; and it is remarkable, that Heraclides himſelf was caught by this forgery, and quotes the Parthenopæus as genuine.

Plato ſpeaking of The Deity uſes theſe words —Πόῤῥω ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης ἵδρυται τὸ θεῖον—*The Deity is ſituated remote from all pleaſure and pain*: A ſentiment ſo coincident with the fragment quoted by Plutarch from the Pentheus aſcribed to Theſpis, ſeems to warrant the remark before made, which ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated in the academy of Plato: This with the authority of Ariſtoxenus for the general forgery, and Plutarch's aſſertion that tragedy was ſatyric before Phrynichus and Æſchylus, will have its weight againſt the titles of Theſpis's tragedies, as they are given in Suidas; and accordingly I find that the editor of Suidas, commenting upon this very article, in effect

effect admits the error of his author: This argument moreover accounts for the ſilence of Ariſtotle as to Theſpis's tragedies.

I am aware that it has been a queſtion with ſome critics, whether tragedy originated with Theſpis, notwithſtanding the record of the Marmor Chronicon, and Suidas ſtates the pretenſions of Epigenes the Sicyonian prior to Theſpis; but in this he is ſingle and unſupported by any evidence, except what Plato aſſerts generally in his Minos—*That tragedy was extremely antient at Athens, and that it is to be dated neither from Theſpis, nor from Phrynichus;*—Some authorities alſo place Theſpis's firſt tragedy in a higher period than Olymp. lxi. as it ſtands in the Marmor; for Laertius ſays—*That Solon hindered Theſpis from acting his tragedies, believing thoſe feigned repreſentations to be of no uſe.*—And Plutuarch tells us—*That Solon ſaw one of Theſpis's plays, but diſliking the manner of it, forbade him to act any more.*—I need not obſerve that this muſt have paſſed before Piſiſtratus eſtabliſhed his tyranny, which did not take place till the laſt year of Olymp. liv. but if theſe facts be admitted, they ſeem to be deciſive as to the tragedy's being alluſive to Bacchus and the Satyrs in its firſt inſtance at leaſt; becauſe it can hardly be ſuppoſed that ſo profeſt an admirer of Homer as Solon was known to be, and himſelf a poet, would have objected to any drama formed upon his model.

As to Plato's general aſſertion with reſpect to the high antiquity of the Athenian tragedy, it ſeems thrown out as a paradox, which he does not attempt to illuſtrate or ſupport, and I cannot think

think it ſtands in the way of Theſpis's pretenſions to be conſidered as the father of tragedy, confirmed by ſo many authorities.

All theſe ſeeming difficulties will be reconciled, if we concur with the beſt opinions in the following particulars, viz. That tragedy, which was concerned about Bacchus and the Satyrs, was in no inſtance committed to writing: That Theſpis's firſt tragedy, which Solon ſaw and diſliked, was of this unwritten and ſatyric ſort: That in proceſs of time the ſame author actually wrote tragedy, and firſt acted it on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. within the æra of Piſiſtratus, and according to the record of the Marmor Chronicon, ſo often referred to.

I will not diſguiſe that Dr. Bentley, whoſe criticiſm is ſo concluſive for the forgery of thoſe tragedies quoted by Plutarch and enumerated by Suidas, Julius Pollux and Clemens of Alexandria, is of opinion *Theſpis himſelf publiſhed nothing in writing*; but as there are ſo many teſtimonies for his being the father of tragedy in general, and ſome which expreſsly ſay he was the firſt *writer* of tragedy, I hope I ſhall not treſpaſs too far on my reader's patience, if I lay the chief of theſe authorities before him.

The Arundel Marble, which is of date as high as Olymp. cxxix. ſets forth that *Theſpis was the firſt, who gave being to tragedy*. The epigram of Dioſcorides, printed in Mr. Stanley's edition of Æſchylus, gives the invention to Theſpis. In the Anthologia there are two epigrams, which expreſsly ſay the ſame; one begins—Θέσπιδος ἥυρεμα τῦτο—the other—Θέσπις ὧδε, τραγικὴνὸς ἀνέπλασε πρῶτος

πρῶτος ἀνεῦρε. Plutarch in his Solon ſays—*That Theſpis gave riſe and beginning to the very rudiments of tragedy.* Clemens of Alexandria makes Theſpis the contriver of tragedy, as Suſarion was of comedy. Athenæus ſays both comedy and tragedy were ſtruck out at Icarius, a place in Attica, where Theſpis was born. Suidas records to the ſame effect, and Donatus ſpeaks expreſsly to the point of written tragedy—*Theſpis autem primas* hæc ſcripta *in omnium notitiâ protulit.*——What Horace ſays of Theſpis in his Art of Poetry, and more particularly in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, where he claſſes him with Æſchylus and Sophocles, certainly implies that he was a *writer* of tragedy, and is ſo interpreted by Cruquius and the old commentator preſerved in his edition. I ſhall add one circumſtance to the above authorities, which is, that the Chorus alone performed the whole drama, till Theſpis introduced one actor to their relief; this reform could hardly be made, much leſs be recorded by Ariſtotle, unleſs Theſpis had *written* tragedies and publiſhed them to the world.

Upon the whole I incline to conſider Theſpis as the firſt author of the written tragedy and to place him in Olymp. lxi. From him tragedy deſcended through Pratinas, Carcinus and Phrynichus to Æſchylus, and this is the firſt age of the tragic drama.

N° XLII.

ABOUT two centuries had elapſed from the date of Theſpis's tragedy to the time when Ariſtotle wrote his poetics; which muſt have been after he quitted the ſervice of Alexander, to whom he ſent a copy of that treatiſe: The chain of dramatiſts from Theſpis to Euripides had been continued in regular ſucceſſion, and it is not to be ſuppoſed, but that he might have given a more particular and methodical account of the firſt inventors of tragedy, if it had fallen within the ſcope of his work; but this being merely critical, he takes his account of tragedy and comedy from Æſchylus and Epicharmus, contenting himſelf with a brief detail of ſuch vague and dubious traditions relative to the firſt inventors, as common fame ſeems to have thrown in his way.

He looſely obſerves—*That the people of Megaris claim the invention of comedy; that there is reaſon to think it took its origin in a popular and free form of government, which that of Megaris then was: That Epicharmus the Sicilian was far ſenior to Chionides and Magnes, the firſt Athenian writers of comedy:* —He alſo throws out an idle ſuggeſtion from the etymology of the words *comedy* and *drama*, the former of which he derives from Κώμαι, villages, and the latter from the verb Δρᾶν, ὅτι μιμοῦνται Δρῶντες.—Now the people of Peloponneſus he tells us uſe the words Κώμαι and Δρᾶν in their dialect, whereas the Athenians expreſs themſelves by thoſe of Δήμοι and Πράττειν, and upon this reſts the Peloponneſian

ponneſians pretenſions to be conſidered as the inventors of the drama: He then refers to what he conſiders as the true ſource and foundation of the drama, the works of Homer; and throwing aſide all others, as tales not worth relating, proceeds to the execution of his plan, viz. The definition and elucidation of the tragic poem.

Theſe ſuggeſtions were thrown out by Ariſtotle for no other purpoſe, as it ſhould ſeem, but to caſt a ridicule upon every other account of the diſcovery of the drama, but his own; for he might as well have given the invention of comedy to the Megarenſians for their being notorious laughers; Γέλως Μεγαρικὸς *to laugh like a Megarenſian* being a phraſe in vulgar uſe with the Athenians; nay indeed he might have gone a ſtep further and given them tragedy alſo, for *Megarenſian tears* were as proverbial as *Megarenſian laughter*: but a true Athenian would have anſwered, that the former alluded only to the onions, which their country abounded in, and was applied in ridicule of thoſe who counterfeited ſorrow: In ſhort the Megarenſians ſeem to have been the butts and buffoons of the Athenians, and held in ſovereign contempt by them. As for the Peloponneſian etymologies, Ariſtotle muſt have known that neither the one nor the other had the leaſt foundation; and that there is not a comedy of Ariſtophanes, in which he does not uſe the verb Δρᾶν frequently and in the mouths of Athenian ſpeakers; in his *Birds* I find it within a few lines of the verb Πρᾶγμα, and uſed by one and the ſame ſpeaker; I have no doubt the like is true of Κώμαι, but I did not think the ſearch worth following.

Bacchus

Bacchus and the Satyrs were both ſource and ſubject of the firſt drama, and the jocund rites of that deity were celebrated at all times and under all governments with the ſame unreſtrained feſtivity: This celebration was too cloſely interwoven with popular ſuperſtition to be checked by the moſt jealous of tyrants; the privileged ſeaſons of Bacchus were out of the reach of the magiſtrate; nor was the old ſatyrical maſque of the Athenians in Piſiſtratus's time leſs licentious than that of the Megarenſians in their freeſt ſtate; though it ſoon happened that the republic of Megara became an oligarchy, and the monarchy of Athens was converted into a republic.

The manner in which the drama was ſtruck out may naturally be accounted for. The Greeks from early time were in the habit of chanting ſongs and extemporary verſes in the villages in praiſe of Bacchus at the *Trina Dyoniſia*, which times anſwer to March, April, and January; afterwards they performed theſe ſongs or dithyrambs at the Panathenæa, which were celebrated in the month of Auguſt. The Athenians were of all people living the moſt addicted to raillery and invective; theſe village-ſongs and feſtivities of Bacchus gave a ſcope to the wildeſt extravagancies of mummery and grimace, mixt with coarſe but keen raillery from the labourers and peaſants concerned in the vintage: The women from their carts, maſked and diſguiſed with lees of wine, and men accoutred in rude groteſque habits like ſatyrs, and crowned with garlands of ivy and violets, vented ſuch prompt and irregular ſallies, as their inebriated fancies furniſhed on the inſtant,

or-

or elſe rehearſed ſuch little traditional and local ballads in iambic metre, as were in faſhion at the time; accompanying them with extravagant geſticulations and dances incidental to the ſubject, and ſuitable to the character of the deity they were celebrating.

The drunken feſtivities of the antient Danes, when they ſacrificed to their rural deities—*Annuæ ut ipſis contingeret felicitas, frugumque et annonæ uberrimus proventus*—and the Highland ceremonies and libations of the *Bel-tein* are of this character.

The Athenian calendar was crowded with theſe feaſts: Drinking-matches were rewarded with prizes and even crowns of gold; their Phallic ceremonies were of this deſcription: They uſed vehement geſticulations in reading and ſpeaking; their rhapſodiſts carried this habit to exceſs, and in the dithyrambic hymn every outragious geſture, which enthuſiaſm inſpires, was put in practice: The dithyramb was conceived in a metaphorical inflated ſtile, ſtuffed with an obſcure jargon of ſounding phraſes and performed in honour of Bacchus.

In theſe dithyrambic verſes and Phallic ſongs we have the foundation of tragedy and comedy; the ſolemn and ſwelling tone of the firſt and the petulant vivacity of the latter appoſitely point to the reſpective character of each. The ſatire and ſcurrility they indulged from their vintage waggons, their maſks and diſguiſes in the hairy habits of ſatyrs, their wanton ſongs and dances at the Phallic ceremonies, and the dark bombaſt of the dithyramb chanted by the rhapſodiſts with every tumid

tumid and extravagant action, all together form a compleat outline of the firſt drama: As ſoon as dialogue and repartee were added, it became to all intents a maſque, and in this ſtate it is diſcovered in very early times throughout the villages of Greece. When it had reached this period and got ſomething like the ſhape of a drama, it attracted the curioſity of the villagers, who in reward for their amuſement in the ſpectacle decreed a prize to the performance agreeable to the object in view and the means of the ſpectators; this prize conſiſted of a caſk of wine, and the performance before named ſimply *Comœdia* or the *village-ſong*, was thenceforward called *Trugœdia*, or the *ſong for the caſk*, compounded of τρύγα and ᾠδή.

Theſe names are deſcriptive of the drama in its progreſſive ſtages from a ſimple *village-ſong*, till it took a more complicated form by introducing the ſatyrs and employing the chorus in recitation through a whole fable, which had a kind of plot or conſtruction, though certainly not committed to writing. In this ſtage, and not before, the prize of *the caſk of wine* was given, and thence it proceeded to attract not the huſbandmen and labourers only but the neighbours of better degree. The drama under the deſignation of *Trugœdia* was ſatyric, and wholly occupied in the praiſe of Bacchus; it was unwritten, jocoſe, and confined to the villages at the ſeaſons of the *Trina Dionyſia*; but after a prize however inconſiderable had been given, that prize created emulation, and emulation ſtimulated genius.

The village bards now attempted to enlarge their walk, and not confining their ſpectacles merely

merely to Bacchus and the Satyrs began to give their drama a ſerious caſt, diverting it from ludicrous and lafcivious ſubjects to grave and doleful ſtories, in celebration of illuſtrious characters amongſt their departed heroes; which were recited throughout by a chorus, without the intervention of any other characters than thoſe of the ſatyrs with the dances proper thereunto.

This ſpur to emulation having brought the drama a ſtep forward, that advance produced freſh encouragement, and a new prize was now given, which ſtill was, in conformity to the ruſtic ſimplicity of the poem and its audience, a *Goat*, τράγος, a new prize created a new name, and the ſerious drama became diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Tragœdia*, or *the ſong for the goat:* Thus it appears that *Tragedy*, properly ſo called, was poſterior in its origin to comedy; and it is worthy of remark that *Trugœdia* was never applied to the tragic drama, nor *Tragœdia* to the comic: After this comedy loſt its general deſignation of *Trugœdia*, and was called by its original name of *the village-ſong* or *Comœdia*.

The next ſtep was a very material one in point of advance, for the village-poets having been excited by emulation to bring their exhibitions into ſome ſhape and conſiſtence, meditated an excurſion from the villages into the cities, and particularly into Athens: Accordingly in Olymp. liv. *Suſarion*, a native of Icarius, preſented himſelf and his comedy at that capital, rehearſing it on a moveable ſtage or ſcaffold, preſuming on the hope that what had given ſuch delight to the villagers would afford ſome amuſement to the more refined

ſpectators

ſpectators in Athens: This was the firſt drama there exhibited, and we ſhould naturally expect that a compoſition to be acted before the citizens of the capital ſhould be committed to writing, if we did not know that the author was on theſe occaſions the actor of his own piece; the rude interludes of Bacchus and the Satyrs being introduced upon the ſcene according to their old extemporary manner by the *Sileni* and *Tityri*, whoſe ſongs and dances were epiſodical to the drama: It continued to be the cuſtom for authors to act their own plays in the times of Phrynichus and Æſchylus, and I therefore think it probable Suſarion's comedy was not a *written* drama; and I cloſe with the authorities for Epicharmus being the firſt *writer* of comedy, who, being retained in an elegant court at Syracuſe, chuſing his plots from the *Margites*, and rejecting the mummeries of the ſatyrs, would naturally compoſe his drama upon a more regular and elaborate plan.

N° XLIII.

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

THERE is an old gentleman of my acquaintance who annoys me exceedingly with his predictions: I have reaſon to believe he bears me good will in the main, and does not know to what a degree he actually diſturbs my peace of mind, I would therefore fain put up with his humour if I could; but when he is for ever ringing his knell in my ears, he ſometimes provokes me to retort upon him, oftentimes to laugh at him, and never fails to put me out of patience or out of ſpirits.

I have read your account of the *Dampers* with great fellow-feeling, and perceive that my old gentleman is very deep in that philoſophy; but as I unfortunately have very little philoſophy of any ſort to ſet againſt it, I find myſelf frequently at his mercy and without defence.

I do not think this proceeds ſo much from any radical vice in his nature, as from a fooliſh vanity to ſeem wiſer than his neighbours, and to put himſelf off for a man who knows the world: The fact is he is an old bachelor, lives in abſolute retirement, and has ſcarcely ſtept out of the precincts

cincts of his own village three times in his life; yet he is ever telling me of his experience and his obſervations: If I was to put implicit faith in what he ſays, common honeſty in mankind would be a miracle, and happineſs a diſappointment; as for hope, that moonſhine diet as he calls it, which is ſo plentifully ſerved up in the fanciful repaſts of the poets, and which is too often the only ſtanding diſh at their tables, I ſhould never get a taſte of it; and yet if ruining a merchant's credit is tantamount to robbing him of his property, I muſt think the *Damper*, who blaſts my hope, is in fact little better than a thief.

I have a natural prejudice for certain people at firſt ſight, where a countenance impreſſes me in its favour, for I am apt to fancy that honeſty ſets a mark upon its owners; there is not a weakneſs incident to human nature, for which he could hold my underſtanding in more ſovereign contempt: If I was to be adviſed by him, I ſhould not truſt my wife out of my ſight, for it is a maxim with him, that no love-matches can be happy; mine was of that ſort and I am happy; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I was bound for a relation in public truſt ſome years ago; there I confeſs his augury ſometimes ſtaggered me, and he urged me with proverbs out of holy writ, which I was rather puzzled to parry; my friend however has done well in the world, diſcharged his obligation, and repaid it with grateful returns; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I inveſted a ſmall ſum in a venture to the Eaſt Indies; he deſcanted upon the riſque of the ſea; I inſured upon the ſhip, he denounced bankruptcy

bankruptcy againſt the underwriter, the ſhip came home and I doubled the capital of my inveſtment; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*, and he ſhakes his head at my folly.

I can plainly perceive that his predictions oftentimes are as troubleſome to himſelf as to me; he loſes many a fine morning's walk by foreſeeing a change of weather; he never goes to church becauſe he has had a ſuit with the parſon; and part of his eſtate remains untenanted, becauſe a farmer ſome time ago broke in his debt.

Though I am no philoſopher, I am not ſuch a ſimpleton, as not to know how little we ought to depend upon worldly events in general; yet it appears to me that what a man has already enjoyed, he can no longer be ſaid to depend upon: If therefore I have had real pleaſure in any innocent and agreeable expectation, diſappointment can at worſt do no more than remove the meat after I have made my meal.

Though I do not know how to define hope as a metaphyſician, I am inclined to ſpeak of it with reſpect, becauſe I find it has been a good friend to me in my life; it has given me a thouſand things, which malice and misfortune would have raviſhed from me, if I had not fairly worn them out before they could lay their fingers upon them: *Spe paſcit inani*—ſays the poet, and contradicts himſelf in the ſame breath: for my part, if it was not for the fear of appearing paradoxical, I ſhould ſay upon experience that hope, though called a ſhadow, is together with that other phantom death, the ſole reality beneath the ſun; the unfaithfulneſs of friends, from whom I had the

claim of gratitude, can never rob me of thoſe pleaſures I enjoyed, when I ſerved them, loved them, and confided in them; and, in ſpite of all my friend the *Damper* can ſay to the contrary, it is not on my own account I am ſorry to have thought better of mankind than they deſerve.

I am, Sir, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to belong to a club of gentlemen of public ſpirit and talents, who make it a rule to meet every Sunday evening, in a houſe of entertainment behind St. Clement's, for the regulation of literature in this metropolis. Our fraternity conſiſts of two diſtinct orders, *The Dampers* and *The Puffers*; and each of theſe are again claſſed into certain interior ſubdiviſions. We take notice that both theſe deſcriptions of perſons have in turn been the objects of your feeble raillery; but I muſt fairly tell you, we neither think worſe of ourſelves nor any better of you for thoſe attempts. We conſider the republic of letters

letters under obligations to us for its very exiſtence, for how could it be a republic, unleſs its members were kept upon an equality with each other? Now this is the very thing which our inſtitution profeſſes to do.

We have an ingenious member of our ſociety, who has invented a machine for this purpoſe, which anſwers to admiration: He calls it—*The Thermometer of Merit:* This machine he has ſet in a frame, and laid down a very accurate ſcale of gradations by the ſide of it: One glance of the eye gives every author's altitude to a minute. The middle degree on this ſcale, and which anſwers to *temperate* on a common thermometer, is that ſtandard, or common level of merit, to which all contemporaries in the ſame free community ought to be confined; but as there will always be ſome eccentric beings in nature, who will either ſtart above ſtandard heighth, or drop below it; it is our duty by the operation of the daily *preſs* either to ſcrew them down, or to ſcrew them up, as the caſe requires; and this brings me to explain the uſes of the two grand departments of our fraternity: Authors above par fall to the province of the *Dampers*, all below par appertain to the *Puffers*. The daily preſs being common to all men, and both the one claſs and the other having open acceſs thereto, we can work either by *forcers* or *repellers*, as we ſee fit; and I can ſafely aſſure you our proceſs ſeldom fails in either caſe, when we apply it timely, and eſpecially to young poets in their *veal-bones*, as the ſaying is: With this view we are always upon terms with the conductors of the ſaid preſs, who are fully ſenſible of the bene-

fits of our inſtitution, and live with us in the mutual interchange of friendly offices, like Shakeſpeare's Zephyrs——

" Stealing and giving odours.——

As we act upon none but principles of general juſtice, and hold it right that parts ſhould be made ſubſervient to the whole, our ſcheme of equalization requires, that accordingly as any individual riſes on the ſcale, our depreſſing powers ſhould counteract and balance his aſcending powers: This proceſs, as I ſaid before, belongs to the *Dampers'* office, and is by them termed *preſſing* an author, or more literally committing him to the *preſs*. This is laid on more or leſs forcibly, according to his degree of aſcenſion; in moſt caſes a few turns ſqueeze him down to his proper bearing, but this is always done with reaſonable allowance for the natural reaction of elaſtic bodies, ſo that it is neceſſary to bring him ſome degrees below ſtandard, leſt he ſhould mount above it when the *preſs* is taken off: If by chance his aſcending powers run him up to *ſultry* or *fever-heat*, the *Dampers* muſt proportion their diſcipline accordingly; in like manner the *Puffers* have to blow an author up by mere ſtrength of lungs, when he is heavy in ballaſt, and his ſinking powers fall below the *freezing-point*, as ſometimes happens even to our beſt friends: In that caſe the *Puffers* have *burſts of applauſe* and *peals of laughter* in petto, which, though they never reach vulgar ears, ſerve his purpoſe effectually—But theſe are ſecrets, which we never reveal but to the *Initiated*, and I ſhall conclude by aſſuring you I am your's as you deſerve.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

No XLIV.

N° XLIV.

Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quidquam ſimile aut ſecundum.

(HORAT.)

THERE is a great ſovereign now upon earth, who, though an infant, is the oldeſt of all ſouls alive by many centuries.

This extraordinary perſonage is a living evidence of the ſoul's immortality, or at leaſt has advanced ſo far in proof, as to convince the world by his own example, that it is not neceſſarily involved in the extinction of the body. Though he is the greateſt genealogiſt living, and can with certainty make out the longeſt and cleareſt pedigree of any potentate now reigning, yet he is properly ſpeaking without anceſtors. As I cannot doubt but that ſo ſtriking an event as the general deluge muſt be freſh in his memory, though a pretty many years have ſince elapſed, he muſt of neceſſity have been none other than Noah himſelf; for as he has always been his own ſon, and that ſon can never have been living at the ſame moment with his father, it is plain he muſt have been that very identical patriarch, when he ſurvived the flood.

As he was but eighteen months old according to his corporeal computation, when he was laſt viſited, he was not very communicative in converſation, but I have hope upon the next meeting

he will have the goodneſs to ſet us right about Pythagoras, who I am perſuaded ſunk ſome part of his travels upon us, and was actually in his court, where he acted the part of a plagiary, and in the ſchool-boy's phraſe *cribb'd* a foul copy of his holineſs's tranſmigration; but with ſuch ſtrong marks of a counterfeit, that after a ſhort trip to the Trojan war, and a few others not worth relating, it is to be preſumed he has given up the frolic; for I do not hear that he is at preſent amongſt us, at leaſt not amongſt us of this kingdom, where to ſay the truth I do not ſee any thing that reſembles him. In the mean time the religious ſovereign of Tibet (for the reader perceives I have been ſpeaking of *Teeſhoo Lama*) in the ſpirit of an original keeps his ſeat upon the Muſnud of Terpaling, which throne he has continued to preſs ever ſince his deſcent from Mount Ararat.

After all we muſt acknowledge this was a bold creed for prieſtcraft to impoſe, but credulity has a wide ſwallow, and if the doctrine paſſed upon a nation ſo philoſophical and inquiſitive as the Greeks, it may well obtain unqueſtioned by Calmuc Tartars; and ſuperſtition, now retiring from Rome, may yet find refuge in the mountains of Tibet. This may be ſaid for the ſyſtem of Teeſhoo Lama, that impoſition cannot be put to a fairer teſt, than when committed to the ſimplicity of a child; and the *Gylongs* or prieſts, attendant upon this extraordinary infant, paid no ſmall compliment to the faith of their followers, when they ſet him upon the Muſnud.

I forbear entering into a further account of this infant pontiff, becauſe I hope the very ingenious

nious traveller, who has already circulated ſome curious particulars of his audiences and interviews at the monaſtery of Terpâling, will indulge the public with a more full and circumſtantial narrative of his very intereſting expedition into a country ſo little viſited by Europeans, and where the manners and habits of the people, no leſs than the ſacred character of the ſovereign, furniſh a ſubject of ſo new and entertaining a nature.

When a genius like that, which actuates the illuſtrious character, who lately adminiſtered the government of Bengal, is carried into the remoteſt regions of the earth, it diffuſes an illumination around it, which reaches even to thoſe nations, where arts and ſciences are in their higheſt cultivation; and we accordingly find that beſides this embaſſy, ſo curious of its kind, the ſame pervading ſpirit has penetrated into the ſacred and till now inacceſſible myſteries of the Brahmins, and by the attainment of a language which religion has interdicted from all others but the ſacerdotal caſt, has already began to lay open a volume, ſuperior in antiquity, and perhaps in merit not inferior, to Homer himſelf.

Happy inhabitants of Tibet! If happineſs can ariſe from error, your innocent illuſion muſt be the ſource of it; for prieſtcraft, which has plunged our portion of the globe in wars and perſecutions, has kept you in perpetual peace and tranquillity; ſo much more wiſe and ſalutary is your religious ſyſtem of pontifical identity, than ours of pontifical infallibility. The ſame unchangeable, indiviſible object of faith ſecures univerſal acquieſcence under the commodious impo-

ſition: No Anti-Lama can diſtract your attention or divide your duty, for individuality is his eſſence; no councils can reverſe his decrees or over-rule his ſupremacy, for he is coeval with religion, nay he is religion itſelf. Such as he was in his præterient body, ſuch he muſt be in his preſent; the ſame monaſtic, peaceful unoffending, pious being; a living idol, drawn forth upon occaſional ſolemnities to give his bleſſing to adoring proſtrate hordes of Tartars, and to receive their offerings; and whether this bleſſing be given by the hands of unreaſoning infancy, or ſuperannuated age, it matters little at which degree the moment points, when the ſcale is undermined. *You ſee me here* (ſaid the Lama in his præterient body to one of our countrymen, whom he admitted to a converſation) *a mere idol of ſtate: You are of a more active nation; take your wonted exerciſe without reſerve: Walk about my chamber: I am ſedentary by neceſſity, and the habit of indolence is become to me a ſecond nature.*—This is a true anecdote, and ſhews how mild a ſoul it is, which has now tranſmigrated into the body of this infant.

Could this extraordinary perſonage communicate his property to all his brother ſovereigns through the world, ſhould we, or ſhould we not, congratulate mankind upon the event? Let the nations ſpeak for themſelves! I anſwer for one, that cannot name a period in its monarchy more in favour of the diſpenſation.

N° XLV.

Ω παῖ σιώπα. πόλλ' ἴσχει σιγὴ καλά.
(SOPHOCLES, ALEASI.)

Hold thy tongue, good boy! There are many great advantages in keeping ſilence.

I HAVE now the ſatisfaction to inform my countrymen, that after long and diligent ſearch I have at laſt diſcovered a very extraordinary perſon in this metropolis, at preſent in ſome obſcurity; but if I ſhall luckily be the means of drawing him into more notice by publiſhing what has come to my knowledge of his talents and performances, I ſhall think myſelf happy not only in ſerving a meritorious individual, but alſo in furniſhing a ſuggeſtion through the mode I ſhall recommend for his employ, that may be of the greateſt benefit to ſociety.

The gentleman, in whoſe favour I would fain intereſt my candid readers, is *Mr. Jedediah Fiſh*, of whoſe hiſtory I ſhall recount a few particulars. He was bred to the law, and many years ago went over to New England, where he practiſed in the courts at Boſton: Upon the breaking out of the troubles he came over to England, tho' from his prudent deportment he might ſafely have remained where he was, for Mr. Fiſh made it a rule never to lend any thing but an ear to either ſide

of the queſtion: I cannot ſpeak with certainty as to his real motives for leaving America, as he has not been communicative on that head, but I could collect from hints he has dropt of the extraordinary length and protraction of the pleadings in thoſe provincial courts, that his health was a good deal impaired by his attendance upon cauſes, though I cannot diſcover that he was actually employed as an advocate in any. This may ſeem ſingular to ſuch as are unacquainted with thoſe proceedings, but Mr. Fiſh, though no pleader, was of indiſpenſable uſe to his clients during the ſomnolency of the court; for by means of his vigilance the efficient counſel could indulge themſelves in their natural reſt, and recruit their ſpirits for a reciprocal exertion of prolixity, when the oppoſite party had come to a concluſion: This happy faculty of wakefulneſs in Mr. Jedediah Fiſh was accompanied with the further very uſeful talent of abridgment, by which in a very few words he could convey into the ear of a pleader, when he had once thoroughly wakened him, the whole marrow of an argument, though it had been ſpread out ever ſo widely.

When he came over to his native country, he threw himſelf in the way of preferment, and regularly attended the ſittings at Weſtminſter, Guildhall, and elſewhere; but being a modeſt man, and one who made no acquaintance, he was no otherwiſe taken notice of, than as being the only perſon in court, who did not yawn, when a certain learned ſerjeant got beyond his uſual quota of caſes in point. Nothing offering here, Mr. Fiſh preſented himſelf during the ſitting of Parliament

liament both at the bar of the Peers, and in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons: he gave great attention to the clerks, when they were reading Acts of Parliament in the upper houſe, and never quitted his poſt in the lower, when certain gentlemen were on their legs, and gave the ſignal to others to get on theirs and go to dinner: By being thus left alone this modeſt attendant loſt his labour, and remained unnoticed through a whole ſeſſion.

Defeated in all theſe efforts he began to frequent Coffee-houſes, where he obſerved moſt talking prevail, and few or no hearers to be found: Fortune now began to ſmile upon his patient endeavours, and he particularly recommended himſelf to a circle at Saint Paul's, where by his addreſs in poſting himſelf between two parties, one of which was very circumſtantially explaining a will, and the other going ſtep by ſtep through a bill of encloſure, where the glebe lands of the rector were in great peril of infringement, he ſo contrived as to lend one ear to the divine and the other to the civilian, by which he got a dinner at each of their houſes; and as they found him a moſt agreeable companion, and one whoſe chearing ſmile enlivened their own converſation, he ſoon became free of their families under a ſtanding invitation.

It was in one of theſe houſes I firſt became acquainted with Mr. Fiſh, and as it ſeemed to me a great pity that a man poſſeſſed of ſuch companionable talents (for I can ſafely aver I had never heard the tone of his voice) ſhould be any longer buried in obſcurity, or at beſt confined to a narrow

a narrow circle of admirers, I began to reflect within myſelf what amazing improvements ſociety might receive, if he could be induced to ſtand forth in the public character of *A Maſter of Silence*, or in other words *A Teacher of the Art of Hearing*.

As I knew my friend was not a man to ſpeak for himſelf, I took a convenient occaſion one day of breaking my propoſal to him, which I introduced by ſaying I had ſomething to diſcloſe to him, which I conceived would not only be of public benefit, but might alſo be turned to his particular emolument and advantage. He pauſed ſome time and ſeemed to expect when I would proceed to explain myſelf; but being at laſt convinced that I was really waiting for his conſent, he opened his lips for the firſt time, and in a very ſoft agreeable tone of voice delivered himſelf as follows—"*Say on!*"—The converſation being now fairly on foot, I ſaid that experience muſt have convinced him how great a ſcarcity of hearers there were in this metropolis, at the ſame time what great requeſt they were in, and how much converſation and ſociety were at a loſs for a proper proportion of them: That where one man now made his fortune by his tongue, hundreds might in leſs time eſtabliſh their's by a prudent uſe of their ears: That a deſire of *ſhining* in company was now become ſo general, that there was no body left to ſhine upon: That no way could be ſo ſure of providing for younger ſons and people of ſmall fortunes, as to qualify them well in *the art of hearing*; but by a fatal neglect in our ſyſtem of education, and the loquacity of nurſes

nurſes and ſervants, no attention was paid to this uſeful accompliſhment: I obſerved to him that our parſons were in ſome degree in the fault by ſhortening their ſermons and quickening their prayers, whereas in time paſt, when homilies were in uſe, and the preacher turned the hour-glaſs twice or thrice before his diſcourſe was wound up, the world was in better habits of hearing: That in Oliver's days the grace was oftentimes as long as the meal, now they ſate down without any grace at all, and talked without ceaſing: That the diſcontinuance of ſmoking tobacco contributed much to put hearing out of faſhion, and that a club of people now was like a pack of hounds in full cry, where all puppies open at the ſame time, whether they have got the ſcent or not: In concluſion I demanded of him if he agreed with me in theſe obſervations, or not: He again took ſome time to conſider, and very civilly replied—"*I do.*" 'If you do agree with me,' rejoined I, 'in acknowledging the complaint, tell 'me if you will concur in promoting the cure.' He nodded aſſent, 'And who is ſo fit as Mr. 'Jedediah Fiſh,' added I, 'to teach that art to 'others, which he poſſeſſes in ſuch perfection 'himſelf? It ſhall be my buſineſs to ſeek out for 'ſcholars, your's to inſtruct them, and I don't 'deſpair of your eſtabliſhing an Academy of Si-'lence in as general repute as the ſchool of Py-'thagoras.'

This inſtitution is now fairly on foot, and ſchool is opened in Magpye-Court, Cheapſide, N° 4, name on the door, where the profeſſor is

to be ſpoken to by all perſons wanting his advice and inſtructions. The remarkable ſucceſs, which has already attended Mr. Jedediah Fiſh, would warrant my laying before the public ſome extraordinary cures, but theſe I ſhall poſtpone to ſome future opportunity, and conclude with a paſſage from Horace, which ſhews that ingenious poet, though perhaps he had as much to ſay for himſelf as moſt of our modern prattlers, was nevertheleſs a perfect adept in the art, which it has been the labour of this paper to recommend.

Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedæ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Thrax eſt Gallina Syro par;
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent;
Et quæ rimoſâ bene deponuntur in aure.

'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bade me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such talk often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,

As

As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes inter nos
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.

SWIFT.

N° XLVI.

A NOVEL, conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a ſeries of events in familiar life, in which no epiſodical ſtory is interwoven, is in effect a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The ſame natural diſplay of character, the ſame facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are eſſential to each compoſition. Novels of this deſcription are not of many years ſtanding in England, and ſeem to have ſucceeded after ſome interval to romance, which to ſay no worſe of it is a moſt unnatural and monſtrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle ſpecies; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim and the French have the credit of, is a ſeries of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and Don Quixote abound in epiſodical ſtories, which ſeparately taken are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the faſhion of novel-writing, upon different plans indeed, but each with a degree of ſucceſs, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardſon diſpoſed his

his fable in letters, and Fielding purſued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception however of certain miſcellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book in the nature of a prologue, in which the author ſpeaks in perſon: He has executed this ſo pleaſantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in his inſtance: but I ſhould doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wiſe to follow him.

I ſhould have obſerved, that modern noveliſts have not confined themſelves to comic fables or ſuch only as have happy endings, but ſometimes, as in the inſtance of *The Clariſſa*, wind up their ſtory with a tragical cataſtrophe; to ſubjects of this ſort perhaps the epiſtolary mode of writing may be beſt adapted, at leaſt it ſeems to give a more natural ſcope to pathetic deſcriptions; but there can be no doubt that fables replete with humorous ſituations, characteriſtic dialogue and buſy plot are better ſuited to the mode, which Fielding has purſued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, univerſally allowed the moſt perfect work of its ſort in ours, or probably any other language.

There is a ſomething ſo attractive to readers of all deſcriptions in theſe books, and they have been ſought with ſuch general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced, and the ſcheme of circulating libraries lately eſtabliſhed, which theſe very publications ſeem to have ſuggeſted, having ſpread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the

the amuſing ſtudy of every rank and deſcription of people in England.

Young minds are ſo apt to be tinctured by what they read, that it ſhould be the duty of every perſon who has the charge of education, to make a proper choice of books for thoſe who are under their care; and this is particularly neceſſary in reſpect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domeſtic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themſelves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly ſtrike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addreſſed to the paſſions than many of theſe novel heroines. I would not be underſtood to accuſe our modern writers of immoral deſigns; very few I believe can be found of that deſcription; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think ſome amongſt them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and falſe character by ſtories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature; and the more intereſting ſuch ſtories are, the greater will be their influence: In this light a novel heroine, though deſcribed without a fault, yet, if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel, which of all others is formed upon the moſt ſtudied plan of morality, is *Clariſſa*, and few young women I believe are put under reſtriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curioſity with a peruſal of this author; guided by the beſt intentions, and conſcious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he has

has taken all poſſible pains to weave in his ſtory incidents of ſuch a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a ſtrong and laſting impreſſion on the youthful heart. The unmerited ſufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity; the unnatural obduracy of her parents; the infernal arts of the wretch, who violates her, and the ſad cataſtrophe of her death, are incidents in this affecting ſtory better conceived than executed: Failing in this moſt eſſential point, as a picture of human nature, I muſt regard the novel of Clariſſa as one of the books, which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can ſay from obſervation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters aſſumed by ſentimental Miſſes in the vain deſire of being thought *Clariſſa Harlows*, than from any other ſource of imitation whatſoever: I ſuſpect that it has given food to the idle paſſion for thoſe eternal ſcribblings, which paſs between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inſcription for the plate of her own coffin, and forſwore all mankind at the age of ſixteen. As to the characters of Lovelace, of the heroine herſelf, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. What Clariſſa is made to do, and what ſhe is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers, who may oppoſe the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this ſtory, nor will thoſe daughters be diſpoſed to think the worſe of their own rights,

or

or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which theſe unnatural characters are painted. It will avail little to ſay, that Clariſſa's miſeries are derivable from the falſe ſtep of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became neceſſary to avoid compulſion. To ſpeak with more preciſion my opinion in the caſe, I think Clariſſa dangerous only to ſuch young perſons, whoſe characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural ſuſceptibility may be prone to imitation, and like to be turned aſide into errors of affectation. In ſuch hands, I think a book, ſo addreſſed to the paſſions, and wire-drawn into ſuch prolixity, is not calculated to form either natural manners or natural ſtile; nor would I have them learn of Clariſſa to write long pedantic letters *on their bended knees*, and beg *to kiſs the hem of their ever-honoured Mamma's garment*, any more than I would wiſh them to ſpurn at the addreſſes of a worthy lover with the pert inſult of a *Miſs How*.

The natural temper and talents of our children ſhould point out to our obſervation and judgment the particular mode, in which they ought to be trained: The little tales told to them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being ſoftened by pathetic and affecting ſtories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl aſſumes the Pathos of Clariſſa without experiencing the ſame afflictions, or being put to the ſame trials, the reſult will be a moſt inſufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever

Whatever errors there may be in our preſent ſyſtem of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary perhaps they will be found to conſiſt in over-diligence and too great ſolicitude for accompliſhment; the diſtribution of a young lady's hours is an analyſis of all the arts and ſciences; ſhe ſhall be a philoſopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and muſician at night; ſhe ſhall ſing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of maſters diſtract the attention and overwhelm the genius; and thus an indiſcriminate zeal in the parent ſtops the cultivation and improvement of thoſe particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents, who thus preſs the education of their children, fall into miſtakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is without excuſe, who, immerſed in diſſipation, delegate to a hireling the moſt ſacred and moſt natural of all duties! To theſe unprofitable and inconſiderate beings I ſhall not ſpeak in plain proſe, but will deſire them to give the following little poem a peruſal.

DORINDA and her ſpouſe were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony not in mind,
A faſhionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,
The ſmarteſt vis-à-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place
Made Wedlock's pill go down.

In

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wiſh'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; ſhe'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain——but ah! the curſe,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noiſe——
"Go, take 'em to the nurſe!—"

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear Ma'amſelle's prodigious care;
Miſs gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Maſter learns to ſwear.

"Sweet innocents!" the ſervants cry,
"So natural he and ſhe ſo wild;
"Laud, Nurſe, do humour 'em—for why;
"'Twere ſin to ſnub a child."

Time runs—"My God!"—Dorinda cries,
"How monſtrouſly the girl is grown!
"She has more meaning in her eyes
"Than half the girls in town."

Now teachers throng; Miſs dances, ſings,
Learns every art beneath the ſun,
Scrawls, ſcribbles, does a thouſand things
Without a taſte for one.

Lapdogs and parrots, paints, Good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joſhua jealous,
Writes rebuſſes, and has her clack
Of ſmall-talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for faſhions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, paſſions,
And dictates in virtù.

Ma'amſelle to Miſs's hand coveys
A billet-doux; ſhe's très-commode,
The Dancing-maſter's in the chaiſe,
They ſcower the northern road.

Away

Away to Scottiſh land they puſt,
Miſs thereſbecomes a lawful wife;
Her frolick over, to her coſt
Miſs is a wretch for life.

Maſter meanwhile advances faſt
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a ſchool-boy's heedleſs haſte,
Rattles the deſperate dice.

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the ſchools
Of Rouſſeau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the dernier goût
Of Bruſſels-point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique ſtatues vampt anew,
And buſts without a noſe.

Then hey! at diſſipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the ſtale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pockets City-Madam's pence,
And doubles all his betts.

He drains his ſtewards, racks his farms,
Annuitizes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levée ſwarms
With ſwindlers and with Jews.

The guinea loſt that was his laſt,
Deſperate at length the maniac cries—
"This thro' my brain!"—'tis done; 'tis paſt,
He fires—he falls—he dies!

No. XLVII.

N° XLVII.

Γάμος κρατιστός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ σώφρονι
Τρόπον γυναικὸς χρηστὸν ἔνδον λαμβάνειν.

HIPPONAX.

To a wiſe huſband, when poſſeſſing
A virtuous wife, wedlock's a bleſſing.

THOUGH I do not like paradoxes, and can readily acknowledge the reſpect due to general opinions, yet I am bold to aver to the face of all thoſe fine gentlemen, who, if they think as they act, will laugh me to ſcorn for the notion, that marriage is a meaſure of ſome conſequence. I do not mean to ſay that it is neceſſary, in the choice of a wife, that ſhe ſhould be of any particular ſtature or complexion, brown or fair, tall or ſhort; neither do I think a man of family need abſolutely to inſiſt upon as many clear deſcents, as would ſatisfy a German Count, before he quarters arms with a lady; nor do I article for fortune, or connection, or any other worldly recommendation as indiſpenſable; ſatisfied only if it will be granted to me that the parties ought not to unite without ſome mutual explanation, ſome previous underſtanding of each other's temper, and ſome reaſonable ground of belief, that the contract they are about to enter into for life is likely to hold good to the end of the term, for which it is made.

I am

I am not ſo ignorant of the world as not to know how many ſpecious reaſons may be given on the other ſide of the queſtion; and being ſenſible I have a hard point to drive, I am willing to conciliate my opponents by all reaſonable conceſſions.

Lord Faro married to pay off a mortgage, that encumbered his eſtate, and to diſcharge certain debts of honour, that encumbered his mind ſtill more: His match therefore was a match of principle; and though a run of bad luck defeated his good intentions towards his creditors, and though the vulgar manners of his lady ſmelt ſo ſtrong of the city, that ſhe became inſupportable, yet all the world allowed that the meaſure was judicious, juſtifiable, and in his lordſhip's ſituation indiſpenſable.

Lady Bab Pettiſh married *Colonel Spectre* becauſe he haunted her in all aſſemblies, was for ever at her back in the Opera-houſe, glided into the church when ſhe was at her devotions, and declared in all companies that he was determined to have her. Lady Bab married to be revenged of him; nobody denied but ſhe took the right method, and all the world allowed that ſhe had her revenge: The colonel is literally a *ſpectre* at this moment.

Sir Harry Bluſter and *Miſs Hornet* were firſt couſins, and though brought up together in the ſame houſe like brother and ſiſter, ſquabbled and fought like dog and cat: Sir Harry's face bore the marks of her nails, and Miſs's head-dreſs was the frequent victim of his fury: This young pair made a match in the laudable expectation of a better agreement

agreement after wedlock: All the world applauded their motives, and the event fully anſwered their expectation—for they parted *by conſent.*

Old *Lady Lucy Lumbago* was told by a fortune-teller that ſhe ſhould die a maid: When ſhe was at leaſt ſixty years in advance towards fulfilling the prediction, ſhe drew a piece of wedding cake through a bride's gold ring, and dreamt of her own footman: She married him the next week to thwart the Deſtinies: The footman went off with her ſtrong-box, and left her behind to compleat the prophecy.

Lord Calomel had a plentiful eſtate and a very ſcanty conſtitution, but he had two reaſons for marrying which all the world gave him credit for; the firſt was to get an heir, which he wanted, and the ſecond was to get rid of a miſtreſs he was tired of: He made his choice of *Miſs Frolick*, and every body allowed the odds were in his favour for an heir: The lady brought him a full-grown boy at five months end; his lordſhip drove his wife out of his houſe and reinſtated his miſtreſs.

Jack Fanciful had a blind-ſide towards a fine eyebrow. It was his humour, and he had a right to pleaſe himſelf: *Signora Falſetta* ſtruck an arrow to his heart from a pair of full-drawn bows, that would have done honour to Cleopatra herſelf, whoſe ſtage repreſentative the Signora then was: Jack made overtures of a certain ſort, which her majeſty repulſed with the dignity that became her; in ſhort, the virtue of Cleopatra was impregnable, or at leaſt it was plain ſhe was not *every body's Cleopatra.* What could Jack do? It was

impoſſible to give up the eyebrows, and it was no leſs impoſſible to have them upon any terms, but terms of honour. Jack married her: It was his humour, and all the world allowed he was in the right to indulge it: the happy knot was tied; Jack flew with lips of ardour to his lovely Cleopatra; the faithleſs eyebrow deſerted from the naked forehead of its owner, and (O ſad exchange!) took poſt upon Jack's chin.

Theſe, and many more than theſe, may be called caſes in point, and brought to prove that matrimony is a mere whim, a caprice of the moment, and by people who know the world treated with ſuitable indifference; but ſtill I muſt hope that ſuch of my readers, at leaſt, who do not know the world, or know perhaps juſt ſo much of it as not to wiſh for a more intimate familiarity with its faſhions, will think this ſame bargain for life a bargain of ſome conſequence.

The court of Catherine of Medicis, but more particularly that of Anne of Auſtria, brought the characters of women into much greater conſequence and diſplay, than had before been allowed to them: The female genius called forth from its obſcurity ſoon aſſumed its natural prerogatives: A woman's wit was found the fineſt engine to cut the knot of intricacy, or if poſſible to diſentangle it: The ladies in that famous regency were no leſs fitted to direct a council than to adorn a court: The enlightened ſtate of preſent times, and the refinement of modern manners, have happily diſcovered, that in the proper intercourſe of the ſexes are centered all the charms of ſociety; it ſeems as if a new world had been found out within the limits of the old one: Aſſociated as we now

now are, we are left without excuſe when we miſtake their characters, or betray them into unſuitable connections by diſguiſing our own: Every unmarried man has time enough to look about him, and opportunities enough for the fulleſt information: It can be nothing therefore but the miſguiding impulſe of ſome ſordid and unworthy paſſion, that can be the moving cauſe of ſo many unhappy matches. I will never believe, in the corruption of the preſent times, though there are as many bills of divorce as bills of encloſure, but that the huſband, I will not ſay in every, but in almoſt every, caſe is in the firſt fault. It were an eaſy thing to point out a thouſand particulars amongſt the reigning habits of high life, which ſeem as if invented by the very demon of ſeduction for his own infernal purpoſes: There is not one of all theſe habits, which a wiſe man can fail to deſpiſe, or an honeſt man neglect to reform; no plan ſo eaſy as the prevention of them; no ſyſtem ſo abſurd, ſo undignified, ſo deſtructive of all the pleaſures of life, as the ſyſtem of diſſipation.

Look at a man of this ſort! He has not even the credit of being a voluptuary; there is not one feature of pleaſure in his face; all is languor, *nonchalance* and *ennui*. (I help out my deſcription with French, for, thank Heaven! we have yet no words in our language to expreſs it.) The travels of ſuch a man in the purlieus only of St. James's-ſtreet and Pall-mall would ſuffice to have carried him round the pyramids of Egypt: He might have viſited the ruins of Herculaneum in half the number of paces that he ſpends in ſaun-

tering up to Rotten-row: He poſts from town to country as if the fate of Europe depended on his diſpatch; he reconnoitres the heels of ſome favourite hunter and returns with the ſame expedition to town; you would think that life or death depended on his ſpeed, and you would not be much out in the gueſs, for he has juſt killed ſo much time and perhaps a poſt-horſe or two into the bargain. Are we to ſuppoſe there is no emulation in the ladies?

Is it not poſſible to employ the revenue of a great eſtate in a more agreeable manner? For I am now ſpeaking of riches in no other light, but as the means of procuring pleaſures to their owner. May not every hour of life preſent ſome new or agreeable occupation to a man who is poſſeſſed of large fortune and knows how to uſe it? I need not point out the endleſs ſource of delightful employment, which a well-projected ſyſtem of improvement muſt furniſh to the man of landed property: This nation abounds in artiſts of all deſcriptions; gardening, planting, architecture, muſic, painting, the whole circle of arts are open to his uſe and ſervice; wherever his taſte or humour points, there are profeſſors in every department of the higheſt talents: He may ſeat himſelf in a paradiſe of his own creating, and collect a ſociety to participate with him worthy the enjoyment of it: The capital might then be his viſiting and not his abiding-place; his deareſt friend and the companion of his happieſt hours might be his wife; the duties of a parent might open freſh ſources of delight, and I, who profeſs myſelf to be an *Obſerver* and a friend of mankind, might contemplate

template his happineſs, and cry out with the vanity of an author——*There is one convert to my ſyſtem!*

Vivite concordes, et noſtrum diſcite munus!

CLAUDIAN.

N° XLVIII.

IN the plan, which I have laid down for treating of the literature of the Greeks, and to which I have devoted part of theſe papers, I have thought it adviſeable for the ſake of perſpicuity to preface the account with an abſtract of the Athenian hiſtory within thoſe ſeparate periods, which I mean to review. In conformity to this plan I have already brought down my narration to the death of Piſiſtratus, and this has been followed with a ſtate of the drama at that period: I now propoſe to proceed with the hiſtory to the battle of Marathon inclusive, beyond which I ſhall have no occaſion to follow it, and ſhall then reſume my account of the literature of the Greeks, which will comprehend all the dramatic authors, both tragic and comic, to the death of Menander.

At the deceaſe of Piſiſtratus the government of Athens devolved quietly upon Hipparchus, who aſſociated his brother Hippias with him in

power. Piſiſtratus had two other ſons by a ſecond wife, who were named Jophon and Theſſalus; the elder died in his father's life time, and the other, who was of a turbulent and unruly ſpirit, did not long ſurvive him.

Hipparchus was not leſs devoted to ſcience and the liberal arts than his father had been: The famous Phæa, who had perſonated Minerva, ſhared his throne, and though he communicated with his brother Hippias on matters of government, and imparted to him ſo great a portion of authority, that they were jointly ſtiled Tyrants of Athens, yet it ſeems evident that the ſupreme power was actually veſted in Hipparchus; and it is extraordinary, for the ſpace of fourteen years, until his death, his government was undiſturbed by any diſagreement with his brother or complaint from his ſubjects.

The moſt virtuous citizens of Athens, in the freeſt hours of their republic, look back upon this reign as the moſt enviable period in their hiſtory. Plato himſelf aſſerts that all the fabulous felicity of the golden reign of Saturn was realized under this of Hipparchus: Thucydides gives the ſame teſtimony, and ſays that his government was adminiſtered without envy or reproach: The tradition of the golden days of Hipparchus was delivered down through many generations, and became proverbial with the Athenians. A prince, who had deſerved ſo well of letters, was not likely to be forgotten by poets, hiſtorians, or philoſophers; but ſuch was the public tranquillity under his adminiſtration, that the patriots and declaimers for freedom in the moſt popular times have not ſcrupled to acknowledge and applaud it.

Hipparchus

Hipparchus not only augmented the collection of books in the public library, but engaged ſeveral eminent authors to reſide at Athens: He took Simonides of Ceos into his pay at a very high ſtipend, and ſent a fifty-oared galley for Anacreon to Teos, inviting him with many princely gifts to live at his court: He cauſed the poems of Homer to be publicly recited at the great aſſembly of the Panathenæa, and is generally ſuppoſed to have ſuggeſted the plan of collecting the ſcattered rhapſodies of the Iliad and Odyſſey, ſo happily executed by his father. His private hours he devoted to the ſociety of men of letters, and on theſe occaſions was accompanied by Simonides the lyric poet, Onomacritus, Anacreon and others. He did not confine his attention to the capital of his empire, but took a method, well adapted to the times he lived in, of reforming the underſtandings of his more diſtant and leſs enlightened ſubjects in the villages, by erecting in conſpicuous parts of their ſtreets or market-places ſtatues of the god Mercury, placed upon terms or pedeſtals, on which he cauſed to be inſcribed ſome brief ſentence or maxim, ſuch as—*Know thyſelf—Love juſtice—Be faithful to thy friend*—and others of the like general utility.

It is not eaſy to deviſe a project better calculated for the edification of an ignorant people than theſe ſhort but comprehenſive ſentences, ſo eaſy to be retained in the memory, and which, being recommended both by royal and divine authority, claimed univerſal attention and reſpect.

This excellent and moſt amiable prince was aſſaſſinated by Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, and a

revolution being in the end effected favourable to the popular government of Athens, the aſſaſſins were celebrated to all poſterity as the aſſerters of liberty and the deliverers of their country. Of all the rulers of mankind, who have fallen by the hand of violence, how few have been ſacrificed in the public ſpirit of juſtice, and how many have fallen by the private ſtab of revenge! When we contemplate the elder Brutus brandiſhing the dagger of Lucretia, we cannot help recollecting that Tarquinius Superbus had murdered his brother. Hipparchus is ſaid to have put an affront upon Harmodius's ſiſter by diſmiſſing her from a religious proceſſion, in which ſhe was walking at the feſtival of the Panathenæa: Harmodius was the handſomeſt youth in Attica, and the prince is by the ſame account charged with having conceived an unnatural paſſion for him, in which he was repulſed. If this account were to be credited in the whole, it would be an incident of ſo unmanly a ſort on the part of Hipparchus, as to leave an everlaſting mark of diſgrace upon a character, otherwiſe meritorious.

The general prevalence of a turpitude, which neither the religion nor the laws of Greece actually prohibited, may induce our belief of the charge againſt Hipparchus, as far as concerns Harmodius; but the ſuppoſed inſult to the ſiſter is irreconcileable to his character. It were far more natural to ſuppoſe his reſentment ſhould have been pointed againſt Ariſtogiton, who was the favorite of Harmodius; ſuch circumſtances as we have now related would have carried their own confutation upon the face of them, even though hiſtorians

hiſtorians had not greatly varied in their accounts of the tranſaction; but when ſo reſpectable an author as Plato gives the narrative a turn entirely oppoſite to the above, whilſt modern hiſtorians have only retailed vulgar errors without examining teſtimonies of better credit, I hope I may be allowed the equitable office of ſumming up the evidences in this myſterious tranſaction, for the purpoſe of reſcuing a moſt amiable character from miſrepreſentation.

Plato in his Hipparchus ſays—*That the current account above given was not the account believed and adopted by people of the beſt condition and repute; that the inſult vulgarly ſuppoſed to have been put upon the ſiſter of Harmodius by Hipparchus was ridiculous and incredible upon the face of it; that Harmodius was the diſciple of Ariſtogiton, a man of ordinary rank and condition; that there was a mutual affection between the pupil and his maſter; that they had admitted into their ſociety a young Athenian of diſtinction, whoſe name had eſcaped his memory, of whom they were very fond, and whom they had by their converſation and inſtructions impreſſed with high ideas of their talents and erudition; that this young Athenian having found acceſs to the perſon of Hipparchus, attached himſelf to his ſociety and began to fall off from his reſpect for his former preceptors, and even treated their inferiority of underſtanding with contempt and ridicule; that thereupon they conceived ſuch hatred and reſentment againſt the prince for this preference ſhewn by their pupil for his company, and for the method he had taken of mortifying their vanity, that they determined upon diſpatching Hipparchus by aſſaſſination, which they accordingly effected.*

Juſtin gives a different account and ſays—*That the affront was put upon the ſiſter of Harmodius not by Hipparchus but by his brother Diocles; that Harmadius with his friend Ariſtogiton entered into a conſpiracy for cutting off all the reigning family at once, and pitched upon the feſtival of the Panathenæa as a convenient time for the execution of their plot, the citizens being then allowed to wear arms; that the complete execution of their deſign was fruſtrated by one of their party being obſerved in earneſt diſcourſe with Hippias, which occaſioned them to ſuſpect a diſcovery, and ſo precipitated their attack before they were ready; that in this attack however they chanced upon Hipparchus, and put him to death.*

There are other accounts ſtill differing from theſe, but they have no colour of probability, and only prove an uncertainty in the general ſtory.

Plutarch relates—*That Venus appeared to Hipparchus before his aſſaſſination in a dream, and from a phial, which ſhe held in her hand, ſprinkled his face with drops of blood.* Herodotus alſo ſays—*That he was warned by a viſion on the eve of his murder, being addreſſed in ſleep by a man of extraordinary ſtature and beauty, in verſes of an enigmatical import, which he had thoughts of conſulting the interpreters upon next morning, but afterwards paſſed it off with contempt as a vapour of the imagination, and fell a ſacrifice to his incredulity.*

This at leaſt is certain, that he governed the capricious inhabitants of Attica with ſuch perfect temper and diſcretion, that their tranquillity was without interruption; nor does it appear that the people, who were erecting ſtatues and trophies to his murderers, in commemoration of the glorious

glorious re-eſtabliſhment of their freedom, could charge him with one ſingle act of oppreſſion; and perhaps if Hippias, who ſurvived him, had not galled them with the yoke of his tyranny during the few years he ruled in Athens after the death of Hipparchus, the public would not have joined in ſtiling thoſe aſſaſſins the deliverers of their country, who were known to be guided by no other motives than private malice and reſentment.

Harmodius was killed on the ſpot; Ariſtogiton fled and was ſeized in his flight. The part which Hippias had now to act, was delicate in the extreme; he was either to puniſh with ſuch rigour, as might ſecure his authority by terror, or endear himſelf to the people by the virtue of forbearance: He had the experience of a long adminiſtration conducted by his brother on the mildeſt and moſt merciful principles; and, if theſe aſſaſſins had been without accomplices, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe he would not have reverſed a ſyſtem of governmenc, which had been found ſo ſucceſsful; but as it appeared that Harmodius and Ariſtogiton were joined by others in their plot, he thought the Athenians were no longer to be ruled by gentle means, and that no other alternative remained, but to reſign his power, or enforce it with rigour.

N° XLIX.

HIPPIAS began his meaſures by putting Ariſtogiton to the torture; he ſeized the perſon of Leæna a courtezan, who was in the ſecret of the conſpiracy, but whilſt he was attempting to force her to a confeſſion, ſhe took the reſolute method of preventing it by biting off her tongue. Ariſtogiton with revengeful cunning impeached ſeveral courtiers and intimates of the tyrant. Athens now became a ſcene of blood; executions were multiplied, and many principal citizens ſuffered death, till the informer having ſatiated his vengeance upon all who were obnoxious to him or friendly to Hippias, at length told the tyrant that he had been made the dupe of falſe accuſations, and triumphed in the remorſe that his confeſſion occaſioned: Some accounts add that he deſired to whiſper to Hippias, and in the act ſuddenly ſeized his ear with his teeth, and tore it from his head.

Hippias henceforward became a tyrant in the worſt ſenſe of the word; he racked the people with taxes, ordered all the current coin into the royal coffers upon pretence of its debaſement, and for the period of three years continued to oppreſs the ſtate by many grievous methods of exaction and miſrule. His expulſion and eſcape at length ſet Athens free, and then it was that the Athenians began to celebrate the action of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton with rapture and applauſe; from

from this period they were regarded as the ſaviours of their country; a public edict was put forth, directing that no ſlave, or perſon of ſervile condition, ſhould in future bear the names of theſe illuſtrious citizens; aſſignments were made upon the Prytaneum for the maintenance of their deſcendants, and order was given to the magiſtrate ſtiled Polemarchus to ſuperintend the iſſue of the public bounty; their poſterity were to rank in all public ſpectacles and proceſſions as the firſt members of the ſtate, and it was delivered in charge to the ſuperintendants of the Panathenæa, that Harmodius and Ariſtogiton ſhould be celebrated in the recitations chaunted on that ſolemnity. There was a popular ode or ſong compoſed for this occaſion, which was conſtantly performed on that feſtival, and is ſuppoſed to have been written by Calliſtratus: I grew ſo great a favourite with the Athenians, that it became a general faſhion to ſing it at their private entertainments; ſome fragments of the comic poets are found to allude to it, and ſome paſſages in the plays of Ariſtophanes. It is a relick of ſo curious a ſort, that, contrary to the practice I ſhall uſually obſerve, I ſhall here inſert it in the original with a tranſlation.

Φίλτατ' Ἁρμόδιε, οὔπω τέθνηκας·
Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέφασιν εἶναι,
Ἴσασιν ποδώκης Ἀχιλλέυς,
Τυδείδην τέ φασι τὸν ἐσθλὸν Διομήδην·

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,

Ὅτ'

Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης εν θυσίαις
Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἱππάρχον ἐκταινέτην·

Ἀεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν
Φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδιε καὶ Ἀριστόγειτον,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κταινέτην,
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

He is not dead, our best belov'd
Harmodius is not lost,
But with Troy's conquerors remov'd
To some more happy coast.

Bind them the myrtle's mystic bough,
And wave your swords around,
For so they struck the tyrant low,
And so their swords were bound.

Perpetual objects of our love
The patriot pair shall be,
Who in Minerva's sacred grove
Struck and set Athens free.

The four last lines of this ode are quoted by Athenæus, and I also find amongst the adulatory verses made in commemoration of these illustrious tyrannicides a distich written by Simonides of Ceos, congratulating with the Athenians on their delivery from the tyranny of Hipparchus: This poet is made famous to posterity for his memory, which was almost miraculous; it is to be lamented that it should fail to remind him of such a patron and benefactor. The lines are not worth translating; the author and the subject reflect no honour upon each other.

The first statues, which the Athenian artists ever cast in metal, were the brazen statues erected

ed in honour of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, in the firſt year of Olymp. lxviii. thirteen years after the murder of Hipparchus, when Iſagoras was archon, and the memorable æra of Rome, when Tarquinius Superbus was dethroned and expelled: They were conſpicuouſly placed in the forum of Athens, and it was a curious event, after the revolution of five centuries, that the ſtatue of the younger Brutus, when he had killed Cæſar, was placed between theſe very ſtatues, erected, in the year when his anceſtor expelled the Tarquins: They were the workmanſhip of Antenor; and Xerxes, when he plundered Athens, removed them out of Greece from other motives probably than of reſpect to their intrinſic merit: they were in ſucceeding time reſtored to the city, but whether by Alexander after his defeat of Darius, by Antiochus, or by the munificence of Seleucus, authorities are not agreed; I am inclined to think they were given back by Seleucus. There were two others of the ſame materials afterwards caſt by Critias, and again two others, the workmanſhip of the celebrated Praxiteles. Pliny ſays theſe laſt-mentioned ſtatues were of conſummate beauty and excellence, and there is reaſon to think they were the firſt performances of that great maſter in metal. The honour of a ſtatue in braſs was rarely decreed by the Athenians to any of their moſt illuſtrious citizens, and few other inſtances occur, except one to Solon, and one to Conon for his ſervices againſt the Lacedæmonians. The expedient made uſe of to perpetuate the heroic conſtancy of Leæna was ingenious, for as it was not fitting to erect a public ſtatue to a courtezan,

courtezan, they deviſed the figure of a lioneſs in alluſion to her name, which they caſt in braſs, and without a tongue in memory of the reſolute method ſhe had taken to prevent confeſſion; this figure was placed in the porch of the citadel, where it kept its ſtation for many generations.

Piſiſtratus and his ſons maintained their uſurpation during a period of ſixty-eight years, including thoſe of Piſiſtratus's ſeceſſions from Athens: Had Hippias ſhared the fate of his brother, their annals would have been unſtained by any other act of violence or injuſtice, except that of reviving a regal authority, which by gradual revolutions had been finally aboliſhed. The meaſures of Hippias during the time he reigned alone, which ſcarce exceeded three years, blaſted the merits of his predeceſſors, and imbittered the minds of the Athenians againſt his family to the lateſt poſterity.

Cliſthenes and Iſagoras, two rich and leading citizens, finding themſelves unſafe under his government, left Athens and took ſhelter amongſt the Phocians. They were in fact no leſs ambitious than himſelf, turbulent partiſans, and tho' they proved the inſtruments of extricating their country from his tyranny, they were no more actuated by a pure love of liberty, as a general principle, than Harmodius and his accomplice were, when they aſſaſſinated Hipparchus.

The ſtate of Lacedæmon both in point of reſource and of its alliances, was at this time in condition to aſſume a leading ſhare in the affairs of Greece, and it was the firſt object of Cliſthenes and Iſagoras to engage the Lacedæmonians in their party

party for the emancipation of Athens; to carry this point with a people, ſo jealous of the Athenian greatneſs, required ſome engine of perſuaſion more powerful than philanthropy or the dictates of common juſtice; the Temple of Delphi opened a reſource to them, and by a ſeaſonable bribe to the Pythia they engaged her to give ſuch reſponſes to her Lacedæmonian clients on all occaſions, as ſhould work upon their ſuperſtition to accord to their wiſhes.

The plot ſucceeded, and an expedition was ſet on foot for the expulſion of Hippias, ſanctified by the authority of Apollo, but it miſcarried; the effort was repeated, and when things were in that doubtful poſture as ſeemed to menace a ſecond diſappointment, chance produced the unexpected ſucceſs. Hippias and his adherents, foreſeeing that the capital would be inveſted, ſent their women and children to a place of better ſecurity, and the whole party fell into the hands of the enemy. Such hoſtages brought on a treaty, and the parent conſented to renounce his power for the redemption of his children; Hippias upon this retired from Athens to the court of his kinſman Hegeſiſtratus, in the city of Sigeum, in the Troade on the Aſiatic coaſt.

N° L.

CLISTHENES and Iſagoras had now effected a complete revolution in favour of liberty, but being men of ambitious ſpirit and of equal pretenſions, the ſtate was ſoon thrown into freſh convulſion by their factions. Cliſthenes made his court to the people, Iſagoras again had recourſe to the Lacedæmonians.

Lacedæmon, always diſpoſed to controul the growing conſequence of her neighbours, and ſenſible of the bad policy of her late meaſures, had opened her eyes to the folly of expelling Hippias upon the forged reſponſes of the Pythia, of whoſe corruption and falſe dealing ſhe had now the proofs: ſhe complied with the requiſitions of Iſagoras ſo far as related to her interference at large, but in the mode of that interference ſhe by no means met his wiſhes, for it was immediately reſolved to invite Hippias into Sparta, where he was publicly acknowledged and received, and a herald ſent to Athens with a haughty meſſage to Cliſthenes and his party. The Athenians, intimidated and divided, threw themſelves upon new and deſperate reſources, ſending an embaſſy, or rather petition, to the Perſian ſatrap Artaphernes, brother of the reigning king Darius, and governor of Lydia.

The Perſian had not at this time ever heard the name of Athens, and peremptorily demanded homage; the ambaſſadors yielded to the demand, but

but the ſtate revoked it at their return with indignation; for the Corinthians had in the mean time taken meaſures very favourable to their intereſts, by ſeparating from the Lacedæmonian alliance and proteſting ſtrongly againſt the propoſal of reſtoring Hippias; their oppoſition ſeems to have been founded in principle, having lately experienced a tyranny of the ſame ſort in their own perſons, and they carried their point by compelling Hippiasto return in deſpair to Sigeum, from whence he betook himſelf to Lampſacus, where he began to cabal in the court of Æantides the tyrant, who was in great favour with the Perſian monarch. By this channel Hippias introduced himſelf to Darius, and with all the inveteracy of an exiled ſovereign, not abated by age or length of abſence, became a principal inſtrument for promoting his expedition into Greece, which concluded in the memorable battle of Marathon, at which he was preſent, twenty years after his expulſion.

It was fortunate for the liberties of Athens, that when ſhe ſent her embaſſy to Artaphernes, he required as an indiſpenſable condition of his aid that Hippias ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed in his tyranny. A more dangerous ſtep could not have been reſolved upon than this of inviting the aſſiſtance of the Perſian, and in this applauded æra of liberty it is curious to remark ſuch an inſtance of debaſement, as this embaſſy into Lydia: The memory however of paſt oppreſſion was yet too freſh and poignant to ſuffer the Athenians to ſubmit to the condition required, and nothing remained but to prepare themſelves to face the reſentment

ſentment of this mighty power: With this view they gave a favourable reception to Ariſtogaras the Mileſian, who was canvaſſing the ſeveral ſtates of Greece to ſend ſupplies to the Ionians, then on the point of falling under the dominion of Perſia: Lacedæmon had refuſed to liſten to him, and peremptorily diſmiſſed him out of their territory: From Athens he obtained the ſuccours he ſolicited, in twenty gallies well manned and appointed: The Athenian forces, after ſome ſucceſsful operations, ſuffered a defeat by ſea, and the breach with Perſia became incurable. Before the ſtorm broke immediately upon Athens, the Perſian armies were employed againſt the frontier colonies and iſlands of Greece with uninterrupted ſucceſs: They defeated the Phœnician fleet and reduced Cyprus; many cities on the Helleſpontic coaſt were added to their empire; in the confines of the Troade ſeveral places were taken; impreſſions were made upon Ionia and Æolia by the forces of Artamenes and Otanes, and in further proceſs of the war the rich and beautiful city of Miletus was beſieged and taken, and the inhabitants of both ſexes removed into the Perſian territory, and colonized upon new lands: The iſles of Chios, Leſbos and Tenedos ſhared the ſame fate, and not a city in Ionia, that had been involved in the defection, but was ſubjected in its turn: In the Helleſpont and Propontis every thing on the European ſhore was reduced, together with the important ſtation of Chalcedon; the like ſucceſs followed their arms in the Thracian Cherſoneſus. Theſe operations were ſucceeded by the next year's campaign under the conduct of Mardonius,

Mardonius, the ſon of a ſiſter of Darius, a young and inexperienced general; and the check, which the power of Perſia received this year by the wreck and diſperſion of their fleet off the coaſt of Macedonia, under Mount Athos, in the Singitic bay, afforded the firſt ſeaſonable reſpite from the ill-fortune of the war.

At length the formidable torrent, which had ſo long threatened Athens at a diſtance, ſeemed ready to burſt upon her, and ſurely a more unequal conteſt never occupied the attention of mankind. Mardonius, who had been ſo unſucceſsful in his firſt campaign, was now ſuperſeded, and the vaſt army of Perſia was put under the joint command of Datis a Mede, and the younger Artaphernes, nephew to king Darius and ſon to the Prefect of Lydia. Theſe commanders purſued a different route by ſea from what Mardonius had taken, avoiding the unlucky coaſt of Macedonia, and falling upon Eubœa in the neighbourhood of Attica by a ſtrait courſe through the Ægean Sea Having reduced the city of Caryſtus, they laid ſiege to Eretria the capital of Eubœa; the Athenians had reinforced the garriſon with four thouſand troops; but although the Eretrians for a time ſtood reſolutely to the defence of their city, it was given up by treac y on the ſeventh day and pillaged and deſtroyed in a moſt barbarous manner, the very temples being involved in the common ruin and conflagration.

Having ſtruck this ſtroke of terror under the very eye of Athens, the Perſians embarked their troops, and paſſing them over the narrow channel, which ſeparates Attica from Eubœa, landed for

for the firſt time on Athenian ground, and encamped their vaſt army upon the ſandy plain of Marathon.

Hippias, who had been now twenty years in exile, and in whoſe aged boſom the fires of ambition were not yet extinguiſhed, accompanied the Perſian forces into his native country, and according to the moſt probable accounts was ſlain in action. If any death can be glorious in a guilty cauſe, this of Hippias may be ſo accounted; to have brought three hundred thouſand men in arms, after a career of victory, landed them on the Athenian territory, and there to have put the very exiſtence of his country to the iſſue of a combat, was an aſtoniſhing effort both of mind and body, at a period of life which human nature rarely attains to. Ten thouſand Greeks under the command of Miltiades diſcomfited this overgrown hoſt in a pitcht battle upon an open plain, where all the Perſian numbers could act; but it has often happened that a ſmall band of diſciplined warriors have worſted an irregular multitude, how great ſoever. The army of Darius was broken and repulſed; ſix thouſand were left on the field, and the fugitives returned into Aſia overwhelmed with ſhame and diſappointment.

This memorable day eſtabliſhed the liberty and the glory of Athens, and from this we are to look forward to the moſt illuminated age in the annals of mankind. Though Hippias had ſeveral children, who ſurvived him, yet as his deſcendants never gave any further diſturbance to the liberties and conſtitution of Athens, we are henceforward

forward to conſider the race of Piſiſtratus as hiſtorically extinct.

The friend of freedom, who reviews them as tyrants, will diſmiſs them with reproach; we, who have regarded them only as patrons of literature, may take leave of them with a ſigh.

N° LI.

Graiis ingenium; Graiis dedit ore rotundo.
Muſa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
(HORAT.)

THE advances, which the drama had made within the period now reviewed, were conſiderable; for the tragic poets Pratinas, Chærilus, Phrynichus and Æſchylus were in poſſeſſion of the ſtage, whilſt Epicharmus and Phormis in Sicily, Chionides, Dinolochus, Evetes, Euxenides, Mylus and others in Attica, were writing comedy. Bacchus and his Satyrs were expelled, and a new ſpecies of compoſition, built upon ſhort fables ſelected from the poems of Homer, ſucceeded to the village maſque, and numbers of ingenious competitors began to apply themſelves to the work.

Theſpis had been acting tragedies, but Theſpis was one of thoſe early dramatiſts, who come under

der the deſcription of Οἱ περὶ Διόνυσον, *writers about Bacchus.*

Pratinus ſucceeded Theſpis, and wrote fifty tragedies, if they may be ſo called, when two and thirty of the number were *Satyric*, or alluſive to the ſatyrs. He was a Peloponneſian of the celebrated city of Phlius, but reſorted to Athens for the purpoſe of repreſenting his dramas: He entered the liſts with Chærilus and Æſchylus about the time of Olymp. lxx. ſome years antecedent to the battle of Marathon: He bore away the prize from his competitors with one compoſition only; on all other occaſions he ſaw the palm decreed to the ſuperior merit or better intereſt of his rivals.

Plays were ſtill exhibited upon ſcaffolds or in booths, where the ſpectators as well as the performers were placed, till upon the repreſentation of one of Pratinas's tragedies the ſcaffolding broke down under the weight of the crowd, and much miſchief enſued upon the accident: From this time the Athenians ſet about building a theatre in proper form and of more ſolid materials, and the drama, like the edifice, aſſumed a more dignified character and a better conſtruction.

Pratinas ſtruck out a conſiderable improvement in the orcheſtral part of his drama, by revoking the cuſtom of allowing the minſtrels to join in the chaunt or ſtrain with the chorus, and ſuffering them only to accompany with their pipes: The recitative was by this alteration given more diſtinctly to the audience, and the clamorous confuſion of voices avoided: The people however, not yet weaned from their old prejudice for the noiſy Bacchanalian

chanalian ſongs of their village maſques, oppoſed themſelves violently againſt this refined innovation, and the whole theatre was thrown into confuſion, when in the midſt of the tumult Pratinas appeared on the ſtage in perſon, and in a kind of Salian ſong, accompanied with dancing, addreſſed his audience to the following effect.

PRATINAS.

What means this tumult? Why this rage?
What thunder ſhakes th' Athenian ſtage?
'Tis frantic Bromius bids me ſing,
He tunes the pipe, he ſmites the ſtring;
The Dryads with their chief accord,
Submit and hail the drama's lord.
Be ſtill! and let diſtraction ceaſe,
Nor thus prophane the Muſe's peace;
By ſacred fiat I preſide
The minſtrel's maſter and his guide;
He, whilſt the chorus-ſtrains proceed,
Shall follow with reſponſive reed;
To meaſur'd notes whilſt they advance,
He in wild maze ſhall lead the dance:
So generals in the front appear,
Whilſt muſic echoes from the rear.
Now ſilence each diſcordant ſound!
For ſee, with ivy chaplet crown'd,
Bacchus appears! He ſpeaks in me——
Hear, and obey the god's decree!

(Ex Athenæo.)

Phrynichus, the tragic poet, was the ſon of Melanthus and the diſciple of Theſpis: Suidas thinks there was another of the name, ſon of Chorocles, who alſo wrote tragedies, but there is reaſon to think he is in an error. This Phrynichus firſt introduced the meaſure of tetrametres; this he did becauſe the trochaic foot is moſt proper for dancing, and the drama of this age was

accompanied with dances characteriſtic and explanatory of the fable. There were maſters profeſſedly for the purpoſe of compoſing and teaching theſe dances, and in ſome inſtances the author performed in perſon; hence it was that the early dramatiſts were called Ὀρχησταὶ, or *Dancers*. When tragedy was in a more improved ſtate, and the buſineſs was no longer conducted by dance and ſpectacle, but committed to dialogue, they changed the tetrametres to iambics, which Ariſtotle obſerves were fit for declamation rather than ſinging with the accompaniment of the dance.

This author was the firſt who produced the female maſk upon the ſcene; he took upon himſelf the taſk of inſtructing the dancers and performed in perſon; accordingly we find him burleſqued by Ariſtophanes in his laſt ſcene of *The Waſps*, on account of his extravagant geſticulations——*He ſtrikes and flutters*, ſays the old humouriſt Philocleon, *like a cock; he capers into the air, and kicks up his heels to the ſtars*: Whilſt Philocleon is capering on the ſtage after this faſhion, the ſon, who is on the ſcene, obſerves—*This is not agility, it is inſanity. It is either the plot of a tragedy*, replies the ſervant, *or the caprice of a madman; give him hellebore; the man's beſide himſelf.*

Dancing was ſo eſſential a part of the firſt ſcenic ſpectacle, and the people were ſo attached to their old Bacchanalian cuſtoms, that the early reformers of the tragic drama found it no eaſy taſk to make the dance accord to the ſubject of the ſcene and weave it into the fable. This was generally underſtood to be done under the direction of the poet, and in many caſes he was principal performer

former in perſon; but where an author was not competent to this part of his duty, he called in the aſſiſtance of a profeſt ballet-maſter, who formed dances upon the incidents of the drama, and inſtructed the chorus how to perform them. There is a very eminent profeſſor of this art upon record, named *Teleſtes*, who had the honour of a ſtatue decreed to him, which was conſpicuouſly placed within the theatre, whilſt thoſe of the moſt celebrated poets were not admitted to a nearer approach than the ſteps or portico. Theſe dances prevailed till after the time of Æſchylus, when they were finally laughed out of faſhion by the parody of the ſatyrical comedy.

Though the fate of Phrynichus's tragedy on the *Siege of Miletus* has been frequently mentioned, I cannot here omit the ſtory. This beautiful city had been lately ſacked by the Perſian troops; it was the capital and pride of Ionia, a very antient colony of the Athenians, ſettled by Neleus, ſon of Codrus, the laſt and moſt beloved of their kings: Of its riches and renown Strabo tells us the account would exceed belief; it had given birth to men illuſtrious for ſcience and for military fame: Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes in ſucceſſion had been natives of Miletus; Hecatæus the hiſtorian was born there, as were his contemporaries Hiſtiæus and Ariſtogaras, celebrated men, who took ſo great a lead in the affairs of the Ionians introductory to the invaſion of the Perſians, and to whoſe conſpicuous talents even Darius himſelf, when exulting at their death, gave the honourable tribute of his applauſe.

Such was the city, upon whoſe deplorable fate Phrynichus founded his tragedy; the ſpectacle

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diſſolved his audience into tears; the national and affecting ſcene operated on the ſenſibility of the Athenians in ſo ſerious a manner, that the magiſtracy thought it a caſe fit for their interference, and by public edict prohibited any author in future to touch upon that melancholy ſubject: Nor was this all, they put a heavy fine upon the poet. His judgment certainly wanted correction; but it ſhould have been the correction of an indiſcretion rather than of a crime: As the tragedy, like its ſubject, is long ſince periſhed, we cannot properly decide upon the ſeverity of the edict; it muſt be owned the event was too recent and domeſtic; the idea of ſuch a city in flames, deſtruction of its temples and the maſſacre of its inhabitants, many of whom perhaps had friends and relations preſent at the ſpectacle, was not to be ſupported. It is not the province of the drama to attack the human heart with ſuch realities; the whole region of invention is open to its choice, free to work its moral purpoſes by pity or by terror; but if a plot is to be conſtructed upon truth, the tragic hiſtory is to be taken from time far diſtant, or from ſcenes out of the ſpectator's knowledge. *Flectere non frangere* is the poet's motto; if he terrifies, let him not rend the heart; if he ſoftens, let him not ſeduce it: The man, who is melted with pity, becomes as a child, but he is the child of his poet, and has a claim upon him for the protection of a parent.

This author exhibited a famous tragedy, entitled *Pyrrhiciſtæ*, or *the Dance of armed Soldiers*: The Athenians were charmed with the martial manner, in which he conducted this ſpectacle, and

and Ælian ſays they made him their general, and put him at the head of their army for his ſkill and addreſs in the performance: If it were ſo, it would ſeem to have been the fate of Phrynichus to be puniſhed without mercy, and rewarded without merit; but the anecdote does not obtain with good critics, and it is clear that the poet lived in a more early period than Phrynichus the general, for the loweſt date we have of him, whom we are ſpeaking of, is the circumſtance given by Plutarch in his Themiſtocles, viz. That in Olymp. lxxiv. 4. Phrynichus bore away the prize with his tragedy (probably *The Phœniſſæ*) in compliment to Themiſtocles, who was at the charge of the repreſentation, and who in commemoration thereof ſet up the following inſcription —*Themiſtocles of the pariſh of Phrearri was at the charge; Phrynichus made the tragedy, and Adimantus was archon.*

From this play of *The Phœniſſæ* Æſchylus took the deſign of his famous tragedy of *The Perſæ*.

N° LII.

Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus et modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
(HORAT.)

WE now are to ſpeak of a poet, ſome of whoſe ineſtimable remains are in our hands. Æſchylus was born in the laſt year of Olymp. lxiii. the ſon of Euphorion an Athenian; he was in the flower of manhood at the battle of Marathon, and ſerved with diſtinguiſhed reputation; his three brothers, Aminias, Euphorion and Cynægirus, were in the ſame action, and ſignalized themſelves on that glorious day. In the ſea-fight off Salamis Aminias loſt an arm, and bore away the firſt prize for valour in that well-fought action: It ſo happened at the repreſentation of one of Æſchylus's plays, that the people roſe againſt him on account of ſome attack he had made upon their ſuperſtitions, and were proceeding to ſtone him to death, when this Aminias, putting aſide his mantle, exhibited his amputated arm, and turned their fury aſide from the devoted poet; an anecdote, which at once demonſtrates their ferocity and their magnanimity.

Æſychylus, though he had juſt reaſon to value himſelf highly on his poetical talents, yet, like Alcæus and Archilochus, continued through life to hold his military character more at heart than his

his literary one, and directed to be engraved on his tomb-ſtone a diſtich in long and ſhort verſe, in which he appeals *to the field of Marathon and the long-haired Mede* to witneſs to his valour; by the Mede he probably means the general Datis. The perſonal gallantry, for which Æſchylus and his brethren were ſo conſpicuous, gives a ſtrong and manly colouring to his compoſitions; it is the characteriſtic of his genius, and his pen, like his ſword, is a weapon of terror: The ſpectacle, which his drama exhibits, is that of one ſublime, ſimple ſcene of awful magnificence; his ſentiment and ſtile are in uniſon with his ſubject, and though he is charged with having written his tragedies in a ſtate of ebriety, to which he was in general addicted, ſtill they do not betray the traces of a confuſed imagination, as Sophocles inſinuated, though occaſionally they may of an inflated one; and it was a weakneſs in Sophocles (to give his motive no worſe a name) to pronounce of Æſchylus, *that he did not know what he did, although he did things well;* as if he had written in a ſtate of abſolute intoxication and mental diſability; an imputation, which convicts itſelf.

Æſchylus's exceſs was the vice of his time and nation, I might add of his profeſſion alſo as a ſoldier; and one ſhould almoſt ſuſpect that he conſidered it as a becoming quality in a hero, ſeeing that he had the hardineſs to exhibit Jaſon drunk upon the ſcene, an attempt which ſtands recorded as the firſt of the ſort, though afterwards he was followed in it by Epicharmus and Crates, comic poets, and in later times even by the ſententious Euripides himſelf: In ſhort, the literary

annals of Greece are deeply ſtained with this exceſs, and the ſtage at one period was far from diſcouraging it.

Æſchylus not only inſtructed his chorus in the dances incidental to the piece, but ſuperintended alſo and arranged the dreſſes of the performers with the moſt correct preciſion; and this he did in a taſte ſo dignified and characteriſtic, that the prieſts and ſacrificing miniſters of the temples did not ſcruple to copy and adopt his faſhions in their habiliments: He did not indeed perform on the ſtage as Phrynichus did, but he never permitted the intervention of a maſter, as many others did: The dances, which he compoſed for his tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs*, were particularly appoſite to the ſcene, and were performed with extraordinary ſucceſs and applauſe: He brought fifty furies at once on the ſtage in the chorus of his *Eumenides*, and diſplayed them with ſuch accompaniments and force of effect, that the whole theatre was petrified with horror, pregnant women miſcarried on the ſpot, and the magiſtracy interpoſed for the prevention of ſuch ſpectacles in future, and limited the number of the dancers, annexing a penalty to the breach of the reſtriction. Ariſtophanes has an alluſion to the Eumenides of Æſchylus in his comedy of the *Plutus*, (Act ii. Scene 4) where Chremylus and Blepſidemus being on the ſcene are ſuddenly accoſted by *Poverty* in the perſon of a ſqualid old woman, and whilſt they are queſtioning who ſhe may be, Blepſidemus cries out—

" Some fury from the ſcenes of Æſchylus,
" Some ſtage Erinnys; look! her very face
" Is tragedy itſelf.

CHREM.

CHREM.

"But where's her firebrand?

BLEPS.

"Oh! there's a penalty for that."

That the poet Æschylus was of a candid mind appears from his well-known declaration, viz. *That his tragedies were but scraps from the magnificent repasts of Homer*; that he was of a lofty mind is from nothing more evident, than from his celebrated appeal upon a certain occasion, when the prize was voted to his competitor evidently against justice—*I appeal to posterity*, says Æschylus, *to posterity I consecrate my works, in the assurance that they will meet that reward from time, which the partiality of my contemporaries refuses to bestow.*

Though the candour of Æschylus called his tragedies fragments or scraps from Homer, and seemed to think it sufficient honour to be able to wield with tolerable grace one weapon out of the armoury of this gigantic spirit, yet I would submit to the reader's judgment, whether the tragic poem does not demand a stronger exertion of the mental faculties within the compass of its composition than the epic poem. In a drama, where every thing must be in action, where characters must be strongly marked and closely compressed, the passions all in arms, and the heart alternately seized by terror and subdued by pity, where the diction must never sleep in detail, nor languish in description, but be lofty yet not dilated, eloquent but not loquacious, I have no conception how the human genius can be strained to greater energy:

At the ſame time it muſt be admitted that the continuation of exertion, which the epic requires, inferior though it may be in force, falls heavieſt on the poet of that department; the ſcope of his work is much more diffuſed, and hiſtory perhaps preſents ſo few fit ſubjects to his choice, that we cannot wonder at the general predilection of the literary world for dramatic compoſition; leaſt of all can we want a reaſon why the Greeks, an animated and ingenious race of writers, addicted to ſpectacle and devoted to muſic and dancing, ſhould fall with ſuch avidity upon the flowery province of the drama.

But when they made it a conteſt as well as a ſtudy, when they hung up wreaths and crowns as the reward of victory, and turned dramatic ſpectacles into a kind of Olympic games, they brought a crowd of competitors to the liſts. The magiſtrate generally, and private citizens in particular caſes, furniſhed the exhibition at an immenſe expence, and with a degree of ſplendor we have little conception of. The happy poet crowned with the wreath of triumph, preſenting himſelf to the acclamations of a crowded theatre, felt ſuch a flood of triumph, as in ſome inſtances to ſink under the ecſtacy and expire on the ſpot; whilſt on the other hand diſappointment operating upon ſuſceptible and ſanguine minds, has been more than once productive of effects as fatal: Such minds, though they claim our pity, do not merit our reſpect, and it is a conſolation to reflect, that where there is a genius like that of Æſchylus, there is generally found a concomitant magnanimity, which can diſregard with conſcious dignity the falſe misjudging decrees of the vulgar.

The

The appeal, which Æſchylus made to poſterity, was ſoon verified, for after his death the Athenians held his name in the higheſt veneration, and made a decree for furniſhing the expence of repreſenting his tragedies out of the public purſe; he carried away many prizes during his life, and many more were decreed to his tragedies after his death: A ſtatue was erected in memory of him at Athens, and a picture was painted deſcriptive of his valour in the fight at Marathon.

Amongſt other reaſons ſuggeſted for his leaving Athens, ſome aſſert that he retired in diſguſt at being ſuperſeded in a prize by Sophocles, who was a very young competitor; but a vague aſſertion of this invidious ſort is readily confuted by the character of Æſchylus, to which it is not reconcileable upon any other than the ſtrongeſt authority. It is agreed that he removed to Sicily to the court of king Hiero, where he was very honourably received, and after three years reſidence died and was buried in a ſumptuous and public manner: Then fable of the eagle dropping a tortoiſe on his head, and his being killed by the blow, was probably allegorical, and emblematical of his genius, age and decay. Valerius Maximus however gives the ſtory for truth, and refers to the authorities of Ariſtophanes, Pliny, and Suidas, concluding his account with the following expreſſion—*Eoque ictu origo et principium fortioris tragœdiæ extinctum eſt.* He died at the age of ſixty-nine years, after a life ſpent alternately in great labour and great exceſs. This event took place in the firſt year of Olymp. lxxxi. In Olymp. lxx. when he was between twenty and thirty years old, he conteſted the

the prize with Pratinas and Chærilus, when Myrus was archon; *Chærilus* was an Athenian, and wrote tragedies to the amount of one hundred and fifty, of all which not even a fragment ſurvives. At the battle of Marathon Æſchylus was thirty-ſeven years old; twelve years after this celebrated action Xerxes paſſed into Greece at the head of his armies, burnt Athens, and carried off the library collected by Piſiſtratus and his ſons. When Æſchylus was turned of fifty he carried away the prizes with his tragedies of *Phineus*, *The Perſæ*, *Glaucus Potnienſis*, and *The Prometheus*. Three years before his death he performed his *Agamemnon* and bore away the prize with that, with *The Choephoris*, *The Eumenides* and *The Proteus*, a ſatyric drama, the charges of the theatre being defrayed by Xenocles Aphidneus. If he paſſed into Sicily therefore he muſt have left Athens immediately after this ſucceſs, and this is another circumſtance, which makes againſt the ſtory of his diſguſt.

At the death of Æſchylus, Sophocles was in his twenty-ſeventh year, and Euripides in his twenty-firſt: Chionides and Dinolochus, writers of the old comedy, flouriſhed in his time; as did the philoſophers Zeno Eleates, Anaxagoras and Parmenides: Socrates was in his twenty-ſecond year, when Æſchylus died, and Pindar died two years before him.

N° LIII.

IN the *Frogs* of Ariſtophanes three entire acts are occupied by a conteſt between Æſchylus and Euripedes for the tragic chair amongſt the departed ſpirits. The matter is put to reference before Bacchus and others, who proceed to a ſolemn hearing of the parties. The author evidently leans to Æſchylus throughout the controverſy, and in the end makes Bacchus give a full deciſion in his favour: The iraſcible proud ſpirit of Æſchylus and the litigious talkative character of Euripides are well marked, and in a peculiar vein of comic humour: The contending poets alternately repeat paſſages in their reſpective prologues and choruſſes, which the other party as conſtantly criticizes and turns to ridicule: Amongſt the many defects, which Euripides pretends to diſcover in Æſchylus's dramas, he urges the taciturnity of his principal character.

EURIPIDES.

"First then, he'd muffle up his characters,
"Some Niobe, for inſtance, or Achilles,
"And bring them on the ſtage, their faces hid,
"As mutes! for not a ſingle word they utter'd.

BACCHUS.

"Not they, by Jupiter!

EURIPIDES.

"Meantime the chorus
"Sang regularly four ſucceſſive ſtrains;
"But they kept ſilence.

BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

" And that ſilence truly
" Pleas'd me as much as all our modern ſpeeches.
" ——— But tell me to what purpoſe
" This fellow did it?

EURIPIDES.

" From impertinence,
" To keep the audience during the performance
" Waiting to hear when Niobe ſhould ſpeak.
" ——— Having play'd theſe tricks,
" Juſt as the piece was above half concluded,
" They'd ſpeak perhaps ſome dozen bellowing
" words,
" Of ſuch high-creſted and terrific form,
" The audience truly could not comprehend
" them."

(DUNSTER's Tranſlation.

The decree, which Ariſtophanes makes Bacchus pronounce in favour of Æſchylus, is by implication as deciſive againſt Sophocles as againſt Euripides, for Sophocles declares his acquieſcence under the judgment, if it ſhall be given for Æſchylus, but if otherwiſe he avows himſelf ready to conteſt the palm with Euripides: A circumſtance which ſufficiently diſcriminates the complacency of his character from the peeviſh diſputatious temper of Euripides: It is at the ſame time an implied confirmation of the pre-eminence of theſe three tragic poets over all other competitors in that department of the drama, and puts Æſchylus at the head of the triumvirate. How they ranked in the judgment of Ariſtophanes is further manifeſt by what he puts in the mouth of Æſchylus after judgment is given for him: He ſays to Pluto——

" Do

" Do thou to Sophocles
" Conſign my ſeat, to keep poſſeſſion of it,
" In caſe I ſhould again return; for he
" Doubtleſs comes neareſt me in tragic powers."

(DUNSTER.)

It appears therefore, that, although we have few remains of the Greek tragedy, yet they are remains of the beſt maſters. There are authorities which ſay that Æſchylus wrote above one hundred tragedies, and the titles of all theſe have been collected and publiſhed by Meurſius; ſeven only ſurvive; the like number of Sophocles and a few more of Euripides comprize all the remains of the Greek tragedy now in our poſſeſſion: But although theſe are highly valuable as being ſpecimens of the beſt maſters, it does not follow that they are the beſt, or amongſt the beſt, performances of their reſpective authors: At all events we can judge but in part from ſo ſmall a proportion, and as theſe authors were in the habit of forming their dramas upon plots that were a continuation of the ſame ſtory, it muſt be to the diſadvantage of any one piece, that happens to come down to us diſjunctively, as in the inſtance of the *Prometheus* of Æſchylus, and more which might be named amongſt the remains of the two other ſurviving poets.

We have now Engliſh tranſlations of all the Greek tragedies, and without carrying my remarks any farther than appertains to the poet of whom I am ſpeaking, I ſhould feel it as an injuſtice to the merit of a very able and ingenious

nious contemporary, if I could mention Æſchylus and overlook his tranſlator: A work ſo arduous as that, which Mr. Potter has executed, might claim much more indulgence, than his performance will ever ſtand in need of; but theſe tranſlations, could they be executed up to the ſpirit of their originals, can never intereſt an Engliſh reader like his native drama: To the poet they afford a great ſubject for diſplay in odes and choruſſes, and relieve him at the ſame time from the heavieſt part of his work, the labour of the plot; but with the reader, who cannot judge of their orcheſtral accompaniments, they will never ſtand in competition with the activity of the Engliſh drama, its warm and rapid incident, tranſition of ſcene, variety of character, brevity of dialogue, buſy plot and domeſtic fable. A man of genius, who writes for the cloſet, may have a curioſity to build a drama upon Greek conſtruction, but he will hardly ſucceed in an attempt to naturalize it on our ſtage.

No tranſlator can engage with a more difficult original than Æſchylus: Time has thrown ſome ſublimities out of our ſight, and many difficulties in our way by the injuries of the text: The ſtile of his tragedy beſpeaks a fiery and inflated imagination; the time in which he wrote, and his own martial habits, doubtleſs give a colour and character to his diction; perhaps the intemperance in which he indulged may ſometimes give a heat to his fancy more than natural, and there are ſome paſſages, of ſo figurative and metaphorical a ſort, that I have

have been often tempted to ſuppoſe that his campaigns againſt the Perſians might have tinctured his language with ſomething of the Oriental tone of expreſſion.

Sophocles in times more pacific has a ſofter verſification, and a ſtile more ſweet and feeble; of habits and education more effeminate, of a fair and comely perſon, we hear of him dancing naked round a trophy, erected for the victory of Salamis, his lyre in his hand, and his limbs anointed with oil to encreaſe their activity: he ſtudied muſic and the dance under Lampſus, and in both arts was an adept; he danced at the performance of his own *Nauſicaa*, and he accompanied the choruſſes of his *Thamyris* with his voice and harp: Devoted to the fair ſex in the extreme, the ſoftneſs of his natural character is conſpicuous in his writings: his pictures of women are flatteringly drawn, and his ſtile is compared to the honey of the bee for ſweetneſs: The ſenſibility of his mind was extreme; though he lived near a hundred years, old age did not deaden his feelings, for whilſt judgment was paſſing on his *Oedipus Coloneus*, the laſt play he exhibited, his ſpirit was ſo agitated by the anxious ſuſpenſe, that when the prize was at length decreed in his favour, the tumult of paſſion was too violent for his exhauſted frame, and the aged poet expired with joy.

Euripides on the other hand was of mean birth, the ſon of a poor woman, who ſold herbs, at which circumſtance Æſchylus points when he ſays in the *Frogs*—

" O thou from rural goddeſs ſprung !"

He

He was educated by his father to engage as an athletic in the Eleuſynian and Theſean games; he was alſo a ſtudent in natural philoſophy under Anaxagoras, in rhetoric under Prodicus, and a pupil of Socrates in moral philoſophy. When he began to ſtudy tragedy he ſhut himſelf in a cave, wild and horrid and ſequeſtered from the world, in the iſland of Salamis: He is charged with having a profeſt antipathy to women, and every feature both of nature and education, as now deſcribed, is diſcoverable in his writings; his ſentiments breathe the air of the ſchools, his images are frequently vulgar, and his female characters of an unfavourable caſt; he is carping, ſour and diſputatious, and, though he carried away only five prizes out of ſeventy-five plays, he is ſtill indignant, proud and ſelf-aſſuming; his life was full of contention and his death of horror, for he was ſet upon by maſtiffs and killed. He was the friend of Socrates and groſsly addicted to unnatural paſſion.

N° LIV.

N° LIV.

IN a ſcene between Xanthias the ſlave of Bacchus, and Æacus, in the comedy of the *Frogs* before mentioned, the latter upon being aſked why Sophocles did not put in his claim for the tragic chair, replies——

" Not he, by Jove!
" When hither he came down, he inſtantly
" Embrac'd Æſchylus, ſhook him by the hand,
" And in his favour gave up all pretenſions:
" And now, as by Cidemides I'm told,
" He will attend the trial as third man,
" Content if Æſchylus victorious prove;
" But otherwiſe, has ſaid he'll try his ſkill
" In conteſt with Euripides."

(DUNSTER's Tranſlation.)

The tragedies of Æſchylus have all the marks of an original genius; his ſcene is caſt with an awful and majeſtic grandeur, and he deſigns in the boldeſt ſtile; in ſome ſituations his principal figures are painted with ſuch terrible effect, that I can only liken them to a compoſition, where Spagnolet had drawn the perſons of the damned in tortures, and Salvator Roſa had filled up the ſcenery of Hell in his ſtrongeſt manner. No poet introduces his character on the ſcene with more dignity and ſtage-effect: He is in the practice of holding the ſpectator in ſuſpenſe by a preparatory ſilence in his chief perſon, which is amongſt the moſt refined arts of the dramatic poet: This was well underſtood by our Shake-

ſpear

ſpear and ſome others of the old ſchool; on the French ſtage I conceive it is very little in uſe.

In the introductory ſcene of the *Prometheus* the principal character preſerves a dignified ſilence for a conſiderable ſpace of time, during which all the tremendous machinery incidental to his tortures is going forward under the ſuperintendance of imaginary beings, and the vengeance of almighty Jupiter in chaining him to a rock, there to languiſh for innumerable ages, is in actual execution. This is a prelude infinitely more dramatic, ſublime and affecting, than if the ſcene had been interwoven with lamentations, cries and complaints, though ever ſo well expreſſed; the picture tells its own tale and the ſpectacle ſpeaks to the heart without the vehicle of words: It is well obſerved by Mr. Potter the tranſlator of Æſchylus, that, "there is a dignity and even "ſublimity in this ſilence of Prometheus beyond "the expreſſion of words; but as ſoon as the in"ſtruments of tyranny have left him, he burſts "into a ſtrain of pathetic lamentation, and in"vokes all nature to atteſt to his undeſerved "ſufferings."

"Æthereal air, and ye ſwift-winged winds,
"Ye rivers ſpringing from freſh founts, ye waves,
"That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
"Your criſped ſmiles, thou all-producing earth,
"And thee, bright ſun, I call, whoſe flaming orb
"Views the wide world beneath."

(POTTER.)

The ſcenery and ſpectacle of the *Prometheus* muſt have been the fineſt that poet ever deviſed; all

all the characters are ſupernatural beings, and their language is not unworthy of Olympus.

The *Agamemnon* is a wonderful production, and though no other tragedy but this had come down to us from the pen of the author, it would be matter of aſtoniſhment to me that any critic ſhould be found of ſuch proof againſt its beauties, as to lower its author to a compariſon with Sophocles or Euripides; yet ſome there have been, who have reverſed the decree of Bacchus, and given their preference to Sophocles, nay even to Euripides. The ſame management is obſervable in this tragedy upon the introduction of Caſſandra, as we have juſt now remarked in the caſe of *Prometheus*: Agamemnon recommends his captive to the protection of Clytemneſtra; they are left upon the ſcene together; the Queen of Argos ſolicits her to deſcend from her car and enter the palace; the chorus ſecond the invitation; ſhe makes no reply; Clytemneſtra doubts if ſhe ſpeaks the language of Greece, and calls upon her to make ſome acknowledgment by ſigns; when this draws nothing from her, ſhe grows exaſperated and exclaims——

" 'Tis frenzy this, the impulſe of a mind
" Diſorder'd; from a city lately taken
" She comes, and knows not how to bear the curb,
" Till ſhe has ſpent her rage in bloody foam:
" But I no more waſte words to be diſdain'd."

(POTTER.)

Caſſandra ſtill is ſilent; when upon the departure of the queen, this gloomy cloud that hung

hung upon the foreground of the proſpect at once diſperſes, and a ſcene of ſuch dazzling ſplendour and ſublimity burſts forth upon the inſtant, as muſt have thrown the theatre into aſtoniſhment; ſeized with the prophetic fury ſhe breaks out into ſuch guſts and agonies of divination, as can no otherwiſe be deſcribed, but with ſilent wonder how any human imagination could furniſh ſuch ideas, or find words to give them utterance. The chorus I confeſs ſtand the ſhock with wonderful preſence of mind, but the phlegm and apathy of a Greek chorus is proof againſt every thing; though the propheteſs plainly denounces the impending murder of the king by Clytemneſtra, and points out the bath as the ſcene of his aſſaſſination, the chorus tamely anſwers——

" To unfold the obſcure oracles of heav'n
" Is not my boaſt.——

(POTTER.)

I need not be reminded that incredulity was annexed by Apollo to the predictions of Caſſandra, and that the plot and cataſtrophe would not admit of precipitation; for I muſt ſtill contend that incredulity itſelf is a good dramatic engine, and if the chorus had not ſtood in his way, would have been otherwiſe managed by the author; but I take the character of a true Greek chorus to be ſuch, that if Apollo himſelf had come in perſon to tell them, that the earth would open and ſwallow them up, if they did not inſtantly remove from the ſpot on which they ſtood, they would have ſtopt to moralize, or hymn an ode, in

in ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, to Jupiter, or Venus, or the gods below to whom they were deſcending, though the ground was cleaving under their feet—provided, as I before premiſed, that they had the true ſpirit of a Greek chorus in them. To have a genius like this of Æſchylus encumbered with a chorus, is as if a millſtone was tied round the pinions of an eagle.

The *Agamemnon* was the laſt tragedy he wrote for the Athenian ſtage; the poet was then turned of ſixty years: The Athenians decreed the prize to him for this ineſtimable performance, which has been the admiration of all ages, and will be to all poſterity.

The tragedy of the *Perſians*, and that alſo of the *Furies*, are a ſtudy for poets and painters; the imagery in both theſe pieces is of a wonderful and ſurpaſſing ſublimity. In the former of theſe every reader muſt be ſtruck with the introduction of the ghoſt of Darius, and the awful rites and incantations that are preparatory to its appearance: The ſudden interruption of the unfiniſhed hymn by the royal ſpectre, the attitudes of the proſtrate Satraps, the ſituation of Atoſſa, and the whole diſpoſition of the ſcene, are a combination in point of effect which no dramatic ſpectacle ever exceeded.

In the *Furies* the ſcene preſents to the ſpectator the temple of the Pythian Apollo; the prieſteſs opens the tragedy with a ſpeech from the veſtibule; the gates are drawn back and the interior of the fane is diſcovered, the god appears on the ſcene in perſon, Oreſtes is at his feet in a ſupplicating poſture, and the furies to the number

number of fifty are diſperſed in different attitudes, but all buried in profound ſleep: Apollo addreſſes himſelf to his ſuppliant and points to the ſleeping furies.—

——" See this grieſly troop!
" Sleep has oppreſs'd them, and their baffled rage
" Shall fail, grim-viſag'd hags, grown old
" In loath'd virginity: Nor god, nor man
" Approach'd their bed, nor ſavage of the wilds:
" For they were born for miſchiefs, and their haunts
" In dreary darkneſs 'midſt the yawning gulfs
" Of Tartarus beneath, by men abhorr'd
" And by th' Olympian gods."

(POTTER.)

Can there be a finer, a more tremendous picture? There can: But it is the genius of Æſchylus muſt heighten it: The ghoſt of Clytemneſtra riſes on the ſcene and completes the horror; ſtained with the blood of her huſband, and gaſhed with wounds inflicted by the parricidal hand of her own ſon, ſhe calls out to the avenging deities—

" What, can you ſleep? Is this a time t'indulge
" Your indolent repoſe?——
" Hear me, oh hear! 'tis for my ſoul's repoſe
" I plead: rouſe your keen ſenſe, infernal powers!
" 'Tis Clytemneſtra calls you in your dreams."

(POTTER.)

The furies ſcream out in their ſleep, the ſpectre again urges them to rouſe—

" ——And

" ———And is this all? Awake,
" Ariſe."———
———" With fiery breath
" That ſnuffs the ſcent of blood, purſue this ſoil,
" Follow him, blaſt him!"

(POTTER.)

What art! what aggravation in this horrid prelude! what preparation for effect! with what a burſt muſt they have ſprung from their dream! —Well may we give credit to the account of the terrors which they impreſt upon the ſpectators: Their numbers, their attire, their temples wreathed with ſnakes, and their hands armed with flames, the clangor of the orcheſtra, the violence of their motions, their yelling ſcreams, ſeem to empty the whole infernal regions on the ſtage. We muſt take into our recollection alſo, that this ſpectacle was exhibited to a people, who conſidered theſe beings as deities, at whoſe ſhrines they paid divine worſhip, and to whoſe eyes and imaginations this ſnaky attire was wholly new; for it was the bold fancy of the poet, which firſt dreſſed them in this manner, and they have kept the faſhion from that moment to the preſent.

I cannot diſmiſs this tragedy without obſerving that there is a ſhift of the ſcene from Delphi to Athens, which I take to be a ſingle inſtance of the ſort on the Greek ſtage.

The number of the chorus being limited by public edict after the exhibition of this tragedy, it is clear that the tragedy of the *Supplicants* muſt have been ſubſequent to it, inaſmuch as the chorus of Danaides conſiſted of fifty per-

ſions; and as the whole tenor of this ſoft and pathetic drama bears an air of atonement to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar, and is full of pious ſubmiſſion to the will of Jupiter and religious veneration for the gods, it ſeems to me very probable that the poet had a view in this tragedy of the *Supplicants*, of reconciling the people after the offence he had given them on a former occaſion by making too free with the deities, and for which he narrowly eſcaped their reſentment.

As to the tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs againſt Thebes*, it is ſaid to have been the favourite of its author, and we know it has the teſtimony of the critic Longinus. The ſcenery is beautiful; the dialogue characteriſtic and of a martial glow; the armorial bearings charged on the ſhields of the armed chiefs are moſt fancifully deviſed; and the tender contraſt of the perſons of the chorus, compoſed of the daughters of Cadmus, aſſociate every pleaſing and animating contemplation that can meet within the compaſs of one ſimple drama.

I believe there is no ancient poet, that bears ſo cloſe a reſemblance in point of genius to any of the moderns, as Æſchylus bears to Shakeſpear: The compariſon might afford a pleaſing ſubject to a man of learning and leiſure: If I was further to compare the relation, in which Æſchylus ſtands to Sophocles and Euripides, with that of Shakeſpear to any of our later dramatiſts, I ſhould be inclined to put Sophocles in the line with Rowe, and Euripides with Lillo.

N°

No LV.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poetæ :
Nec minimum meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, et celebrare domeſtica facta.
(HORAT.)

THERE are two very ſtriking characters delineated by our great dramatic poet, which I am deſirous of bringing together under one review, and theſe are *Macbeth* and *Richard the Third.*

The parts, which theſe two perſons ſuſtain in their reſpective dramas, have a remarkable coincidence : Both are actuated by the ſame guilty ambition in the opening of the ſtory ; both murder their lawful ſovereign in the courſe of it ; and both are defeated and ſlain in battle at the concluſion of it : Yet theſe two characters, under circumſtances ſo ſimilar, are as ſtrongly diſtinguiſhed in every paſſage of their dramatic life by the art of the poet, as any two men ever were by the hand of nature.

Let us contemplate them in the three following periods ; viz. The premeditation of their crime ; the perpetration of it ; and the cataſtrophe of their death.

Duncan the reigning king of Scotland has two ſons : Edward the fourth of England has alſo two ſons ; but theſe kings and their reſpective heirs do not affect the uſurpers Macbeth and Richard

in the ſame degree, for the latter is a prince of the blood royal, brother to the king and next in conſanguinity to the throne after the death of his elder brother the Duke of Clarence: Macbeth on the contrary is not in the ſucceſſion—

> And to be king
> Stands not within the proſpect of belief.

His views therefore being further removed and more out of hope, a greater weight of circumſtances ſhould be thrown together to tempt and encourage him to an undertaking ſo much beyond *the proſpect of his belief.* The art of the poet furniſhes theſe circumſtances, and the engine, which his invention employs, is of a preternatural and prodigious ſort. He introduces in the very opening of his ſcene a troop of ſybills or witches, who ſalute Macbeth with their divinations, and in three ſolemn prophetic gratulations hail him *Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor,* and *King hereafter!*

> *By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glam*
> *But how of Cawdor?*

One part of the prophecy therefore is true; the remaining promiſes become more deſerving of belief. This is one ſtep in the ladder of his ambition, and mark how artfully the poet has laid it in his way: No time is loſt; the wonderful machinery is not ſuffered to ſtand ſtill, for behold a verification of the ſecond prediction, and a courtier thus addreſſes him from the king—

And

And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor.

The magic now works to his heart, and he cannot wait the departure of the royal meſſenger before his admiration vents itſelf aſide—

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greateſt is behind.

A ſecond time he turns aſide, and unable to repreſs the emotions, which this ſecond confirmation of the predictions has excited, repeats the ſame ſecret obſervation—

Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the Imperial theme.

A ſoliloquy then enſues, in which the poet judiciouſly opens enough of his character to ſhew the ſpectator that theſe præternatural agents are not ſuperfluouſly ſet to work upon a diſpoſition prone to evil, but one that will have to combat many compunctious ſtruggles before it can be brought to yield even to oracular influence. This alone would demonſtrate (if we needed demonſtration) that Shakeſpear, without reſorting to the antients, had the judgment of ages as it were inſtinctively. From this inſtant we are appriſed that Macbeth meditates an attack upon our pity as well as upon our horror, when he puts the following queſtion to his conſcience—

Why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature.

Now let us turn to *Richard*, in whoſe cruel heart no ſuch remorſe finds place; he needs no tempter: There is here no *dignus vindice nodus*, nor indeed any *knot* at all, for he is already practiſed in murder: Ambition is his ruling paſſion, and a crown is in view, and he tells you at his very firſt entrance on the ſcene—

I am determined to be a villain.

We are now preſented with a character full formed and compleat for all the ſavage purpoſes of the drama: —

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

The barriers of conſcience are broken down, and the ſoul, hardened againſt ſhame, avows its own depravity—

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.

He obſerves no gradations in guilt, expreſſes no heſitation, practiſes no refinements, but plunges into blood with the familiarity of long cuſtom, and gives orders to his aſſaſſins to diſpatch his brother Clarence with all the unfeeling tranquillity of a Nero or Caligula. Richard, having no longer

longer any ſcruples to manage with his own conſcience, is exactly in the predicament, which the dramatic poet *Diphilus* has deſcribed with ſuch beautiful ſimplicity of expreſſion—

Οστις γαρ αυτος αυτον ουκ αισχυνεται,
Συνειδως αυτω φαυλα διαπεπραγμενω,
Πως τον γε μηδεν ειδοτ' αισχυνθησεται;

The wretch who knows his own vile deeds, and yet fears not himſelf, how ſhould he fear another, who knows them not?

It is manifeſt therefore that there is an eſſential difference in the developement of theſe characters, and that in favour of Macbeth: In his ſoul cruelty ſeems to dawn, it breaks out with faint glimmerings, like a winter-morning, and gathers ſtrength by ſlow degrees: In Richard it flames forth at once, mounting like the ſun between the tropics, and enters boldly on its career without a herald. As the character of Macbeth has a moral advantage in this diſtinction, ſo has the drama of that name a much more intereſting and affecting caſt: The ſtruggles of a ſoul naturally virtuous, whilſt it holds the guilty impulſe of ambition at bay, affords the nobleſt theme for the drama, and puts the creative fancy of our poet upon a reſource, in which he has been rivalled only by the great father of tragedy Æſchylus in the prophetic effuſions of Caſſandra, the incantations of the Perſian Magi for raiſing the ghoſt of Darius, and the imaginary terrific forms

of his furies; with all which our countryman probably had no acquaintance, or at moſt a very obſcure one.

When I ſee the names of theſe two great luminaries of the dramatic ſphere, ſo diſtant in time but ſo nearly allied in genius, caſually brought in contact by the nature of my ſubject, I cannot help pauſing for a while in this place to indulge ſo intereſting a contemplation, in which I find my mind balanced between two objects, that ſeem to have equal claims upon me for my admiration. Æſchylus is juſtly ſtiled the father of tragedy, but this is not to be interpreted as if he was the inventor of it: Shakeſpear with equal juſtice claims the ſame title, and his originality is qualified with the ſame exception: The Greek tragedy was not more rude and undigeſted when Æſchylus brought it into ſhape, than the Engliſh tragedy was when Shakeſpear began to write: If therefore it be granted that he had no aids from the Greek theatre (and I think this is not likely to be diſputed) ſo far theſe great maſters are upon equal ground. Æſchylus was a warrior of high repute, of a lofty generous ſpirit, and deep as it ſhould ſeem in the erudition of his times: In all theſe particulars he has great advantage over our countryman, who was humbly born, of the moſt menial occupation, and, as it is generally thought, unlearned. Æſchylus had the whole epic of Homer in his hands, the Iliad, Odyſſey, and that prolific ſource of dramatic fable, the Ilias Minor; he had alſo a great fabulous creation to reſort to amongſt his own divinities, characters ready defined, and an audience, whoſe ſuperſtition was prepared

prepared for every thing he could offer; he had therefore a firmer and broader ſtage, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) under his feet, than Shakeſpear had: His fables in general are Homeric, and yet it does not follow that we can pronounce for Shakeſpear that he is more original in his plots, for I underſtand that late reſearches have traced him in all, or nearly all: Both poets added ſo much machinery and invention of their own in the conduct of their fables, that whatever might have been the ſource, ſtill their ſtreams had little or no taſte of the ſpring they flowed from. In point of character we have better grounds to decide, and yet it is but juſtice to obſerve that it is not fair to bring a mangled poet in compariſon with one who is entire: In his divine perſonages Æſchylus has the field of heaven, and indeed of hell alſo, to himſelf; in his heroic and military characters he has never been excelled; he had too good a model within his own boſom to fail of making thoſe delineations natural: In his imaginary beings alſo he will be found a reſpectable, though not an equal, rival of our poet; but in the variety of character, in all the nicer touches of nature, in all the extravagancies of caprice and humour, from the boldeſt feature down to the minuteſt foible, Shakeſpear ſtands alone; ſuch perſons as he delineates never came into the contemplation of Æſchylus as a poet; his tragedy has no dealing with them; the ſimplicity of the Greek fable, and the great portion of the drama filled up by the chorus, allow of little variety of character, and the moſt which can be ſaid of Æſchylus in this particular is, that he never offends

againſt nature or propriety, whether his caſt is in the terrible or pathetic, the elevated or the ſimple. His verſification with the interminature of lyric compoſition is more various than that of Shakeſpear; both are lofty and ſublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical and ſometimes extravagant:

---- *Nubes et inania captat.*

This may be ſaid of each poet in his turn; in each the critic, if he is in ſearch for defects, will readily enough diſcover—

In ſcena miſſus magno cum pondere verſus.

Both were ſubject to be hurried on by an uncontroulable impulſe, nor could nature alone ſuffice for either: Æſchylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command

He could call ſpirits from the vaſty deep,

and they *would come*: Shakeſpear, having no ſuch creation in reſource, boldly made one of his own; if Æſchylus therefore was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the gods; but the unaſſiſted invention of Shakeſpear ſeized all and more than ſuperſtition ſupplied to Æſchylus.

N° LVI.

ILLE profecto
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
(HORAT.)

WE are now to attend *Macbeth* to the perpetration of the murder, which puts him in poſſeſſion of the crown of Scotland; and this produces a new perſonage on the ſcene, his accomplice and wife: She thus developes her own character—

Come, all you ſpirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief: Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!

Terrible invocation! Tragedy can ſpeak no longer language, nor could any genius leſs than Shakeſpear's

Shakeſpear's ſupport a character of ſo lofty a pitch, ſo ſublimely terrible at the very opening.

The part which Lady Macbeth fills in the drama has a relative as well as poſitive importance, and ſerves to place the repugnance of Macbeth in the ſtrongeſt point of view; ſhe is in fact the auxiliary of the witches, and the natural influence, which ſo high and predominant a ſpirit aſſerts over the tamer qualities of her huſband, makes thoſe witches but ſecondary agents for bringing about the main action of the drama. This is well worth a remark; for if they, which are only artificial and fantaſtic inſtruments, had been made the ſole or even principal movers of the great incident of the murder, nature would have been excluded from her ſhare in the drama, and Macbeth would have become the mere machine of an uncontroulable neceſſity, and his character, being robbed of its free agency, would have left no moral behind: I muſt take leave therefore to anticipate a remark, which I ſhall hereafter repeat, that when Lady Macbeth is urging her Lord to the murder, not a word is dropt by either of the witches or their predictions. It is in theſe inſtances of his conduct that Shakeſpear is ſo wonderful a ſtudy for the dramatic poet. But I proceed——

Lady Macbeth in her firſt ſcene, from which I have already extracted a paſſage, prepares for an attempt upon the conſcience of her huſband, whoſe nature ſhe thus deſcribes—

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindneſs
To catch the neareſt way.

He

He arrives before ſhe quits the ſcene, and ſhe receives him with conſummate addreſs—

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both by the All-hail hereafter!

Theſe are the very gratulations of the witches; ſhe welcomes him with confirmed predictions, with the tempting ſalutations of ambition, not with the ſoftening careſſes of a wife—

Macb. *Duncan comes here to-night.*
Lady. *And when goes hence?*
Macb. *To-morrow, as he purpoſes.*
Lady. *Oh never*
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!

The rapidity of her paſſion hurries her into immediate explanation, and he, conſiſtently with the character ſhe had deſcribed, evades her precipitate ſolicitations with a ſhort indeciſive anſwer—

We will ſpeak further—

His reflections upon this interview and the dreadful ſubject of it are ſoon after given in ſoliloquy, in which the poet has mixed the moſt touching ſtrokes of compunction with his meditations: He reaſons againſt the villany of the act, and honour jointly with nature aſſails him with an argument of double force—

He's here in double truſt;
Firſt as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,

Strong

Strong both againſt the deed; then as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt the murtherer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife himſelf.

This appeal to nature, hoſpitality and allegiance, was not without its impreſſion; he again meets his lady, and immediately declares—

We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.

This draws a retort upon him, in which his tergiverſation and cowardice are ſatirized with ſo keen an edge, and interrogatory reproaches are preſſed ſo faſt upon him, that catching hold in his retreat of one ſmall but precious fragment in the wreck of innocence and honour, he demands a truce from her attack, and with the ſpirit of a combatant, who has not yet yielded up his weapons, cries out—

Pr'ythee, peace!

The words are no expletives; they do not fill up a ſentence, but they form one: They ſtand in a moſt important paſs; they defend the breach her ambition has made in his heart; a breach in the very citadel of humanity; they mark the laſt dignified ſtruggle of virtue, and they have a double reflecting power, which in the firſt place ſhews that nothing but the voice of authority could ſtem the torrent of her invective, and in the next place announces that ſomething, worthy of the ſolemn audience he had demanded, was on the point to follow—and worthy it is to be a ſtandard ſentiment of moral truth expreſſed with proverbial ſimplicity,

ſimplicity, ſinking into every heart that hears it—

I dare do all, that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

How muſt every feeling ſpectator lament that a man ſhould fall from virtue with ſuch an appeal upon his lips!

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνὴρ δειλὸς, ὁ δικαίως νόμον.

(PHILONIDES.)

A man is not a coward becauſe he fears to be unjuſt, is the ſentiment of an old dramatic poet.

Macbeth's principle is honour; cruelty is natural to his wife; ambition is common to both; one paſſion favourable to her purpoſe has taken place in his heart; another ſtill hangs about it, which being adverſe to her plot, is firſt to be expelled, before ſhe can inſtil her cruelty into his nature. The ſentiment above quoted has been firmly delivered, and was uſhered in with an apoſtrophe ſuitable to its importance; ſhe feels its weight; ſhe perceives it is not to be turned aſide with contempt, or laughed down by ridicule, as ſhe had already done where weaker ſcruples had ſtood in the way; but, taking ſophiſtry in aid, by a ready turn of argument ſhe gives him credit for his ſentiment, erects a more glittering though fallacious logic upon it, and by admitting his objection cunningly confutes it—

What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?

When

When you durſt do it, then you were a man,
And to be more than what you were, you wou'd
Be ſo much more than man.

Having thus parried his objection by a ſophiſtry calculated to blind his reaſon and inflame his ambition, ſhe breaks forth into ſuch a vaunting diſplay of hardened intrepidity, as preſents one of the moſt terrific pictures that was ever imagined—

I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I wou'd, whilſt it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from its boneleſs gums,
And daſht its brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

This is a note of horror, ſcrewed to a pitch that burſts the very ſinews of nature; ſhe no longer combats with human weapon, but ſeizing the flaſh of the lightning extinguiſhes her opponent with the ſtroke: Here the controverſy muſt end, for he muſt either adopt her ſpirit, or take her life: He ſinks under the attack, and offering nothing in delay of execution but a feeble heſitation, founded in fear—*if we ſhould fail*—he concludes with an aſſumed ferocity, caught from her and not ſpringing from himſelf—

I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

The ſtrong and ſublime ſtrokes of a maſter impreſſed upon this ſcene make it a model of dramatic

matic compoſition, and I muſt in this place remind the reader of the obſervation I have before hinted at, that no reference whatever is had to the auguries of the witches: It would be injuſtice to ſuppoſe that this was other than a purpoſed omiſſion by the poet; a weaker genius would have reſorted back to theſe inſtruments; Shakeſpear had uſed and laid them aſide for a time; he had a ſtronger engine at work, and he could proudly exclaim—

We defy auguries!———

Nature was ſufficient for that work, and to ſhew the maſtery he had over nature, he took this human agent from the weaker ſex.

This having paſſed in the firſt act, the murder is perpetrated in the ſucceeding one. The introductory ſoliloquy of Macbeth, the chimæra of the dagger, and the ſignal on the bell, are awful preludes of the deed. In this dreadful interim Lady Macbeth the great ſuperintending ſpirit enters to ſupport the dreadful work. It is done; and he returns appalled with ſounds; he ſurveys his bloody hands with horror; he ſtarts from her propoſal of going back to beſmear the guards of Duncan's chamber, and ſhe ſnatches the reeking daggers from his trembling hands to finiſh the imperfect work—

Infirm of purpoſe,
Give me the daggers!

She

She returns on the ſcene, the deed which he revolted from is performed, and with the ſame unſhaken ferocity ſhe vauntingly diſplays her bloody trophies, and exclaims—

My hands are of your colour, but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white.

Fancied noiſes, the throbbings of his own quailing heart, had ſhaken the conſtancy of Macbeth; real ſounds, the certain ſignals of approaching viſiters, to whom the ſituation of Duncan muſt be revealed, do not intimidate her; ſhe is prepared for all trials, and coolly tells him—

I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry: Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then!

The ſeveral incidents thrown together in this ſcene of the murder of Duncan are of ſo ſtriking a ſort as to need no elucidation; they are better felt than deſcribed, and my attempts point at paſſages of more obſcurity, where the touches are thrown into ſhade, and the art of the author lies more out of ſight.

Lady Macbeth being now retired from the ſcene, we may in this interval, as we did in the concluſion of the former paper, permit the genius of Æſchylus to introduce a rival murdereſs on the ſtage.

Clytemneſtra has received her huſband Agamemnon, on his return from the capture of Troy, with

with ſtudied rather than cordial congratulations. He oppoſes the pompous ceremonies ſhe had deviſed for the diſplay of his entry, with a magnanimous contempt of ſuch adulation—

Sooth me not with ſtrains
Of adulation, as a girl; nor raiſe
As to ſome proud barbaric king, that loves
Loud acclamations echoed from the mouths
Of proſtrate worſhippers, a clamorous welcome:
Spread not the ſtreets with tapeſtry; 'tis invidious;
Theſe are the honours we ſhou'd pay the gods;
For mortal men to tread on ornaments
Of rich embroidery—no; I dare not do it:
Reſpect me as a man, not as a god.

(POTTER'S ÆSCHYLUS.)

Theſe are heroic ſentiments, but in concluſion the perſuaſions of the wife overcome the modeſt ſcruples of the hero, and he enters his palace in the pomp of triumph; when ſoon his dying groans are echoed from the interior ſcene, and the adultreſs comes forth beſprinkled with the blood of her huſband to avow the murder—

I ſtruck him twice, and twice
He groan'd; then died: A third time as he lay
I gor'd him with a wound; a grateful preſent
To the ſtern god, that in the realms below
Reigns o'er the dead: There let him take his ſeat.
He lay; and ſpouting from his wounds a ſtream
Of blood, bedew'd me with theſe crimſon drops.
I glory in them, like the genial earth,
When the warm ſhowers of heav'n deſcend, and wake
The flowrets to unfold their vermeil leaves.

Come

Come then, ye reverend ſenators of Argos,
Joy with me, if your hearts be turn'd to joy,
And ſuch I wiſh them.

(POTTER.)

N° LVII.

Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

(HORAT.)

RICHARD perpetrates ſeveral murders, but as the poet has not marked them with any diſtinguiſhing circumſtances, they need not be enumerated on this occaſion. Some of theſe he commits in his paſſage to power, others after he has ſeated himſelf on the throne. Ferociouſneſs and hypocriſy are the prevailing features of his character, and as he has no one honourable or humane principle to combat, there is no opening for the poet to develope thoſe ſecret workings of conſcience, which he has ſo naturally done in the caſe of Macbeth.

The murder of Clarence, thoſe of the queen's kinſmen and of the young princes in the Tower are

are all perpetrated in the ſame ſtile of hardened cruelty. He takes the ordinary method of hiring ruffians to perform his bloody commiſſions, and there is nothing which particularly marks the ſcenes, wherein he imparts his purpoſes and inſtructions to them; a very little management ſerves even for Tirrel, who is not a profeſſional murderer, but is reported to be—

——a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit.

With ſuch a ſpirit Richard does not hold it neceſſary to uſe much circumlocution, and ſeems more in dread of delay than diſappointment or diſcovery—

R. *Is thy name Tirrel?*
T. *James Tirrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.*
R. *Art thou indeed?*
T. *Prove me, my gracious lord.*
R. *Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?*
T. *Pleaſe you, I had rather kill two enemies.*
R. *Why then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,*
Foes to my reſt and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tirrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

If the reader calls to mind by what circumſpect and ſlow degrees King John opens himſelf to Hubert under a ſimilar ſituation with this of Richard, he will be convinced that Shakeſpear conſidered preſervation of character too important to ſacrifice on any occaſion to the vanity of fine

fine writing; for the ſcene he has given to John, a timorous and wary prince, would ill ſuit the character of Richard. A cloſe obſervance of nature is the firſt excellence of a dramatic poet, and the peculiar property of him we are reviewing.

In theſe two ſtages of our compariſon, Macbeth appears with far more dramatic effect than Richard, whoſe firſt ſcenes preſent us with little elſe than traits of perfidiouſneſs, one ſtriking incident of ſucceſsful hypocriſy practiſed on the Lady Anne, and an open unreſerved diſplay of remorſeleſs cruelty. Impatient of any pauſe or interruption in his meaſures, a dangerous friend and a determined foe:—

Effera torquebant avidæ præcordia curæ
Effugeret ne quis gladios
Creſcebat ſcelerata ſitis; prædæque recentis
Incæſtus flagrabat amor, nulluſque petendi
Cogendive pudor: crebris perjuria nectit
Blanditiis; ſociat perituro fœdere dextras:
Si ſemel e tantis poſcenti quiſque negaſſet,
Effera prætumido quatiebat corda furore.

(CLAUDIAN.)

The ſole remorſe his greedy heart can feel
Is if one life eſcapes his murdering ſteel:
That, which ſhould quench, inflames his craving thirſt,
The ſecond draught ſtill deepens on the firſt:
Shameleſs by force or fraud to work his way,
And no leſs prompt to flatter than betray:
This hour makes friendſhips which he breaks the next,
And every breach ſupplies a vile pretext

Baſely

Baſely to cancel all conceſſions paſt,
If in a thouſand you deny the laſt.

Macbeth has now touched the goal of his ambition—

Thou haſt it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weyward ſiſters promis'd—

The auguries of the witches, to which no reference had been made in the heat of the main action, are now called to mind with many circumſtances of galling aggravation, not only as to the prophecy, which gave the crown to the poſterity of Banquo, but alſo of his own ſafety from the gallant and noble nature of that general—

Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which wou'd be fear'd.

Aſſaſſins are provided to murder Banquo and his ſon, but this is not decided upon without much previous meditation, and he ſeems prompted to the act more by deſperation and dread, than by any ſettled reſolution or natural cruelty. He convenes the aſſaſſins, and in a conference of ſome length works round to his point, by inſinuations calculated to perſuade them to diſpatch Banquo for injuries done to them, rather than from motives which reſpect himſelf; in which ſcene we diſcover a remarkable preſervation of character in Macbeth, who by this artifice ſtrives to blind his own conſcience and throw the guilt upon

upon theirs: In this as in the former action ther is nothing kingly in his cruelty; in one he acte under the controuling ſpirit of his wife, here h plays the ſycophant with hired aſſaſſins, an confeſſes himſelf under awe of the ſuperior geniu of Banquo—

——Under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Antony's was by Cæſar.

There is not a circumſtance ever ſo minute i the conduct of this character, which does no point out to a diligent obſerver how cloſely th poet has adhered to nature in every part of hi delineation: Accordingly we obſerve a peculi arity in the language of Macbeth, which is highl characteriſtic; I mean the figurative turn of hi expreſſions, whenever his imagination ſtrikes up on any gloomy ſubject—

Oh! full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!

And in this ſtate of ſelf-torment every object c ſolemnity, though ever ſo familiar, becomes a object of terror; night, for inſtance, is not men tioned by him without an accompaniment of ever melancholy attribute, which a frighted fancy ca annex—

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight, ere to black Hecate's ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung Night's *yawning peal, there ſhall be don*
A deed of dreadful note.

1

It is the darkneſs of his ſoul that makes the night ſo dreadful, the *ſcorpions in his mind* convoke theſe images—but he has not yet done with it—

Come, ſealing Night!
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowſe,
Whilſt Night's *black agents to their prey do rouſe.*

The critic of language will obſerve that here is a redundancy and crowd of metaphors, but the critic of nature will acknowledge that it is the very truth of character, and join me in the remark which points it out.

In a tragedy ſo replete with murder, and in the diſplay of a character ſo tortured by *the ſcorpions of the mind*, as this of Macbeth, it is naturally to be expected that a genius like Shakeſpear's will call in the dead for their ſhare in the horror of the ſcene. This he has done in two ſeveral ways; firſt, by the apparition of Banquo, which is inviſible to all but Macbeth; ſecondly, by the ſpells and incantations of the witches, who raiſe ſpirits, which in certain ænigmatical predictions ſhadow out his fate; and theſe are followed by a train of unborn revelations, drawn by the power of magic from the womb of futurity before their time.

It appears that Lady Macbeth was not a party in the aſſaſſination of Banquo, and the ghoſt, though twice viſible to the murderer, is not ſeen by her. This is another incident highly worthy a particular remark; for by keeping her free from any participation in the horror of the ſight, the poet is enabled to make a ſcene aſide between Macbeth and her, which contains ſome of the fineſt ſpeakings in the play. The ghoſt in Hamlet, and the ghoſt of Darius in Æſchylus are introduced by preparation and prelude, this of Banquo is an object of ſurprize as well as terror, and there is ſcarce an incident to be named of more ſtriking and dramatic effect: it is one amongſt various proofs, that muſt convince every man, who looks critically into Shakeſpear, that he was as great a maſter in art as in nature: How it ſtrikes me in this point of view I ſhall take the liberty of explaining more at length.

The murder of Duncan is the main incident of this tragedy; that of Banquo is ſubordinate: Duncan's blood was not only the firſt ſo ſhed by Macbeth, but the dignity of the perſon murdered, and the aggravating circumſtances attending it, conſtitute a crime of the very firſt magnitude: For theſe reaſons it might be expected that the ſpectre moſt likely to haunt his imagination, would be that of Duncan; and the rather becauſe his terror and compunction were ſo much more ſtrongly excited by this firſt murder, perpetrated with his own hands, than by the ſubſequent one of Banquo, palliated by evaſion and committed to others. But when we recollect that Lady Macbeth was not only his accomplice, but in fact the

the firſt mover in the murder of the king, we ſee good reaſon why Duncan's ghoſt could not be called up, unleſs ſhe, who ſo deeply partook of the guilt, had alſo ſhared in the horror of the appearance; and as viſitations of a peculiar ſort were reſerved for her in a later period of the drama, it was a point of conſummate art and judgment to exclude her from the affair of Banquo's murder, and make the more ſuſceptible conſcience of Macbeth figure this apparition in his mind's eye without any other witneſs to the viſion.

I perſuade myſelf theſe will appear very natural reaſons, why the poet did not raiſe the ghoſt of the king in preference, though it is reaſonable to think it would have been a much more noble incident in his hands, than this of Banquo. It now remains to examine whether this is more fully juſtified by the peculiar ſituation reſerved for Lady Macbeth, to which I have before adverted.

The intrepidity of her character is ſo marked, that we may well ſuppoſe no waking terrors could ſhake it, and in this light it muſt be acknowledged a very natural expedient to make her vent the agonies of her conſcience in ſleep. Dreams have been a dramatic expedient ever ſince there has been a drama; Æſchylus recites the dream of Clytemneſtra immediately before her ſon Oreſtes kills her; ſhe fancies ſhe has given birth to a dragon—

This new-born dragon, like an infant chi'd,
Laid in the cradle ſeem'd in want of food;

And in her dream ſhe held it to her breaſt:
The milk he drew was mixt with clotted blood.
(POTTER.)

This which is done by Æſchylus, has been done by hundreds after him; but to introduce upon the ſcene the very perſon, walking in ſleep, and giving vent to the horrid fancies, that haunt her dream, in broken ſpeeches expreſſive of her guilt, uttered before witneſſes, and accompanied with that natural and expreſſive action of waſhing the blood from her defiled hands, was reſerved for the original and bold genius of Shakeſpear only. It is an incident ſo full of tragic horror, ſo daring and at the ſame time ſo truly characteriſtic, that it ſtands out as a prominent feature in the moſt ſublime drama in the world, and fully compenſates for any ſacrifices the poet might have made in the previous arrangement of his incidents.

N° LVIII.

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.
(HORAT.)

MACBETH now approaches towards his catastrophe: The heir of the crown is in arms, and he muſt defend valiantly what he has uſurped villainouſly.

llainouſly. His natural valour does not ſuffice r this trial; he reſorts to the witches; he con- res them to give anſwer to what he ſhall aſk, id he again runs into all thoſe pleonaſms of eech, which I before remarked: The predicti- is he extorts from the apparitions are ſo couched to ſeem favourable to him, at the ſame time iat they correſpond with events, which after- ards prove fatal. The management of this inci- ent has ſo cloſe a reſemblance to what the poet laudian has done in the inſtance of Ruffinus's ſion the night before his maſſacre, that I am mpted to inſert the paſſage—

Ecce videt diras alludere protinus umbras,
Quas dedit ipſe neci; quarum quæ clarior una
Viſa loqui—Proh! ſurge toro; quid plurima volvis
Anxius? hæc requiem rebus, finemque labori
Allatura dies: Omni jam plebe redibis
Altior, et læti manibus portabere vulgi---
Has canit ambages. Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec capitis fixi præſagia ſenſit.

A gaſtly viſion in the dead of night
Of mangled, murder'd ghoſts appall his ſight;
When hark! a voice from forth the ſhadowy train
Cries out—Awake! what thoughts perplex thy brain?
Awake, ariſe! behold the day appears,
That ends thy labours, and diſpels thy fears:
To loftier heights thy tow'ring head ſhall riſe,
And the glad crowd ſhall lift thee to the ſkies—
Thus ſpake the voice: He triumphs, nor beneath
Th' ambiguous omen ſees the doom of death.

Confiding in his auguries Macbeth now p
for battle: by the firſt of theſe he is aſſu

That none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

By the ſecond prediction he is told—

Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſht be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Lunſinane's high h
Shall come againſt him.

Theſe he calls *ſweet boadments!* and conc

To ſleep in ſpite of thunder.

This play is ſo replete with excellencies, would exceed all bounds, if I were to notic one; I paſs over therefore that incomparabl between Macbeth, the phyſician and Sey which the agitations of his mind are ſo v fully expreſſed, and, without pauſing for th of Lady Macbeth, I conduct the reader criſis, when the meſſenger has announ ominous approach of Birnam-wood—A fury, an exclamation ſeconded by a blo firſt natural exploſion of a ſoul ſo ſtun *ſcorpions* as Macbeth's: The ſuden guſt is r er diſcharged, than nature ſpeaks her o guage, and the ſtill voice of conſcience, l ſon in the midſt of madneſs, murmurs for mournful words—

I pall in reſolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

With what an exquiſite feeling has this darling ſon of nature here thrown in this touching, this pathetic ſentence, amidſt the very whirl and eddy of conflicting paſſions! Here is a ſtudy for dramatic poets; this is a ſtring for an actor's ſkill to touch; this will diſcourſe ſweet muſic to the human heart, with which it is finely uniſoned when ſtruck with the hand of a maſter.

The next ſtep brings us to the laſt ſcene of Macbeth's dramatic exiſtence: Fluſht with the blood of Siward he is encountered by Macduff, who croſſes him like his evil genius—Macbeth cries out—

Of all men elſe I have avoided thee.

To the laſt moment of character the faithful poet ſupports him: He breaks off from ſingle combat, and in the tremendous pauſe, ſo beautifully contrived to hang ſuſpenſe and terror on the moral ſcene of his exit, the tyrant driven to bay, and panting with the heat and ſtruggle of the fight, vauntingly exclaims—

Macb. *As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air*
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. *Deſpair thy charm!*
And let the Angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. *Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo!*
For it hath cow'd my better part of man.

There ſinks the ſpirit of Macbeth—

Behold! where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head!

How completely does this coincide with the paſſage already quoted!

Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec CAPITIS FIXI *præſagia ſentit.*

Let us now approach the tent of *Richard.* It is matter of admiration to obſerve how many incidents the poet has collected in a ſmall compaſs, to ſet the military character of his chief perſonage in a brilliant point of view. A ſucceſſion of ſcouts and meſſengers report a variety of intelligence, all which, though generally of the moſt alarming nature, he meets not only with his natural gallantry, but ſometimes with pleaſantry and a certain archneſs and repartee, which is peculiar to him throughout the drama.

It is not only a curious, but delightful taſk to examine by what ſubtle and almoſt imperceptible touches Shakeſpear contrives to ſet ſuch marks upon his characters, as give them the moſt living likeneſſes that can be conceived. In this, above all other poets that ever exiſted, he is a ſtudy and a model of perfection: The great diſtinguiſhing paſſions every poet may deſcribe; but Shakeſpear gives you their humours, their minuteſt foibles, thoſe little ſtarts and caprices, which nothing but the moſt intimate familiarity brings to light: Other authors write characters like hiſtorians; he like the

the boſom friend of the perſon he deſcribes. The following extracts will furniſh an example of what I have been ſaying.

Ratcliff informs Richard that a fleet is diſcovered on the weſtern coaſt, ſuppoſed to be the party of Richmond—

K. Rich. *Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of Norfolk;*
Ratcliff, thyſelf; or Cateſby——Where is he?
Cateſ. *Here, my good lord.*
K. Rich. *Cateſby, fly to the Duke.*
Cateſ. *I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.*
K. Rich. *Ratcliffe, come hither; poſt to Saliſbury;*
When thou com'ſt thither—Dull, unmindful villain!
(To Cateſby.)
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cateſ. *Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,*
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.
K. Rich. *Oh, true, good Cateſby!*

I am perſuaded I need not point out to the reader's ſenſibility the fine turn in this expreſſion, *Good Cateſby!* How can we be ſurprized if ſuch a poet makes us in love even with his villains?—Ratcliff proceeds—

Rat. *What may it pleaſe you ſhall I do at Saliſbury?*
K. Rich. *Why, what wou'dſt thou do there before I go?*
Rat. *Your highneſs told me I ſhou'd poſt before.*
K. Rich. *My mind is chang'd.*

Theſe fine touches can eſcape no man, who has an eye for nature. Lord Stanley reports to Richard—

Stanl. *Richmond is on the ſeas.*
K. Rich. *There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!*
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

This reply is pointed with irony and invective: There are two cauſes in nature and character for this; firſt, Richard was before informed of the news; his paſſion was not taken by ſurprize, and he was enough at eaſe to make a play upon Stanley's words—*on the ſeas*—and retort—*be the ſeas on him!*—Secondly, Stanley was a ſuſpected ſubject, Richard was therefore intereſted to ſhew a contempt of his competitor before a man of ſuch doubtful allegiance. In the ſpirit of this impreſſion he urges Stanley to give an explicit anſwer to the queſtion—*What doth he there?* Stanley endeavours to evade by anſwering that he *knows not but by gueſs:* The evaſion only ſtrengthens Richard's ſuſpicions, and he again puſhes him to diſcloſe what he only gueſſes—*Well, as you gueſs*—Stanley replies—

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. *Is the chair empty? Is the ſword unſway'd?*
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then tell me what makes he upon the ſea?

What a cluſter of characteriſtic excellencies are here before us? All theſe interrogatories are *ad hominem;* they fit no man but Stanley, they can be uttered by no man but Richard, and they can flow from the conceptions of no poet but the poet of nature.

Stanley's

Stanley's whole ſcene ought to be inveſtigated, for it is full of beauties, but I confeſs myſelf exhauſted with the taſk, and language does not ſuffice to furniſh freſh terms of admiration, which a cloſer ſcrutiny would call forth.

Other meſſengers ſucceed Lord Stanley, Richard's fiery impatience does not wait the telling, but taking the outſet of the account to be ominous, he ſtrikes the courier, who proceeding with his report concludes with the good tidings of Buckingham's diſperſion—Richard inſtantly retracts and ſays—

Oh! I cry thee mercy.
There is my purſe to cure that blow of thine.

This is another trait of the ſame caſt with that of *Good Cateſby.*

Battles are of the growth of modern tragedy; I am not learned enough in the old ſtage to know if Shakeſpear is the inventor of this bold and buſtling innovation; but I am ſure he is unrivalled in his execution of it, and this of Boſworthfield is a maſter-piece. I ſhall be leſs particular in my preſent deſcription of it, becauſe I may probably bring it under general review with other ſcenes of the like ſort.

It will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in the cataſtrophe of Richard nothing can be more glowing than the ſcene, nothing more brilliant than the conduct of the chief character: He exhibits the character of a perfect general, in whom however ardent courage ſeems the ruling feature; he performs every part of his office with minute attention,

tion, he enquires if certain alterations are made in his armour, and even orders what particular horſe he intends to charge with: He is gay with his chief officers, and even gracious to ſome he confides in: His gallantry is of ſo dazzling a quality, that we begin to feel the pride of Engliſhmen, and, overlooking his crimes, glory in our courageous king: Richmond is one of thoſe civil, conſcientious gentlemen, who are not very apt to captivate a ſpectator, and Richard, loaded as he is with enormities, riſes in the compariſon, and I ſuſpect carries the good wiſhes of many of his audience into action, and dies with their regret.

As ſoon as he retires to his tent the poet begins to put in motion his great moral machinery of the ghoſts. Trifles are not made for Shakeſpear; difficulties, that would have plunged the ſpirit of any other poet, and turned his ſcenery into inevitable ridicule, are nothing in his way; he brings forward a long ſtring of ghoſts, and puts a ſpeech into each of their mouths without any fear of conſequences. Richard ſtarts from his couch, and before he has ſhaken off the terrors of his dream, cries out—

Give me another horſe!—Bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft, I did but dream—
O coward conſcience—&c.

But I may conclude my ſubject; every reader can go on with the ſoliloquy, and no words of mine can be wanted to excite their admiration.

N° LIX.

N° LIX.

AMONGST the various orders and ranks of men in civilized ſociety, ſome are entitled to our reſpect for the dignity and utility of their profeſſion; but as there are many more than merely natural wants to be provided for in a ſtate of high refinement, other arts and occupations will occur, which though not ſo highly to be reſpected for their utility, will yet be valued and careſſed for the pleaſures they beſtow. In this light there is perhaps no one order of men who contribute more largely to the pleaſing and moral amuſements of the age, than our actors. As I mean to devote this paper to their uſe and ſervice, I ſhall begin it with a ſhort paſſage extracted from Mr. Dow's Hiſtory of Hindoſtan.

"During all theſe tranſactions the gates of Delhi were kept ſhut. Famine began to rage every day more and more; but the Shaw was deaf to the miſeries of mankind. The public ſpirit of *Tucki, a famous actor*, deſerves to be recorded upon this occaſion. He exhibited a play before Nadir Shaw, with which that monarch was ſo well pleaſed, that he commanded Tucki to aſk, and what he wiſhed ſhould be done for him. Tucki fell upon his face, and ſaid, *O King, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not periſh!* His requeſt was granted, and half the city poured into the country; and the place was ſupplied in a few days with plenty of proviſions."

Though

Though it is not every actor's lot to save a city, yet it is his province to drive an enemy out of it, almost as formidable as famine.

There is such a combination of natural gifts requisite to the formation of a compleat actor, that it is more a case of wonder how so many good ones are to be found, than why so few instances of excellence can be produced. Every thing, that results from nature alone, lies out of the province of instruction, and no rules that I know of will serve to give a fine voice, or even those fine feelings, which are amongst the first properties of an actor. These in fact are the tools and materials of his trade, and these neither his own industry, nor any man's assistance can bestow. But the right use and application of them is another question, and there he must look for his directions from education, industry and judgment.

A classical education, if it be not insisted on as indispensable to a great actor, is yet so advantageous to him in every branch of his art, that it is a most happy circumstance in their lot, who can avail themselves of it.

Be this as it may, it behoves him in the very first place to be thoroughly versed in all the chief dramatic writers of his own country. Of all these Shakespear is so out of sight the principal, that for distinction sake I will confine myself to him only. This author therefore must be studied in the most critical and scrutinizing manner; not by parts, but in the whole; for it is the veriest folly in any young student for the stage to read by *character*, or attach himself to any one predominant part, in which he aims at a display, until he

he has poſſeſt himſelf in the compleateſt manner of the whole drama, in which he is to ſtand. Every movement of the author's mind ſhould be unravelled, all thoſe ſmall but delicate incidents, which ſerve to announce or diſcriminate a leading character, every thing ſaid to him, or of him, as well as by him, are to be carefully gathered up; for Shakeſpear in particular paints ſo very cloſe to nature, and with ſuch marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear, when he is on his ſcene.

When an actor has done this, he will find his underſtanding ſo enlightened by the taſk, and his mind poſſeſt with ſuch a paſſion for what is natural, that he will ſcorn the ſorry practice of tricks, and that vain ſtudy of ſetting himſelf off by this or that preconcerted attitude, in which ſome handicraft-men, who were more like tumblers than tragedians, have in times paſt diſgraced their profeſſion: In ſhort, if he ſtudies his author he will have no need to ſtudy his looking-glaſs: Let him feel and he will be ſure to expreſs; Nature, that gave him limbs and organs of ſpeech, will be ſure to give him action, and he need not meaſure the board he is to fall upon, as if he was to make his exit down a trap.

There is one thing in particular I would wiſh him to avoid, which is a repugnance againſt appearing in characters of an unamiable ſort; (the ladies will obſerve I addreſs myſelf to both ſexes throughout:) It is a narrow notion to ſuppoſe that there can be any adheſion either of vice or virtue to the real character; or that revenge, cruelty, perfidiouſneſs or cowardice can be tranſpoſed into a man's

a man's nature, becauſe he profeſſionally repreſents theſe evil qualities. If I had not determined againſt particularizing any perſon in this paper, I ſhould here quote the example of an actor, whoſe untimely death every friend of the drama muſt deplore, and whoſe good ſenſe I might appeal to in confirmation of my advice.

Of this above all things every actor may aſſure himſelf, that there is no calling or profeſſion in life, that can leſs endure the diſtractions of intemperance and diſſipation. A knowledge of the world no doubt is neceſſary to him, and he muſt therefore take his ſhare in ſociety, but there is no other introduction into the beſt company, but by meriting a place in it; and as for vulgar fellowſhips and connections, where a man is to act the *pleaſant fellow* and ſet the table in a roar, if he has not the ſpirit and diſcretion to decline them, he will ſoon find his profeſſional talents ſacrificed to his convivial ones; if he does not reſerve all his exertions for his art, nature muſt ſink under double duty, and the moſt that he can obtain in return will be pity.

An eminent actor ſhould reſolve to fortify himſelf againſt the many perſonal attacks, which in the preſent times he is to expect from friends as well as foes: by the former I mean thoſe friends, whoſe ill-judged applauſes are as dangerous to his repoſe as calumny itſelf. That proper ſenſe of himſelf, which holds a middle place between diffidence and arrogance, is what he muſt oppoſe to theſe attacks of extravagant applauſe or illiberal defamation; for gentlemen of wit and pleaſantry find ſo much amuſement in ſporting with the feelings

feelings of actors, that they will write; and there is a figure called *hyperbole* much in fashion amongst them, the excellent property of which figure is that it cuts both ways—*virtus ejus ex diverso par augendi atque minuendi*—Now although the *hyperbole* is a figure of freedom, and has certain privileges, that go beyond credibility, yet I have the authority of *Quintilian* to say that it has bounds; on the outside of truth, I confess, but still within reason—*Quam vis enim est omnis hyperbole ultra fidem; non tamen esse debet ultra modum*—An actor therefore will do wisely to put no faith in such a double-tongued figure, nor form any acquaintance with those who are in the daily use of it.

If he would have better authority for the advice I give him, let him turn to his books, and he will not find a writer of eminence, either antient or modern, that will not tell him slander is a tax on merit. I shall instance only one of each, because I will not burthen him with quotations. The first of these is *Tacitus*, a writer of unquestionable authority, and one who has left as good receipts for wholesome judgment in all worldly affairs as any man whatever: His maxim indeed is short, for he makes no waste of words on any occasion; speaking of certain libellous publications, he observes—*Spreta exolescunt; si irascare, agnita videntur*:—Which may be thus rendered —*Contempt disarms abuse; resent, and you adopt it.* —The other which I shall adduce, is the judicious and amiable Mr. *Addison*, who is rather more diffusive on the subject, but concludes his opinion with this recommendation of the prescription above mentioned—*That it is a piece of fortitude, which*

which every man owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impoſſible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himſelf, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty. (*Spect.* N° 355).

When I have ſaid this, I am free to own, that it is an act of aggravated cruelty to attack a man, whoſe profeſſion lays him ſo continually at mercy, and who has fewer defences than other men to reſort to. An actor has a claim upon the public for their protection, whoſe ſervant he is; and he ought to be dear to every man in particular, whoſe heart he has dilated with benevolence, or lightened with feſtivity; if we are grateful to the ſurgeon who aſſuages the pain of a feſtering ſore, or draws even a thorn from our fleſh, ſhould we not remember him with kindneſs, who heals our heart of its inquietude, and chears thoſe hours with gaiety and innocence, which we might elſe have devoted to gloomineſs or guilt?

If an actor has theſe claims upon the world at large, what ought he not to expect from the poet in particular? The poet's arms ſhould be his natural aſylum, a ſhield from the arrows of envy and detraction. An actor is in the capacity of a ſteward to every living muſe, and of an executor to every departed one: The poet digs up the ore; he ſifts it from the droſs, refines and purifies it for the mint; the actor ſets the ſtamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.

N° LX.

Nº LX.

THERE is no period of antient hiſtory would afford a more uſeful ſtudy to a young prince, than an accurate delineation of the whole life of Tiberius: This ought to be done with great care and ability, for it is a character extremely difficult to develope, and one that by a continued chain of incidents furniſhes a leſſon in every link of its connexion highly intereſting to all pupils, but moſt to thoſe who are on the road to empire. To trace the conduct of Tiberius from his firſt appearance in hiſtory to his death, is as if we ſhould begin with the laſt acts of Auguſtus and read his ſtory backwards to its commencement in the civil wars: each narration would then begin with honour and conclude with infamy. If Auguſtus had never attained to empire, he would have had a moſt diſgraceful page in hiſtory; on the other hand, had Tiberius died with Germanicus, he would have merited a very glorious one: It ſhould ſeem therefore that he was by nature a better man than his predeceſſor. The cautious timid character of Auguſtus kept him under conſtant awe of thoſe he governed, and he was diligent to ſecure to himſelf the opinions of mankind; but there are rents and fiſſures enough in the veil, which adulation has thrown over him, through which to ſpy out the impurities and meanneſſes of his natural diſpoſition. Tiberius

berius ſeems on his part alſo to have had a jealous holding and reſpect towards Germanicus, which had an influence over the early part of his reign; but it was a ſelf-reſtraint, founded in emulation, not in fear. It is hinted that Auguſtus had in mind to reſtore the commonwealth, and give back her liberties to Rome; and theſe may very poſſibly have been his meditations; but they never aroſe in his mind till he found his life in the laſt ſtage of decay, when, having no heir of his own body, he would willingly have had the empire ceaſe with him, and left poſterity to draw the concluſion, that no ſucceſſor could be found fit to take it after him; this I can readily believe he would have done in his laſt moments, if he could, and even before his laſt moments if he dared; but the ſhock, which ſuch a reſolution might poſſibly have occaſioned, alarmed his fears, and he was too tenacious of power to quit it upon any other motives than thoſe of abſolute conviction that he could hold it no longer. This is ſo much in character, that I think it very probable he might have tried it upon Tiberius in his long death-bed converſation with him at Nola—— *Revocatum ex itinere Tiberium diu ſecreto ſermone detinuit, neque poſt ulli majori negotio animum accommodavit.* (*Suetonius.*) This paſſage is very curious, and ſome important conjectures may fairly be grounded upon it. Suetonius ſays that the conference was *long*, and alſo that it was *private*; and he adds that Auguſtus, after his converſation with his ſucceſſor, never turned his thoughts to any important buſineſs, or in other words, any matter of ſtate whatever. The *ſecrecy* of

of this conference very much favours my conjecture, that he made an attempt to diſſuade Tiberius from holding on the empire, and the *length* of time it took up corroborates the probability of that conjecture; and I further incline to think it likely that it might make ſerious impreſſions on Tiberius's mind, as to the meaſure propoſed; for I can never believe that the repugnance, with which Tiberius took the charge of the government upon him, was wholly feigned, though hiſtorians agree in giving it that turn; his long and voluntary exile in the iſland of Rhodes, where he ſeemed for a time to have renounced all deſire of ſucceeding to the empire, might be a reaſon with Auguſtus for making this experiment upon a man of his cold and ſequeſtered habits. At all events I think it highly natural to ſuppoſe that Auguſtus would not have cloſetted him in this manner, if it were only for the purpoſe of giving him leſſons and inſtructions in the arts of government; for in that caſe his vanity, which made him act a part for applauſe even in his expiring moments, would have opened his doors to his family and attendants, that they might have been preſent to record his ſayings; and we ſhould have had as many fine maxims in his dying ſpeech, as Socrates uttered in his priſon, or Seneca in his bath: Add to this, that he certainly bore no good-will to Tiberius, who was not a ſucceſſor to his mind, nor could he wiſh to elevate the Claudian family to the throne: It is not likely however that he altogether ſucceeded with Tiberius, or brought him to make any abſolute promiſe of abdication; for in that caſe he would not

not have failed to have taken credit with the people about him, for having been the means of reſtoring the liberties of his country, and he would have made as great a parade of patriotiſm, as would have become a Cato or a Solon; but the author above quoted ſays he took no further account of public buſineſs, and therefore we may conclude the conference, if it took that turn, did not come to any ſatisfactory concluſion on the point.

Tiberius on his acceſſion found the empire in a critical ſituation, for beſides the movements which Clemens on one part and Scribonius Libo on another were making, the Pannonian and German armies were in abſolute revolt. This was no time for making any change in the conſtitution of the imperial power, had he been ſo diſpoſed; as he was a man of deep meaſures, he held himſelf on the reſerve with the ſenate, and ſuffered them to ſolicit his acceptance of the ſovereign power upon their knees: He wiſhed to have aſſeſſors in the government; he would take his ſhare, and whatever department in the ſtate they ſhould recommend to his charge, he would readily undertake. Had he perſiſted in refuſing the empire, or had he attempted to throw the conſtitution back to its firſt principles of freedom, the mutinous legions would have forced the ſovereignty upon Germanicus; but by this ſuggeſtion of a partition he artfully ſounded the temper of the ſenate, where there were ſome leading men of very doubtful characters, whom Auguſtus had marked out in his laſt illneſs; from

two

two of theſe, Aſinius Gallus and L. Aruntius, Tiberius's propoſal drew an anſwer, in which they demanded of him to declare what particular department of the ſtate he would chuſe to have committed to him. This was opening enough for one of his penetration, and he drew his concluſions upon the ſpot, evading for the time the ſnare that was laid for him.

The ſervile and exceſſive adulation of the ſenate ſoon convinced him, that the Roman ſpirit had ſuffered a total change under the reign of Auguſtus, and that the ſtate might indeed be thrown into convulſions by any attempt at a change in favour of freedom, but that ſlavery and ſubmiſſion under a deſpotic maſter was their determined choice, and if the alternative was to lie between himſelf and any other there was little room for heſitation: Who more fit than the adopted heir of Auguſtus, and a deſcendant of the Claudian houſe, which ranked ſo high in the Patrician nobility, and ſo ſuperior in pretenſions of anceſtry and merit to the Julian and Octavian gentry, from whom his predeceſſors were ignobly deſcended?

When the German and Pannonian mutinies were appeaſed, there ſeems to have been a period of repoſe, when he might have new modelled the conſtitution, had he been ſo diſpoſed; but this I take to be appearance only, for thoſe mutinies had been quelled by Germanicus and Druſus, and both theſe princes were in the adoption; and the latter of a very turbulent and ambitious ſpirit.

For

For the ſpace of two compleat years Tiberius never ſtirred out of the doors of his palace, devoting his whole time to the affairs of government. In this period he certainly did many excellent things, and though his manners were not calculated for popularity, yet his reputation through the empire was univerſal; he regulated all domeſtic matters with conſummate prudence, and on ſome occaſions with a liberal and courteous ſpirit: In the diſtant provinces, where wars and diſturbances were more frequent, public meaſures were more indebted for their ſucceſs to the good policy of his inſtructions, than to the courage and activity of his generals, though Germanicus was of the number.

The death of that moſt amiable and excellent prince, which was imputed to the machinations of Cneius Piſo, involved Tiberius in ſome degree in the ſame ſuſpicion; but as Tacitus in his account of the event gives admiſſion to an idle ſtory of ſorceries and incantations practiſed by Piſo for compaſſing the death of Germanicus, and ſtates no circumſtance that can give any reaſonable ground for belief that he actually poiſoned him, I am not inclined to give credit to the tranſaction, even in reſpect to Piſo's being guilty of the murder, much leſs with regard to Tiberius. Tacitus indeed hints at ſecret orders ſuppoſed by ſome to have been given by the Emperor to Piſo; but this, which at beſt is mere matter of report, does not go to the affair of the poiſoning, but only to ſome private intimations, in which the empreſs was chief mover, for mortifying the pride of Agrippina. It is not to be ſuppoſed, when Piſo openly

openly returned to Rome, and ſtood a public trial, that theſe orders, had any ſuch exiſted, could have been ſo totally ſuppreſſed, that neither the guilty perſon ſhould avail himſelf of them, nor any one member of ſo great and numerous a family produce them in vindication of him when yet living, or of his memory after death; and this in no period of time, not even when the Claudian family were ſuperſeded in the empire, and anecdotes were induſtriouſly collected to blacken the character of Tiberius.

The death of Druſus followed that of Germanicus, and the ſame groundleſs ſuſpicions were levelled at the emperor; but theſe are rejected by Tacitus with contempt, and the words he uſes, which are very ſtrong, are a proper anſwer to both imputations——*Neque quiſquam ſcriptor tam infenſus exſtitit, ut Tiberio objectarat, cum omnia conquirerent, intenderentque.*

It would have been moſt happy for the memory of Tiberius had his life been terminated at this fatal period; henceforward he ſeems to have been ſurrendered to deſperation and diſguſt; he retired to the Campania, and devolved the government upon his miniſter Sejanus; there were times, in which ſome marks of his former ſpirit appeared, but they were ſhort and tranſient emanations; the baſeſt of mankind had poſſeſſion of his ſoul, and whether he was drugged by Sejanus and his agents, or that his brain was affected by a revulſion of that ſcrophulous humour, which broke out with ſuch violence in his face and body, it ſeems highly natural to conjecture, that he was never in his ſound mind during his ſeceſſion in the iſland

of Caprea. A number of circumſtances might be adduced in ſupport of this conjecture; it is ſufficient to inſtance his extraordinary letter to the ſenate; can words be found more expreſſive of a diſtracted and deſperate ſtate of mind than the following?——*Quid ſcribam vobis, Patres Conſcripti, aut quomodo ſcribam, aut quid omnino ſcribam hoc tempore, Dii me deæque pejus perdant, quam perire quotidie ſentio, ſi ſcio.*

I beg leave now to repeat what I advanced in the outſet of this paper, and which alone led me to the ſubject of it, that a detail comprizing all the great and intereſting events within the life of Tiberius, with reaſonings and remarks judiciouſly interſperſed, as theſe occurrences ariſe in the courſe of the narration, would compound ſuch a body of uſeful precepts and inſtructions, as would apply to every ſpecies of example, which a prince ſhould be taught either to imitate or avoid; and theſe leſſons would carry the greater force and recommendation with them, and have an advantage over all fabulous morals, by being incorporated with a real hiſtory of the moſt intereſting ſort.

N° LXI.

N° LXI.

Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Eſt oculos auſus——

(LUCRETIUS.)

At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' aſſert the natural liberty of man.

(CREECH.)

THERE are ſo many young men of fortune and ſpirit in this kingdom, who, without the trouble of reſorting to the founder of their philoſophy, or giving themſelves any concern about the *Graius homo* in my motto, have nevertheleſs fallen upon a practice ſo conſentaneous to the doctrines, which he laid down by ſyſtem, that I much queſtion if any of his profeſt ſcholars ever did him greater credit, ſince the time he firſt ſtruck out the popular project of driving all religion out of the world, and introducing pleaſure and voluptuouſneſs in his ſtead.

Quare religio pedibus ſubjecta viciſſim
Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cælo.

"We tread religion under foot and riſe
"With ſelf-created glory to the ſkies."

So far from meaning to oppoſe myſelf to ſuch a hoſt of gay and happy mortals, I wiſh to gain

a merit with them by adding to their ſtock of pleaſures, and ſuggeſting ſome hints of enjoyments, which may be new to them; a diſcovery which they well know was conſidered by the kings of Perſia, (who practiſed their philoſophy in very antient times) as a ſervice of ſuch importance to all the ſect, (who had even then worn out moſt of their old pleaſures) that a very conſiderable reward was offered to the inventor of any new one. How the ſtock at preſent ſtands with our modern voluptuaries I cannot pretend to ſay, but I ſuſpect from certain ſymptoms, which have fallen under my obſervation, that it is nearly run out with ſome amongſt them; to ſuch in particular I flatter myſelf my diſcoveries will prove of value, and I have for their uſe compoſed the following meditation, which I have put together in the form of a ſoliloquy, ſolving it ſtep by ſtep as regularly as any propoſition in Euclid, and I will boldly vouch it to be as mathematically true. If there is any one *poſtulatum* in the whole, which the trueſt voluptuary will not admit to be orthodox Epicuriſm, I will conſent to give up my ſyſtem for nonſenſe and myſelf for an impoſtor; I condition only with the pupil of pleaſure, that whilſt he reads he will reflect, that he will deal candidly with the truth, and that he will once in his life permit a certain faculty called reaſon, which I hope he is poſſeſſed of, to come into uſe upon this occaſion; a faculty, which though he may not hitherto have employed it, is yet capable of ſupplying him with more true and laſting pleaſures, than any his philoſophy can furniſh.

I now

I now recommend him to the following meditation, which I have entitled—

"THE VOLUPTUARY'S SOLILOQUY.

"I FIND myſelf in poſſeſſion of an eſtate, which has devolved upon me without any pains of my own: I have youth and health to enjoy it, and I am determined ſo to do: Pleaſure is my object, and I muſt therefore ſo contrive as to make that object laſting and ſatisfactory: If I throw the means away, I can no longer compaſs the end; this is ſelf-evident; I perceive therefore that I muſt not game; for though I like play, I do not like to loſe that, which alone can purchaſe every pleaſure I propoſe to enjoy; and I do not ſee that the chance of winning other people's money can compenſate for the pain I muſt ſuffer if I loſe my own: An addition to my fortune can only give ſuperfluities; the loſs of it may take away even neceſſaries; and in the mean time I have enough for every other gratification but the deſperate one of deep play: It is reſolved therefore that I will not be a gameſter: There is not common ſenſe in the thought, and therefore I renounce it.

"But if I give up gaming, I will take my ſwing of pleaſure; that I am determined upon. I muſt therefore aſk myſelf the queſtion, what is pleaſure? Is it high living and hard drinking? I have my own choice to make, therefore I muſt take ſome time to conſider of it. There is nothing very elegant in it I muſt confeſs; a glutton is but a ſorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beaſt: Beſides

I am

I am not ſure my conſtitution can ſtand againſt it: I ſhall get the gout, that would be the devil; I ſhall grow out of all ſhape; I ſhall have a red face full of blotches, a foul breath and be loathſome to the women: I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon the women, and therefore adieu to the bottle and all its concomitants; I prefer the favours of the fair ſex to the company of the ſoakers, and ſo there is an end to all drinking; I will be ſober, only becauſe I love pleaſure.

"But if I give up wine for women, I will repay myſelf for the ſacrifice; I will have the fineſt girls that money can purchaſe—Money, did I ſay? What a ſound has that!—Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleaſure even in beauty without love. I find myſelf gravelled by this unlucky queſtion: Mercenary love! that is nonſenſe; it is flat hypocriſy; it is diſguſting. I ſhould loath the fawning careſſes of a diſſembling harlot, whom I pay for falſe fondneſs: I find I am wrong again: I cannot fall in love with a harlot; ſhe muſt be a modeſt woman; and when that befals me, what then? Why then, if I am terribly in love indeed, and cannot be happy without her, there is no other choice left me; I think I muſt even marry her! nay I am ſure I muſt; for if pleaſure leads that way, pleaſure is my object, and marriage is my lot: I am determined therefore to marry, only becauſe I love pleaſure.

"Well! now that I have given up all other women for a wife, I am reſolved to take pleaſure enough in the poſſeſſion of her; I muſt be cautious therefore that nobody elſe takes the ſame pleaſure

ſure too; for otherwiſe how have I bettered myſelf? I might as well have remained upon the common. I ſhould be a fool indeed to pay ſuch a price for a purchaſe, and let in my neighbours for a ſhare; therefore I am determined to keep her to myſelf, for pleaſure is my only object, and this I take it is a ſort of pleaſure, that does not conſiſt in participation.

"The next queſtion is, how I muſt contrive to keep her to myſelf.—Not by force; not by locking her up; there is no pleaſure in that notion; compulſion is out of the caſe; inclination therefore is the next thing; I muſt make it her own choice to be faithful: It ſeems then to be incumbent upon me to make a wiſe choice, to look well before I fix upon a wife, and to uſe her well, when I have fixed; I will be very kind to her, becauſe I will not deſtroy my own pleaſure; and I will be very careful of the temptations I expoſe her to, for the ſame reaſon. She ſhall not lead the life of your fine town ladies; I have a charming place in the country; I will paſs moſt of my time in the country; I will paſs moſt of my time in the country; there ſhe will be ſafe and I ſhall be happy. I love pleaſure, and therefore I will have little to do with that curſt intriguing town of London; I am determined to make my houſe in the country as pleaſant as it is poſſible.

"But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the ſports of the country in perfection; I will keep the beſt pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there! what will

will become of my wife all the while I am following the hounds? Will ſhe follow nobody; will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I ſhall make to be chaſing a ſtag and come home with the horns. At leaſt I ſhall not riſque the experiment; I ſhall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would ſpoil my pleaſure; and I hate a horſe-dog woman; I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive therefore I muſt give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing ſhall ſtand in the way of my pleaſure.

"Why then I muſt find out ſome amuſements that my wife can partake in; we muſt ride about the park in fine weather; we muſt viſit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people—That is a thought that never ſtruck me before; methinks there muſt be a great deal of pleaſure in ſetting the poor to work—I ſhall like a farm for the ſame reaſon; and my wife will take pleaſure in a dairy; ſhe ſhall have the moſt elegant dairy in England; and I will build a conſervatory, and ſhe ſhall have ſuch plants and ſuch flowers!—I have a notion I ſhall take pleaſure in them myſelf—And then there are a thouſand things to do within-doors; it is a fine old manſion that is the truth of it: I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture; that will be very pleaſant work for my wife: I perceive I could not afford to keep hounds and to do this into the bargain. But this will give me the moſt pleaſure all to nothing, and then my wife will partake of it—And we will have muſic and books—I recollect that I have got an excellent library—

library—There is another pleaſure I had never thought of—And then no doubt we ſhall have children, and they are very pleaſant company, when they can talk and underſtand what is ſaid to them; and now I begin to reflect, I find there are a vaſt many pleaſures in the life I have chalked out, and what a fool ſhould I be to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table, or my affections upon harlots, or my time upon hounds and horſes, or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleaſures or purſuits, than theſe, which I now perceive will lead me to ſolid happineſs in this life, and ſecure a good chance for what may befall me hereafter!"

N° LXII.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere ſatius eſſe credo, quam metu.
(TERENT.)

Better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleneſs and modeſty than fear.
(COLMAN.)

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twin-ſons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I ſhall call Euphorion; when they were of age to begin

their grammar learning, Euphorion found himſelf exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the beſt mode of education; he had read ſeveral treatiſes on the ſubject, which inſtead of clearing up his difficulties had encreaſed them; he had conſulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found theſe ſo equally divided, and ſo much to be ſaid on both ſides, that he could determine upon neither; unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had little or no education himſelf: The clergyman of the pariſh preached up the moral advantages of private tuition, the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public ſchool. Euphorion perceiving himſelf in a ſtreight between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; ſo that Geminus was put under private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Weſtminſter ſchool.

Euphorion having thus put the two ſyſtems fairly to iſſue waited the event, but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private ſyſtem roſe and the public ſunk on the compariſon in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's; wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruiſed and diſhevelled he hardly ſeemed of the ſame ſpecies with the ſpruce little maſter in the parlour; Euphorion was ſhocked to find that his manners were no leſs altered than his perſon, for he herded with the ſervants in the ſtable, was

for

for ever under the horſes' heel, and foremoſt in all games and ſports with the idle boys of the pariſh; this was a ſore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company, and being the firſt gentleman of his family ſeemed determined to keep up to the title: Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conſpired to put him in complete diſgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruiſe on the ſhin, that made a week's work for the ſurgeon; and what was ſtill worſe, there was conviction of the blow being given by a ball from Gemellus's batt; this brought on a ſevere interdiction of all further fellowſhip between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A ſuſpicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progreſs in his books, as he had in his manners; but as this was a diſcovery he could not venture upon in perſon, he ſubſtituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had ſo many evaſions and *alibis* in reſource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the caſe to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any ſenſe to the unlucky ſchool-boy, for Gemellus had been ſeized with a violent fit of ſneezing in the criſis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infectâ* and in ſome diſorder, for amongſt other damages, which had accrued to his perſon and apparel, he preſented himſelf to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black

buſh

buſh wig ſtuck full of paper darts, and as thickly ſpiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was inſtantly ſummoned and made no other defence, than that *they ſlipt out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* "Are theſe your Weſtminſter "tricks, ſirrah?" cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his ſcull with his crutch, brought the wrong perſon to the ground; for the nimble culprit had ſlipt out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow and was laid ſprawling on the floor: Gemellus flew to his aſſiſtance, and jointly with the parſon got him on his legs, but his anger was now ſo enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under ſentence of immediate diſmiſſion to ſchool; Euphorion declared he was ſo totally ſpoilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, elſe he would inſtantly have reverſed his education; it was now too late, (he obſerved to the parſon, whilſt he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he ſhould return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for paſſing him off by the ſtage next morning.

A queſtion was aſked about his holiday-taſk, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone aſſured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that reſpect, for that he himſelf had done the taſk for him: This was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a moſt ſevere reprimand for his meanneſs in impoſing on his brother's good-nature, with many dunces and blockheads caſt in his teeth, for

for not being able to do his own buſineſs. Gemellus was nettled with theſe reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the taſk out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, ſaying "he was a ſhabby fellow; and for his part he ſcorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boaſt of it."—Recollecting himſelf in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences; "he hoped he was not ſuch a blockhead, but he could do his taſk, if he pleaſed, and he would inſtantly ſet about it and ſend it down, to convince him, that he could do his own buſineſs without any body's help." So ſaying, he went out of the room in great haſte, and in leſs time than could be expected brought down a portion of *ſacred exerciſe* in hexameter verſe, which the parſon candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years, adding, that although it was not without faults, there were ſome paſſages, that beſpoke the dawning of genius—"I am obliged to you, Sir," ſaid Gemellus, "it is more than I deſerve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of"—The tears ſtarted in his eyes as he ſaid this, and he departed without any anſwer from his father.

He had no ſooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a diſdainful look ſaid—"Brother Geminus, you ought to be aſhamed of yourſelf; if you was at Weſtminſter, there is not a boy in the ſchool would

would acknowledge you after ſo ſcandalous a behaviour."——"I care neither for you nor your ſchool," anſwered the domeſtic youth, "it is you and not I ſhould be aſhamed of ſuch reprobate manners, and I ſhall report you to my father."—"Do ſo," replied Gemellus, "and take that with you into the bargain."—This was immediately ſeconded with a ſound ſlap on the face with his open hand, which however drew the blood in a ſtream from his noſtrils, and he ran ſcreaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the ſpeed he could muſter. Gemellus ſtood his ground, and after a ſevere caning was ordered to aſk pardon of his brother: This he peremptorily refuſed to do, alledging that he had been puniſhed already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would ſubmit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory ſpirit to ſubmiſſion, he was ſent off to ſchool pennileſs, and a letter was written to the maſter, ſetting forth his offence, and in ſtrong terms cenſuring his want of diſcipline for not correcting ſo ſtubborn a temper and ſo idle a diſpoſition.

When he returned to ſchool the maſter ſent for him to his houſe, and queſtioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, obſerving that the charge being for offences out of ſchool he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related: This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was diſmiſſed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be conſtrued into a rebuke.

When

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

" BROTHER GEMELLUS,

" If you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will ſignify your contrition, aſking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permiſſion for your coming home in the enſuing holidays: If not, you muſt take the conſequences and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to conſider myſelf,

Your affectionate brother,

GEMINUS."

To this letter Gemellius returned an anſwer as follows.

" DEAR BROTHER,

" I am ſorry to find you ſtill bear in mind a boyiſh quarrel ſo long paſt; be aſſured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to aſk your pardon for: Whatever conſequences may befal me for not complying with your condition, I ſhall remain

Your affectionate brother,

GEMELLUS."

N° LXIII.

Naturâ tu illi pater es, conſiliis ego.

(TERENT.)

By nature you're his father; I by counſel.

(COLMAN.)

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus: Reſentments are not eaſily diſlodged from narrow minds; Euphorion had not penetration to diſtinguiſh between the characters of his children; he ſaw no meanneſs in the ſly inſidious manners of his homebred favourite, nor any ſparks of generous pride in the ſteady inflexibility of Gemellus; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngeſt ſpirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public ſchool. He bitterly inveighed againſt his neighbour the lawyer for perſuading him to ſuch a fatal ſyſtem of education, and whenever they met in company their converſation was engroſſed with continual arguings and reproachings; for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little diſpoſed to give him up, as his father was to excuſe him. At laſt they came to a compromiſe, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his eſtate with an annuity for the education and ſupport of Gemellus, which annuity during his nonage was to be received and adminiſtered

adminiſtered by the ſaid lawyer, and Geminus left heir of the whole fortune, this moderate encumbrance excepted.

The diſintereſted and proſcribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his ſchool expences, and never failed to viſit him at thoſe periods, when country practitioners uſually reſort to town. The boy, apprized of his ſituation, took no further pains to aſſuage his father's reſentment, but full of reſources within himſelf, and poſſeſſed of an active and aſpiring genius, preſſed forward in his buſineſs, and ſoon found himſelf at the head of the ſchool, with the reputation of being the beſt ſcholar in it.

He had formed a cloſe friendſhip, according to the cuſtom of great ſchools, with a boy of his own age, the ſon of a nobleman of high diſtinction, in whoſe family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to paſs his holidays, when the ſchool adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer ſaw the advantages of this early connection in their proper light, and readily conſented to admit his ward of the ſame college in the univerſity, when Gemellus and his friend had compleated their ſchool education. Here the attachment of theſe young men became more and more ſolid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a courſe of academical ſtudies, in which Gemellus ſtill improved the reputation he brought from Weſtminſter, it was propoſed that he ſhould accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that ſervice. This propoſal rather

rather ſtaggered Gemellus's guardian on the ſcore of expence, and he now found it neceſſary for the firſt time to open himſelf to Euphorion. With this intent he called upon him one morning, and taking him aſide, told him, he was come to confer with him on the ſubject of Gemellus—"I am ſorry for it," interpoſed Euphorion. "Hold, Sir," anſwered the lawyer, "interrupt me not, if you pleaſe; tho' Gemellus is my ward, he is your ſon; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as ſuch."—As he was ſpeaking theſe words, an awkward ſervant burſt into the room, and ſtaring with fright and confuſion, told his maſter there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was aſking to ſpeak with him. Euphorion's ſurprize was now little leſs than his ſervant's, and not being in the habit of receiving viſits from people of diſtinction, he early demanded of the lawyer who this viſitor could poſſibly be, and caſting an eye of embarraſſment upon his gouty foot—"I am not fit to be ſeen," ſaid he, "and cannot tell how to eſcape; for heaven's ſake! go and ſee who this viſitor is, and keep him from the ſight of me, if it be poſſible."

Euphorion had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble ſtranger, who was no leſs a perſon than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having introduced himſelf to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptneſs of his viſit, proceeded to explain the occaſion of it in the following words:—"I wait upon you, Sir, with a requeſt, in which I flatter

I flatter myſelf I ſhall be ſeconded by this worthy gentleman here preſent: You have the honour to be father to one of the moſt amiable and accompliſhed young men I ever knew; it may not become me to ſpeak ſo warmly of my own ſon as perhaps I might with truth, but I flatter myſelf it will be ſome recommendation of him to your good opinion, when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus: They have now gone through ſchool and college together, and according to my notions of the world ſuch early connections, when they are well choſen, are amongſt the chief advantages of a public education; but as I now purpoſe to ſend my ſon upon his travels, and in ſuch a manner as I flatter myſelf will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intruſion, when I inform you that the object of it is to ſolicit your conſent that Gemellus may accompany him."

Euphorion's countenance, whilſt this ſpeech was addreſſed to him, underwent a variety of changes; ſurprize at hearing ſuch an unexpected character of his ſon was ſtrongly expreſt; a gleam of joy ſeemed to break out, but was ſoon diſpelled by ſhame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him; he attempted to ſpeak, but confuſion choaked him; he caſt a look of embarraſſment upon the lawyer, but the joy and triumph, which his features exhibited, appeared to him like inſult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in ſilence and deſpair. No one emotion had eſcaped the obſervation of Gemellus's patron, who, turning to the lawyer, ſaid he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's

lus's ſituation, and then addreſſing himſelf again to Euphorion—"I can readily underſtand," ſaid he, "that ſuch a propoſal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promiſe to be to your ſon, would not correſpond with your ideas in point of expence, nor come within the compaſs of that limited proviſion, which you have thought fit to appoint for him: This is a matter, of which I have no pretenſions to ſpeak; you have diſpoſed of your fortune between your ſons in the proportions you thought fit, and it muſt be owned a youth, who has had a domeſtic education, ſtands the moſt in need of a father's help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himſelf: Gemellus has talents that muſt ſecure his fortune, and if my ſervices can aſſiſt him, they ſhall never be wanting; in the mean time it is very little for me to ſay that my purſe will furniſh their joint occaſions, whilſt they are on their travels, and Gemellus's little fund, which is in honeſt and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim."

The length of this ſpeech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himſelf, if the matter of it had not preſented ſome unpleaſant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a ſhift however to hammer out ſome broken ſentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading his infirm ſtate of health, and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was preſent, and as he beſt knew what anſwer to give to the propoſal in queſtion, he

he referred his lordſhip to him and would abide by his deciſion—he was glad to hear ſo favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations; he hoped his lordſhip's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expreſſions he had thrown out of his future good offices and protection.—The noble viſitor now deſired leave to introduce his ſon, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the ſame time. This was a ſurprize upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately uſhered in by the exulting lawyer.—Gemellus commanded himſelf with great addreſs; but the father's look, when he firſt diſcovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comelineſs, with an open countenance, where genius, courage and philanthropy were characterized, is not to be deſcribed: It was a mixed expreſſion of ſhame, conviction, and repentance; nature had her ſhame in it; parental love ſeemed to catch a glance, as it were, by ſtealth; he was ſilent, and his lips quivered with the ſuppreſt emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made an humble obeiſance; Euphorion ſtretched forth his hand; he ſeized it between his, and reverently preſſed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the ſilence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus in a low voice, that his father had conſented to his requeſt, and he had no longer cauſe to apprehend a ſeparation from his friend: The honeſt lawyer now could no longer expreſs his ecſtacy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with

open

open arms, ſhowered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their ſpirits were a little compoſed, Gemellus requeſted to ſee his brother; a ſummons was accordingly iſſued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contraſt which this meeting exhibited, ſpoke in ſtronger terms than language can ſupply, the decided preference of a public and liberal ſyſtem of education, to the narrow maxims of private and domeſtic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openneſs and cordiality; he hoped all childiſh differences were forgiven; for his ſhare, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret, that he had been ſo long ſeparated from a brother, who was naturally ſo dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he perſuaded himſelf they ſhould be twins in affection, as well as birth. On the ſide of Geminus there was ſome acting, and ſome nature; but both were ſpeciments of the worſt ſort; hypocriſy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a ſorry ſample of her performances.

A few words will ſuffice to wind up their hiſtories, ſo far at leaſt as they need be explained: Euphorion died ſoon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very firſt coming to London was cajoled into a diſgraceful marriage with a caſt-off miſtreſs, whom he became acquainted with; duped by a profligate and plundered by ſharpers, he made a miſerable waſte both of money and reputation, and in the event became a penſioner of his brother.—

Gemellus

Gemellus with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, ſeconded by a very powerful connection, ſoon roſe to a diſtinguiſhed ſituation in the ſtate, where he yet continues to act a conſpicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no leſs reputation to himſelf.

No LXIV.

Tantum religio potuit ſuadere malorum.

(LUCRETIUS.)

Such cruelties religion could perſuade.

(CREECH.)

I REMEMBER to have read an account in a foreign Gazette of a dreadful fire, which broke out ſo ſuddenly in a houſe, where a great many people were aſſembled, that five hundred perſons periſhed miſerably in the flames: The compiler of this account ſubjoins at the foot of the above melancholy article, that it is with ſatisfaction he can aſſure his readers, *all the above perſons were Jews.*

Theſe poor people ſeem the butt, at which all ſects and perſuaſions level their contempt: They are ſojourners and aliens in every kingdom on earth,

earth, and yet few have the hoſpitality to give them a welcome. I do not know any good reaſon why theſe unhappy wanderers are ſo treated, for they do not intrude upon the labourer or manufacturer; they do not burthen the ſtate with their poor, and here at leaſt they neither till the earth, nor work at any craft, but content themſelves in general to hawk about a few refuſe manufactures, and buy up a few caſt-off clothes, which no man methinks would envy them the monopoly of.

It is to the honour of our nation, that we tolerate them in the exerciſe of their religion, for which the Inquiſition would tie them to a ſtake and commit them to the flames. In ſome parts of the world the burning of a few makes a feſtival for all good Chriſtians; it brings rain and plenty in ſeaſons of drought and famine; it makes atonement for the ſins of the people, and mitigates the wrath of an avenging Providence.—Wherever they are obliged to conceal their religion, they generally overact their hypocriſy, and crowd their houſes with ſaints and virgins, whilſt crucifixes, charms and relicks are hung in numbers round their necks. The ſon of Jewiſh parents is brought up in the moſt rigid exerciſes of mortification and penance, and when the deſtined moment is in near approach, when the parent muſt impart the dreadful ſecret of his faith, every contrivance is put in practice to diſguſt and weary him with the laborious functions of their oſtenſible religion: When this preparatory rigour is perceived to take effect, and the age of the ſon is ripe for the occaſion, the father takes him into the inmoſt

inmoſt chamber of his houſe, faſtens all the doors, ſurveys every avenue with the moſt myſterious attention, and drawing his ſword with great ſolemnity, throws himſelf on his knees at his feet, and laying open his breaſt, invites him to thruſt the point to his heart—*For know, my ſon,* he cries, *I am a Jew, as all my fathers were: Kill me therefore on the ſpot, or conform to the religion of your anceſtors, for you are damned as a catholic, if, knowing what you know, you neglect to betray me!* This, as I have reaſon to believe, is no feigned anecdote, but a true account of thoſe ſecret meaſures, which many Jewiſh families to this hour purſue for continuing the practice of their religion and ſecuring themſelves from diſcovery, where the conſequences would be ſo fatal.

Having thus, by way of prelude, briefly informed my readers what theſe miſerable people are ſuffering in ſome countries, where they are ſecretly ſettled, I ſhall now proceed to lay before them a letter, which I have lately received from one of that perſuaſion, complaining of certain indignities and vexations from the humours of our common people, which, although they are but trifles compared to what I have been deſcribing, are nevertheleſs unbecoming the character of ſo illuminated and benevolent a nation as we have the honour to belong to.

SIR,

I AM a man, who ſtick cloſe to my buſineſs, and am married to a ſober induſtrious woman, whom I ſhould be glad now and then to treat with

a play, which is the only public amuſement ſhe has ever expreſſed a wiſh to be indulged in; but I am really under ſuch difficulties, that I dare not carry her thither, and at the ſame time do not like to diſcover my reaſons for it, as I ſhould be ſorry to give her a diſlike to the country ſhe is in.

You muſt know, Sir, I am a Jew, and probably have that national caſt of countenance, which a people ſo ſeparate and unmixt may well be ſuppoſed to have: The conſequence of this is, that I no ſooner enter a playhouſe, than I find all eyes turned upon me; if this were the worſt, I would ſtrive to put as good a face upon it as I could; but this is ſure to be followed up with a thouſand ſcurrilities, which I ſhould bluſh to repeat, and which I cannot think of ſubjecting my wife to hear.

As I ſhould really take great pleaſure in a good play, if I might be permitted to ſit it out in peace, I have tried every part of the houſe, but the front boxes, where I obſerve ſuch a line of bullies in the back, that even if I were a Chriſtian I would not venture amongſt them; but I no ſooner put my head into an obſcure corner of the gallery, than ſome fellow or other roars out to his comrades—*Smoke the Jew!—Smoke the cunning little Iſaac!—Throw him over,* ſays another, *hand over the ſmoutch!—Out with Shylock,* cries a third, *out with the pound of man's fleſh—Buckles and buttons! Spectacles!* bawls out a fourth—and ſo on through the whole gallery, till I am forced to retire out of the theatre, amongſt hootings and hiſſings, with a ſhower of rotten apples and chewed oranges vollied at my head, when all the offence

fence I have given is an humble offer to be a peaceable ſpectator, jointly with them, of the ſame common amuſement.

I hope I ſhall not incur your diſpleaſure if I venture to ſay this is not very manly treatment in a great and generous people, which I always took the Engliſh to be; I have lodged my property, which is not inconſiderable, in this country, and having no abiding-place on this earth, which I could call my own, I have made England my choice, thinking it the ſafeſt aſylum that a wanderer and an alien could fly to; I hope I have not been miſtaken in my opinion of it: It has frequently fallen in my way to ſhew ſome kindneſſes to your countrymen in foreign parts, and ſome are yet living, who, if they could ſpeak the truth, muſt confeſs that their beſt friend in life is a Jew: But of theſe things I ſcorn to boaſt; however, Sir, I muſt own it gave me ſome pain the other night to find myſelf very roughly handled by a ſeafaring fellow, whom I remembered well enough in a moſt piteous condition at Algiers, where I had the good will to relieve him and ſet him at liberty with my own money: I hope he did not recollect me; I ſay I hope not for the honour of human nature, but I am much afraid he did: This I am ſure would be called ingratitude even in a heathen.

I obſerve with much concern that your great writers of plays take delight in hanging us out to public ridicule and contempt on all occaſions: If ever they are in ſearch of a rogue, an uſurer or a buffoon, they are ſure to make a Jew ſerve the turn: I verily believe the odious character of Shylock has brought little leſs perſecution upon

us poor ſcattered ſons of Abraham, than the Inquiſition itſelf. As I am intereſted to know if this blood-thirſty villain really exiſted in nature, and have no means to ſatisfy my curioſity but your favour, I take the liberty humbly to requeſt that you will tell me how the caſe truly ſtands, and whether we muſt of neceſſity own this Shylock; alſo I ſhould be glad to know of what tribe this fellow was, for if ſuch a monſter did exiſt, I have ſtrong ſuſpicion he will turn out a Samaritan. As I cannot doubt but a gentleman of your great learning knows all theſe things correctly, I ſhall wait your anſwer with the moſt anxious impatience; and pray be particular as to the tribe of Judah, for if nothing leſs than half my fortune could ouſt him there, I would pay it down to be rid of ſuch a raſcal.

Your compliance with the above will be the greateſt obligation you can confer upon, Sir,

Your moſt devoted
humble ſervant,
ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS.

P. S. I hope I ſhall not give offence by adding a poſtſcript, to ſay, that if you could perſuade one of the gentlemen or ladies, who write plays (with all of whom I conclude you have great intereſt) to give us poor Jews a kind lift in a new comedy, I am bold to promiſe we ſhould not prove ungrateful on a third night.

A. A.

If I had really that intereſt with my ingenious contemporaries, which *Mr. Abrahams* gives me credit for, I would not heſitate to exert it in his ſervice; but as I am afraid this is not the caſe, I have taken the only method in my power of being uſeful to him, and have publiſhed his letter.

As for Shylock, who is ſo obnoxious to my correſpondent, I wiſh I could prove him the ſon of a Samaritan as clearly as Simon Magus; but I flatter myſelf the next beſt thing for his purpoſe is to prove him the ſon of a poet, and that I will endeavour to do in my very next paper, with this further ſatisfaction to *Mr. Abrahams*, that I do not deſpair of taking him down a ſtep in his pedigree, which for a poetical one is, as it now ſtands, of the very firſt family in the kingdom.

As for the vulgar fun of *ſmoaking a Jew*, which ſo prevails amongſt us, I am perſuaded that my countrymen are much too generous and good-natured to ſport with the feelings of a fellow-creature, if they were once fairly convinced that a Jew is their fellow-creature, and really has fellow-feelings with their own: Satisfy them in this point, and their humanity will do the reſt: I will therefore hope that nothing more is wanting in behalf of my correſpondent, (who ſeems a very worthy man) than to put the following ſhort queſtions to his perſecutors—*Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? Fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame ſummer and winter, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh?*

If you poiſon them, do they not die?—The man, who can give a ſerious anſwer to theſe queſtions, and yet perſiſt in perſecuting an unoffending being, becauſe he is a Jew, whatever country he may claim, or whatever religion he may profeſs, has the ſoul of an inquiſitor, and is fit for nothing elſe but to feed the fires of an *Auto da Fe.*

When I turn my thought to the paſt and preſent ſituation of this peculiar people, I do not ſee how any Chriſtian nation according to the ſpirit of their religion can refuſe admiſſion to the Jews, who, in completion of thoſe very prophecies, on which Chriſtianity reſts, are to be ſcattered and diſſeminated amongſt all people and nations over the face of the earth. It ſeems therefore a thing as inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of thoſe prophecies for any one nation to attempt to expel them, as it would be to incorporate them.

The ſin and obduracy of their forefathers are amongſt the undoubted records of our goſpel, but I doubt if this can be a ſufficient reaſon, why we ſhould hold them in ſuch general odium through ſo many ages, ſeeing how naturally the ſon follows the faith of the father, and how much too general a thing it is amongſt mankind to profeſs any particular form of religion, that devolves upon them by inheritance, rather than by free election and conviction of reaſon founded upon examination.

Let me put the caſe of a man born a Jew and ſettled in a kingdom, where the Inquiſition is in force; can he reconcile his natural feelings to a converſion in favour of that church, which denounces everlaſting damnation againſt him, if he does

does not betray the ſecrets of his parents, and impeach them to the Inquiſition for the concealed religion, which he knows they practiſe, though they do not profeſs?

If we as Chriſtians owe ſome reſpect to the Jews as the people choſen by God to be the keepers of thoſe prophetic records, which announce the coming of the Meſſias we owe it alſo to the truth of hiſtory to confeſs, that the hope indulged by them that his coming would bring temporal as well as ſpiritual ſalvation, was general to all the nation. Their ancient ſages had united the military with the prophetic character; ſome had headed their armies; all had gone forth with them, and even their women had contributed to the downfal of their enemies and oppreſſors: They had been delivered from their Egyptian and Babyloniſh thraldom by the arm of God; the yoke of Rome laid no leſs heavy on their necks; and they regarded their former deliverance as types and forerunners of the greater deliverance to come, when the Son of God ſhould deſcend upon earth in the plenitudes of his power to rid them from their enemies and oppreſſors.

In place of this glittering but deluſive viſion they beheld a meek and humble man, a teacher of peaceful doctrines, who went about preaching forgiveneſs of injuries and ſubmiſſion to authorities. They aſked him (and the queſtion was a proving one) whether he would have them render tribute unto Cæſar: He told them in reply they ſhould render unto Cæſar the things that were Cæſar's, tribute to whom tribute was due: Mortifying reply! extinguiſhing at once their

hopes and their ambition. Still there was ſomething about him that converted many and ſtaggered all; never man ſpoke as he ſpoke, never man did what he did; he had evident power of working miracles; the hand of God was with him, and the operations of nature were under his controul: His power was great, but was not great to their purpoſes, and therefore they denied that it was derived from God; they charged him with being a magician, and caſting out devils by the aid of the prince of the devils: A likely intercourſe between the repreſentatives of light and of darkneſs; a notable colluſion between heaven and hell; if Beelzebub was to be charged with conſpiring to caſt out Beelzebub, it was at leaſt incumbent on the abettors of the charge to prove that any being, endowed with ſuch power, could be ſo devoid of intelligence.

Conviction and rebuke only rendered them more furious and inveterate; deſpairing at length of employing his power againſt Rome, they reſolved upon turning the power of Rome againſt him: They impeached him before Pilate the Roman procurator; Pilate unwillingly at their urgent requiſition ſentenced him to ignominious execution; diſavowing in the ſtrongeſt terms his ſhare in the act, and by the figurative exculpation of waſhing his hands in public view, purifying, (as far as ſuch a ceremony could purify) his tribunal from the guilt of ſpilling innocent blood.

Can it be a wonder with us at this hour that the Jews ſhould perſiſt in avowing their unbelief in the Meſſias? If they admit the evidences of the Chriſtian religion, do they not become their own

own accuſers? And this, although it be no reaſon why a man ſhould ſhut his eyes againſt the truth, will yet be a motive, allowing for the imperfection of human nature, why he ſhould not ſeek for it.

N° LXV.

I SLIGHTLY hinted in my former paper that the Jew of Venice would not turn out to be the proper offspring of Shakeſpear, and as the reſearches of his commentators ſettled this point ſo clearly againſt the legitimacy of Shylock, I may leave it with the reader's judgment to decide whether he formed his drama immediately from the *Pecorone* of *Fiorentina*, borrowing the incident of the caſkets from Boccace; or at ſecond hand, as ſome ſuppoſe, from an old ballad formed upon that ſtory.

But I had a further object in the hint I then dropt, ſuggeſted to me by the peruſal of a very curious old novel written by *Thomas Naſhe*, and publiſhed in 1594, intitled *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton*. The hero is deſcribed to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the Eighth, and is made to play a number of roguiſh pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munſter in Ger-

many, where he falls in with John of Leyden the famous fanatic, and is preſent at his defeat by the Imperialiſts; here he meets Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and accompanies him to Venice, paſſing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carloſtadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a ſeries of ſtrange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a Jew named Zadock, phyſician to Pope Clement VIII. and having forfeited his life to him by the law, the Jew gets the perſon of Jack Wilton in limbo with an intent to anatomize him, and whilſt he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpoſe, the Marchioneſs of Mantua, the Pope's miſtreſs, ſpies him out from her balcony, and being ſmitten with his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands, by perſuading his holineſs to baniſh all the Jews from Rome, and confiſcate their effects, upon a charge ſhe ſets up againſt them.

With this intelligence Zadock is accoſted by a brother Jew called Zachary, "who comes running to him in ſackcloth and aſhes, preſently after his goods were confiſcated, and tells him how he is ſerved and what decree is coming out againſt them all."

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will obſerve by the date was publiſhed before Shakeſpear wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics ſeem agreed that he was converſant in other works of Naſhe, it is highly probable that this hiſtory of *Jacke Wilton* had alſo been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakeſpear took

took his character of Shylock from this of Naſhe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant ſuch an inference; but I ſhall ſubmit the following dialogue as an extraordinary ſpecimen of ſtrong empaſſioned writing, which though it will not ſtand by Skakeſpear's ſcene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terſeneſs, has nevertheleſs a force of expreſſion, that will bear a compariſon with that or any other paſſage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief ſpeaker—"Deſcriptions ſtand by! here is to be expreſſed the fury of Lucifer, when he was turned over heaven's bar for a wrangler: There is a toad-fiſh, which taken out of the water ſwells more than one would think his ſkin could hold, and burſts in his face that touches him; ſo ſwelled Zadock, and was ready to burſt out of his ſkin, and ſhoot his bowels like chain-ſhot full in Zachary's face, for bringing him ſuch baleful tidings; his eyes glared and burned like brimſtone and aqua vitæ ſet on fire in an egg-ſhell; his very noſe lightened glow-worms; his teeth cracked and grated together like the joints of a high building rocking like a cradle, when as a tempeſt takes her full-butt againſt her broadſide: He ſwore and curſt, and ſaid—

"Theſe be they that worſhip that crucified God of Nazareth; here is the fruits of their new-found goſpel; ſulphur and gunpowder carry them all quick to Gehennah! I would ſpend my ſoul willingly to have this triple-headed Pope, with

with all his ſin-abſolved whores, and oil-greaſed prieſts, born like a black ſaint on the devil's backes in proceſſion to the pit of perdition. Would I might ſink preſently into the earth, ſo I might blow up this Rome, this whore of Babylon into the air with my breath! If I muſt be baniſhed, if theſe heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poiſon their ſprings and conduit-heads, whence they receive their water all about the city. I will 'tice all the young children into my houſe, that I can get, and cutting throats, barrel them up in powdering beef tubs, and ſo ſend them to victual the Pope's gallies. Ere the officers come to extend, I will beſtow an hundred pounds on a dole of bread, which I will cauſe to be kneaded with ſcorpion's oil, that may kill more than the plague. I will hire them that make their wafers, or ſacramentary Gods, to mix them after the ſame ſort, ſo in the zeal of their ſuperſtitious religion ſhall they languiſh and drop like carrion. If there be ever a blaſphemous conjurer, that can call the winds from their brazen caves, and make the clouds travel before their time, I will give him the other hundred pounds to diſturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to ſower all the wines in Rome, and turn them to vinegar: As long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinchingly upon them."

"Zadock, Zadock," ſaid Zachary cutting him off, 'thou threateneſt the air, whilſt we periſh here on earth: It is the counteſs Juliana, the Marquis of Mantua's wife, and no other, that hath

hath complotted our confuſion; aſk not how, but inſiſt on my words, and aſſiſt in revenge.'

"As how, as how?" ſaid Zadock, ſhrugging and ſhrubbing; 'More happy than the patriarchs were I, if cruſht to death with the greateſt torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quinteſſenced out of me one quart of precious poiſon. I have a leg with an iſſue, ſhall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worſe than any ſerpent's? If thou wilt, I will go to a houſe that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running ſore upon me, I will come and deliver her a ſupplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction."

Zadock in concluſion is taken up and executed, and the deſcription of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumſtance attending them is minutely delineated in colours full as ſtrong as the above.

I perſuade myſelf the reader will not be diſpleaſed, if I lay before him one extract more, in which he ridicules the affected dreſs and manners of the travelled gentlemen of his day: If we contemplate it as a painting of two hundred years ſtanding, I think it muſt be allowed to be a very curious ſketch.

"What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falſehood in friendſhip, perfect ſlovenry and to love no man, but for my pleaſure? I have known ſome that have continued there by the ſpace of half a dozen years, and when they come home, they have hid a little weeriſh lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the duſt in the ſtreet in their

their long cloaks of grey paper, and ſpoken Engliſh ſtrangely. Nought elſe have they profited by their travel, but to diſtinguiſh the true Bourdeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gaſcoigne wine from wine of Orleans; yea and peradventure this alſo, to eſteem of the p—x as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

"From Spain what bringeth our traveller? A ſcull-crowned hat of the faſhion of an old deep porringer; a diminutive alderman's ruff with ſhort ſtrings, like the droppings of a man's noſe; a cloſe-bellied doublet coming down with a peake behind as far as the crupper, and cut off before by the breaſt-bone like a partlet or neckercher; a wide pair of gaſcoynes, which ungathered would make a couple of women's riding-kirtles; huge hangers, that have half a cow-hide in them; a rapier that is lineally deſcended from half a dozen dukes at the leaſt: Let his cloak be as long or as ſhort as you will; if long, it is faced with Turkey grogeran ravelled; if ſhort, it hath a cape like a calf's tongue, and is not ſo deep in his whole length, nor ſo much cloth in it I will juſtify as only the ſtanding cape of a Dutchman's cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either ſhoe as much taffaty for his tyings, as would ſerve for an ancient; which ſerveth him (if you would have the myſtery of it) of the own accord for a ſhoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes a diſh-cloth of his own country in compariſon of Spain; but if you urge him particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no inſtance, but in Spain they have better bread than any we have;

have; when (poor hungry ſlaves!) they may crumble it into water well enough and make miſons with it, for they have not a good morſel of meat, except it be ſalt pilchers, to eat with it, all the year long; and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in foul ſtraw every night.

"Italy, the paradiſe of the earth, and the epicure's heaven, how doth it form our young maſter? It makes him to kiſs his hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a ſtarveling, and play at *Hey-paſs-repaſs-come-aloft*, when he ſalutes a man: From thence he brings the art of atheiſm, the art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the art of poiſoning, the art of ſodomitry: The only probable good thing they have to keep us from utterly condemning it, is, that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet-knight; which is by interpretation a fine cloſe lecher, a glorious hypocrite: It is now a privy note amongſt the better ſort of men, when they would ſet a ſingular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to ſay he hath been in Italy."

I hope I need not obſerve that theſe deſcriptions are not here quoted for the truth they contain, but for the curioſity of them. Thomas Naſhe was the bittereſt ſatiriſt and controverſialiſt of the age he lived in.

No LXVI.

I WAS ſome nights ago much entertained with an excellent repreſentation of Mr. Congreve's comedy of *The Double Dealer*. When I reflected upon the youth of the author and the merit of the play, I acknowledged the truth of what the late Dr. Samuel Johnſon ſays in his life of this poet, that *amongſt all the efforts of early genius, which literary hiſtory records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more ſurpaſſes the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve.*

The author of this comedy in this dedication informs us, that he *deſigned the moral firſt, and to that moral invented the fable*; and does not know *that he has borrowed one hint of it any where.—I made the plot*, ſays he, *as ſtrong as I could; becauſe it was ſingle; and I made it ſingle becauſe I would avoid confuſion, and was reſolved to preſerve the three unities of the drama.* As it is impoſſible not to give full credit to this aſſertion, I muſt conſider the reſemblance which many circumſtances in *The Double Dealer* bear to thoſe in a comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, intitled *Cupid's Revenge*, as a caſual coincidence; and I think the learned biographer above quoted had good reaſon to pronounce of Congreve, *that he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue.*

Mellafont,

Mellafont, the nephew and heir of Lord Touchwood, being engaged to Cynthia, daughter of Sir Paul Pliant, the traverſing this match forms the object or the plot, on which this comedy of *The Double Dealer* is conſtructed; the intrigue conſiſts in the various artifices employed by Lady Touchwood and her agents for that purpoſe.

That the object is (as the author himſelf ſtates it to be) *ſingly* this, will appear upon conſidering, that although the ruin of Mellafont's fortune is for a time effected by theſe contrivances, that are employed for traverſing his marriage, yet it is rather a meaſure of neceſſity and ſelf-defence in Lady Touchwood, than of original deſign; it ſprings from the artifice of incident, and belongs more properly to the intrigue, than to the object of the plot.

The making or obſtructing marriages is the common hinge, on which moſt comic fables are contrived to turn, but in this match of Mellafont's, which the author has taken for the groundwork of his plot, I muſt obſerve that it would have been better to have given more intereſt to an event, which he has made the main object of the play: He has taken little pains to recommend the parties to his ſpectators, or to paint their mutual attachment with any warmth of colouring. Who will feel any concern whether Mellafont marries Cynthia or not, if they themſelves appear indifferent on the occaſion, and upon the eve of their nuptials converſe in the following ſtrain?

Mel.

Mel. *You ſeem thoughtful, Cynthia.*

Cyn. *I am thinking, tho' marriage makes man and wife one fleſh, it leaves them ſtill two fools, and they become more conſpicuous by ſetting off one another.*

Mel. *That's only when two fools meet, and their follies are oppoſed.*

Cyn. *Nay, I have known two wits meet, and by the oppoſition of their wit, render themſelves as ridiculous as fools. 'Tis an odd game we are going to play at; what think you of drawing ſtakes, and giving over in time?*

Mel. *No, hang it, that's not endeavouring to win, becauſe it is poſſible we may loſe*——*&c. &c.*

This ſcene, which proceeds throughout in the ſame ſtrain, ſeems to confirm Dr. Johnſon's remark, that *Congreve formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he ſuppoſed to conſiſt in gay remarks and unexpected anſwers*—that *his ſcenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery or paſſion; his perſonages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every ſentence is to ward or ſtrike; the conteſt of ſmartneſs is never intermitted; and his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruſcations.*

There is but one more interview between Cynthia and Mellafont, which is the opening of the fourth act, and this is of ſo flat and inſipid a ſort, as to be with reaſon omitted in repreſentation: I think therefore it may be juſtly obſerved, that this match, for the prevention of which artifices of ſo virulent and diabolical a nature are practiſed by Lady Touchwood and *The Double Dealer*, is not preſſed upon the feelings of the ſpectators in ſo intereſting a manner, as it ſhould and might have been.

Having

Having remarked upon the object of the plot, I ſhall next conſider the intrigue; and for this purpoſe we muſt methodically trace the conduct of Lady Touchwood, who is the poet's chief engine, and that of her under-agent Maſkwell.

The ſcene lies in Lord Touchwood's houſe, but whether in town or country does not appear.—Sir Paul Pliant, his lady and daughter, are naturally brought thither, upon the day preceding Cynthia's marriage, to adjuſt the ſettlement: Lord and Lady Froth, Careleſs and Briſk, are viſiters on the occaſion; Mellafont and Maſkwell are inmates: This diſpoſition is as happy as can be deviſed. The incident related by Mellafont to Careleſs, of the attempt upon him made by Lady Touchwood, artfully prepares us to expect every thing that revenge and paſſion can ſuggeſt for fruſtrating his happineſs; and it is judicious to repreſent Mellafont incredulous as to the criminality of Maſkwell's intercourſe with Lady Touchwood; for if he had believed it upon Careleſs's ſuggeſtion, it would have made his blindneſs to the character of Maſkwell not only weak, (which in fact it is) but unnatural and even guilty.

Maſkwell in the firſt act makes general promiſes to Lady Touchwood that he will defeat Mellafont's match—*You ſhall poſſeſs and ruin him too.*—The lady preſſes him to explain particulars; he opens no other reſource but that of poſſeſſing Lady Pliant with an idea that Mellafont is fond of her—*She muſt be thoroughly perſuaded that Mellafont loves her.*—So ſhallow a contrivance as this cannot eſcape the lady's penetration, and ſhe naturally anſwers—*I don't ſee what you can propoſe from.*

from ſo trifling a deſign; for her firſt converſing with Mellafont will convince her of the contrary. In fact, the author's good ſenſe was well aware how weak this expedient is, and it ſeems applied to no other purpoſe than as an incident to help on the under-plot, by bringing forward the comic effect of Lady Pliant's character, and that of Sir Paul: Maſkwell himſelf is ſo fairly gravelled bythe obſervation, that he confeſſes he *does not depend upon it*; but he obſerves that *it will prepare ſomething elſe, and gain him leiſure to lay a ſtronger plot; if I gain a little time,* ſays he, *I ſhall not want contrivance.*

In the ſecond act this deſign upon Lady Pliant is played off, and Maſkwell in an interview with Mellafont avows the plot, and ſays—*to tell you the truth, I encouraged it for your diverſion.* He proceeds to ſay, that in order to gain the confidence of Lady Touchwood, *he had pretended to have been long ſecretly in love with Cynthia;* that thereby he had drawn forth *the ſecrets of her heart,* and that *if he accompliſh'd her deſigns, ſhe had engaged to put Cynthia with all her fortune into his power:* He then diſcloſes by ſoliloquy that his motive for *double dealing* was founded in his paſſion for Cynthia, and obſerves that *the name of rival cuts all its ties aſunder and is a general acquittance.* This proceeding is in nature and is good comedy.

The third act opens with a ſcene between Lord and Lady Touchwood, which is admirably conceived and executed with great ſpirit; I queſtion if there is any thing of the author ſuperior to this dialogue. The deſign of alarming the jealouſy and reſentment of Lord Touchwood now appears

appears to have originated with the lady, although Maſkwell was privy to it, and *ready for a cue to come in and confirm all, had there been occaſion;* he propoſes to her to ſay that he was *privy to Mellafont's deſign, but that he uſed his utmoſt endeavours to diſſuade him from it;* and on the credit, he thinks to eſtabliſh by this proof of his honour and honeſty, he grounds another plot, which he keeps as his ultimate and moſt ſecret reſource, that *of cheating her* [Lady Touchwood] *as well as the reſt.* He now reveals to Mellafont a criminal aſſignation with Lady Touchwood in her chamber at eight, and propoſes to him to come and ſurprize them, together, *and then*, ſays he, *it will be hard if you cannot bring her to any conditions.*

This appears to me to be a very dangerous experiment, and ſcarce within the bounds of nature and probability. If Maſkwell, under cover of the propoſal, had in view nothing more than the introduction of Mellafont into Lady Touchwood's bedchamber, there to put them together, and then to bring Lord Touchwood ſecretly upon them in the moment of their interview, his contrivance could not have been better laid for the purpoſe of confirming the impreſſion, which that lord had received againſt his nephew; in which Maſkwell had nothing more to do than to appriſe the lady of his deſign, and ſhe of courſe could have managed the interview to the purpoſes of the plot, and effectually have compleated the ruin of Mellafont: This, it ſhould ſeem, would have anſwered his object compleatly, for he would have riſen upon the ruin of Mellafont, poſſeſſed himſelf of Lord Touchwood's favour, bound Lady Touch-

wood

wood to concealment of his villainy, and been as able to lay his train for the poſſeſſion of Cynthia, as by any other mode he could chuſe, for obtaining her; but if he put it to the iſſue of a ſurprize upon Lady Touchwood, when ſhe was not prepared for the management of that ſurprize, what was he to expect from the introduction of Lord Touchwood, but diſcovery and defeat? Was it not natural to ſuppoſe Mellafont would ſeize the opportunity of reproaching her with her criminality with Maſkwell? It was for that very purpoſe he brings him thither; he tells him *it will be hard if he cannot then bring her to any conditions*;—and if this was to paſs under the terror of his reproaches, how could Maſkwell ſet Lord Touchwood upon liſtening to their converſation and not apprehend for a conſequence apparently ſo unavoidable? He puts every thing to riſque by propoſing to Mellafont to conceal himſelf in Lady Touchwood's bedchamber, whilſt ſhe is in the cloſet; he then meets Lord Touchwood, appoints him to come to the lobby by the bed-chamber in a quarter of an hour's time; he keeps his aſſignation with the lady, Mellafont ſtarts from his hiding-place, and Maſkwell eſcapes, but ſoon returns, ſecretly introducing Lord Touchwood to liſten to the dialogue between his lady and nephew: She accidentally diſcovers him without his being ſeen by Mellafont, and turns that accidental diſcovery againſt Mellafont. What a combination of improbabilities is here fortuitouſly thrown together to produce this lucky incident! Could Maſkwell reaſonably preſume upon a chance ſo beyond expectation? Every thing is made to

turn

turn upon the precarious point of a minute: If Lord Touchwood, who was appointed for a quarter of an hour, had anticipated that appointment, if Lady Touchwood had been leſs punctual to her aſſignation, if Mellafont had happened to have dropt one word in his uncle's hearing, charging her with his diſcovery, as had been agreed, or if either ſhe had happened not to have ſeen Lord Touchwood, or Mellafont had ſeen him; in ſhort, if any one thing had turned up, which ought to have come to paſs, or otherwiſe than it was made to come to paſs by the greateſt violence to probability, Maſkwell was inevitably undone: It muſt be owned he laid a train for his own deſtruction, but ſtage incident reſcued him; and this, with the lady's adroitneſs, effaces the improbability, when it paſſes in repreſentation, and keeps nature out of ſight. Had Mellafont told the plain ſtory to his uncle, after Lady Touchwood had ſo unexpectedly turned it againſt him, it would at leaſt have put the plot to riſque, and of this the author ſeems ſo conſcious, that he does not ſuffer him to attempt a ſingle word in his defence; to ſave his villain, he is compelled to ſacrifice his hero.

It is not ſufficient to ſay that a poet has his characters in his power, and can faſhion incidents according to his own diſcretion; he muſt do no violence to nature and probability for the purpoſes of his plot.

Maſkwell having in this manner eſcaped with ſucceſs, begins next to put in execution his plot for obtaining Cynthia, and this conſtitutes the intrigue and cataſtrophe of the fifth act: His

plan

plan is as follows—Having imparted to Lord Touchwood his love for Cynthia by the vehicle of a ſoliloquy, which is to be overheard by his lordſhip, he propoſes to himſelf to carry off Cynthia to St. Alban's with the chaplain in the coach, there to be married; this ſhe is to be trepanned into by perſuading her that the chaplain is Mellafont, and Mellafont is brought to co-operate, by a promiſe that he ſhall elope with Cynthia under that diſguiſe, and that the chaplain ſhall be made to follow on the day after and then marry him to Cynthia; with this view Mellafont is appointed to meet Maſkwell in one chamber, and Cynthia in another; the real chaplain is to be paſſed upon the lady for Mellafont, and Mellafont is to be left in the lurch; this plot upon Cynthia Maſkwell confides to Lord Touchwood, telling him there is no other way to poſſeſs himſelf of her but by ſurprize.

Though the author undoubtedly meant his villain ſhould in the end outwit himſelf, yet he did not mean him to attempt impoſſibilities, and the abſurdities of this contrivance are ſo many, that I know not which to mention firſt. How was Maſkwell to poſſeſs himſelf of Cynthia by this ſcheme? By what force or fraud is he to accompliſh the object of marrying her? We muſt conclude he was not quite ſo deſperate as to ſacrifice all his hopes from Lord Touchwood by any violence upon her perſon; there is nothing in his character to warrant the conjecture. It is no leſs unaccountable how Mellafont could be caught by this project, and induced to equip himſelf in the chaplain's gown to run off with a lady, who had pledged

pledged herſelf to him never to marry any other man: There was no want of conſent on her part; a reconciliation with Lord Touchwood was the only object he had to look to, and how was that to be effected by this elopement with Cynthia?

The jealouſy of Lady Touchwood was another rock on which Maſkwell was ſure to ſplit: It would have been natural for him to have provided againſt this danger by binding my lord to ſecrecy, and the lady's pride of family was a ready plea for that purpoſe; when he was talking to himſelf for the purpoſe of being overheard by Lord Touchwood, he had nothing to do but to throw in this obſervation amongſt the reſt to bar that point againſt diſcovery.

The reader will not ſuppoſe I would ſuggeſt a plan of operation for *The Double Dealer* to ſecure him againſt diſcovery; I am only for adding probability and common precaution to his projects; I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton with ſucceſs; there is a moral in a villain outwitting himſelf; but the cataſtrophe would in my opinion have been far more brilliant, if his ſchemes had broke up with more force of contrivance; laid as they are, they melt away and diſſolve by their own weakneſs and inconſiſtency; Lord and Lady Touchwood, Careleſs and Cynthia, all join in the diſcovery; every one but Mellafont ſees through the plot, and he is blindneſs itſelf.

Mr. Congreve, in his dedication above mentioned, defends himſelf againſt the objection to ſoliloquies; but I conceive he is more open to criticiſm for the frequent uſe he makes of liſten-

ing; Lord Touchwood three times has recourſe to this expedient.

Of the characters in this comedy Lady Touchwood, though of an unfavourable caſt, ſeems to have been the chief care of the poet, and is well preſerved throughout; her elevation of tone, nearly approaching to the tragic, affords a ſtrong relief to the lighter ſketches of the epiſodical perſons, Sir Paul and Lady Pliant, Lord and Lady Froth, who are highly entertaining, but much more looſe than the ſtage in its preſent ſtate of reformation would endure: Nothing more can be ſaid of Careleſs and Briſk, than that they are the young men of the theatre, at the time when they were in repreſentation. Of Maſkwell enough has been ſaid in theſe remarks, nor need any thing be added to what has been already obſerved upon Mellafont and Cynthia. As for the moral of the play, which the author ſays he deſigned in the firſt place and then applied the fable to it, it ſhould ſeem to have been his principal object in the formation of the comedy, and yet it is not made to reach ſeveral characters of very libertine principles, who are left to reform themſelves at leiſure; and the plot, though ſubordinate to the moral, ſeems to have drawn him off from executing his good intentions ſo compleatly as thoſe profeſſions may be underſtood to engage for.

No LXVII.

Ulcera animi ſananda magis quam corporis.

(EX SENTENT.)

Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd?

(MACBETH.)

IT ſeems as if moſt of the antient writers of hiſtory thought no events worth recording to poſterity but accounts of battles and ſieges and the overthrow of empires; as if men were to be celebrated only in proportion to the devaſtation they had made of the human ſpecies. As my reſpect, on the contrary, is directed chiefly to thoſe peaceable characters, who have been the benefactors of mankind, it is with pleaſure I diſcovered an anecdote of an antient king of Egypt of this deſcription, named *Oſymanduas*: This good prince, amongſt other praiſe-worthy actions, has the credit of making the firſt public library in that learned nation, before books were collected at Athens by Piſiſtratus: *Oſymanduas* made no ſcruple to convert one of the chief temples to this generous uſe, and gave it in charge to the prieſts belonging to it to digeſt and arrange his collection; when this was done, he laid it open to the public, and by a very appoſite and ingenious device, which he

cauſed to be inſcribed upon the front of the edifice, invited all his ſubjects to enter in and partake of his benefaction: He conſidered it as the duty of a good king to provide againſt the mental as well as bodily ailments of his people; it appeared to him that books were the beſt medicines for the mind of man, and conſequently that a collection of books, ſuch as his library contained, might well be intitled *a magazine or warehouſe of medicines for the mind*; with this idea he directed the following words to be engraved over the door of his library in conſpicuous characters—ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον. There is a beautiful ſimplicity in the thought, which ſeems to give an inſight into the benevolent deſign of the donor; and as I hold it a more noble office to preſerve the mind in health, than to keep the body after death from corruption, I cannot heſitate to give *Oſymanduas* more credit for this benefaction of a library, than if he had been founder of the pyramids.

As the diſtempers of the mind may be figuratively claſſed under the ſeveral characters of thoſe maladies, which are incidental to the body, ſo the ſeveral deſcriptions of books may very well be ſorted into the various *genera* of medicines, which practice has applied to thoſe reſpective diſtempers. A library, thus pharmaceutically diſpoſed, would have the appearance of a diſpenſatory, and might be properly enough ſo called; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that thoſe great benefactors to literature, Ratcliffe, Mead, Sloane, Hunter and others have had this very idea of *Oſymanduas* in their

their minds, when they founded their libraries. If therefore it ſhould be thought agreeable to the will of the donors, and a proper mark of reſpect to their memories, ſo to arrange their collections, now in the repoſitories of Oxford and the Britiſh Muſeum, it will be neceſſary to find out a different ſet of titles, and inſtead of ſorting them as they now are into the compartments of *The Hiſtorians*; *The Poets*; *The Divines*, it will be right to ſet up new inſcriptions in their places, and intitle them, *The Alteratives*; *the Stimulatives*; *The Narcotics*. I need not point out to the learned keepers of theſe libraries how to proceed in an arrangement, to which their own judgments are ſo fully competent; nothing more will be required of them, but to aſcertain the particular ſpecies of diſeaſe, which the mind of the patient is affected with, and ſend him forthwith to the proper claſs of authors for his cure.

For inſtance; if the complaint ariſes from cold humours and a want of free perſpiration by a ſtoppage and conſtipation of the pores of the mind, by which the feelings are rendered inert, and deprived of that proper emanation and expanſion, which the health of the ſoul requires; let ſuch a one be ſhut into the warm bath of *the Sudorifics*, which I need not explain to be *the Satyriſts*, and they will ſoon open his pores and diſperſe all obſtructions. If the mental diſeaſe be of the inflammatory and feveriſh ſort, attended with fits and paroxyſms of anger, envy, revenge, and other atrabilious ſymptoms, which cannot be miſtaken, it will be proper to turn the patient into the cell of the *Moraliſts*, who will naturally be

found under the title of *The Coolers and Sedatives:* On the contrary, where the complaint is of the lethargic nature, in which *Irritation* is neceſſary, the *Controverſialiſts* will furniſh him a remedy: In ſhort, we need only ſay, that when the ſeveral authors are properly arranged, every caſe may find its cure. The comic writers will act as *Carminatives* to diſpel the vapours; books of travels as *Cathartics* to procure a motion; memoirs and novels will operate as *Provocatives*, politics as *Corroſives*, and panegyrics as *Emetics*. Two compartments ſhould be kept apart and ſpecially diſtinguiſhed, viz. the ſacred writings under the title of *Reſtoratives*, and the works of the infidels under the denominations of *deadly Poiſons:* The former will be ſovereign in all galloping conſumptions of diſſipation, and the latter will be reſorted to by none but ſuicides and deſperadoes.

I ſhould now diſmiſs the ſubject, but that I had forgotten to ſpeak of the *Eſſayiſts*, who from their miſcellaneous properties certainly come under the claſs of *Compounds*, and cannot therefore be ſo preciſely ſpecified; as they are applicable to chronic diſeaſes rather than acute ones, they may very well ſtand in the liſt of *Correctors*, which taken in a regular courſe and under proper regimen are found very efficacious in all caſes, where the conſtitution is impaired by exceſs and bad habits of living: They ſeem moſt to reſemble thoſe medicinal ſprings, which are impregnated with a variety of properties, and, when critically analyzed, are found to contain ſalt, nitre, ſteel, ſulphur, chalk and other calcareous particles: When the more reſpectable names of *Bath*, *Spa*, *Pyrmont*,

Pyrmont, *Seltzer*, and others, are diſpoſed of, I am not without hopes theſe humbler eſſays, which my candid readers are now in the courſe of taking, may be found to have the wholeſome properties of *Tunbridge Waters*.

It is ſuppoſed that this library of the venerable *Oſymanduas* deſcended to the Ptolemies, augmented probably by the intermediate monarchs, and ultimately brought to perfection by the learned and munificent Philadelphus, ſon of Ptolemy Lagus, ſo well known for his Greek tranſlation of the Hebrew Septuagint.

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages: I read of no collections antecedent to thoſe made by Æmilius Paulus and Lucullus, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free acceſs to his library, but neither in his life-time, nor at his death, made it public property. Cornelius Sylla before his dictatorſhip plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and theſe he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public uſe. This was at laſt undertaken by Julius Cæſar upon an imperial ſcale not long before his death, and the learned M. Varro was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library; its completion, which was interrupted by the death of Julius and the civil wars ſubſequent thereto, was left for Auguſtus, who aſſigned a fund out of the Dalmatian booty for this purpoſe, which he put into the hands of the celebrated

Aſinius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to Liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections in addition to his own purchaſes, opened the firſt public library in Rome in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterwards inſtituted by the ſame emperor, which he called the *Octavian* and *Palatine Libraries*; the firſt, ſo named in honour of his ſiſter, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title ſpecifies, was in the imperial palace: Theſe libraries were royally endowed with eſtabliſhments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus the grammarian was one.

The emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the *Via ſacra*, in which quarter he himſelf reſided. Veſpaſian endowed a public library in the temple of peace. Trajan founded the famous *Ulpian Library* in his new forum, from whence it was at laſt removed to the *Collis Viminalis* to furniſh the baths of Dioclesian. The *Capitoline Library* is ſuppoſed to have been founded by Domitian, and was conſumed, together with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a ſtroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The emperor Hadrian enriched his favourite villa with a ſuperb collection of books, and lodged them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. Theſe were in ſucceeding times ſo multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the ſeveral emperors, that in the reign of Conſtantine, Rome contained no leſs than twenty-nine public libraries,

ries, of which the principal were the *Palatine* and *Ulpian*.

Though books were then collected at an immenſe expence, ſeveral private citizens of fortune made conſiderable libraries. Tyrannio the grammarian even in the time of Sylla was poſſeſſed of three thouſand volumes; Epaphroditus, a grammarian alſo, had in later times collected thirty thouſand of the moſt ſelect and valuable books; but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the emperor Gordian a library containing no leſs than ſixty-two thouſand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to theſe expences, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furniſhing their banquetting rooms with books, not for uſe, but for ſhew, and in a mere ſpirit of profuſion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always ſupplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongſt the other recreations of the place; in like manner their country houſes and even public offices were provided for the uſe and amuſement of their gueſts or clients.

The Roman libraries in point of diſpoſition much reſembled the preſent faſhion obſerved in our public ones, for the books were not placed againſt the walls, but brought into the area of the room in ſeparate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in preſſes: The intervals between thoſe compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid plates of glaſs and ivory, and marble baſſo-relievos. In theſe compartments, which were furniſhed with deſks and couches for the accommodation of readers, it was uſual to place the ſtatues of learned men, one in each; and this we

may obſerve is one of the few elegancies, which Rome was not indebted to Greece for; the firſt idea having been ſtarted by the accompliſhed Pollio, who in his library on Mount Aventine ſet up the ſtatue of his illuſtrious contemporary Varro, even whilſt he was living: It was uſual alſo to ornament the preſs, where any conſiderable author's works were contained, with his figure in braſs or plaiſter of a ſmall ſize.

There is one more circumſtance attending theſe public libraries, which ought not to be omitted, as it marks the liberal ſpirit of their inſtitution: It was uſual to appropriate an adjoining building for the uſe and accommodation of ſtudents, where every thing was furniſhed at the emperor's coſt; they were lodged, dieted and attended by ſervants ſpecially appointed, and ſupplied with every thing, under the eye of the chief librarian, that could be wanting, whilſt they were engaged in their ſtudies and had occaſion to conſult the books: This eſtabliſhment was kept up in a very princely ſtile at Alexandria in particular, where a college was endowed and a ſpecial fund appointed for its ſupport, with a preſident, and proper officers under him, for the entertainment of learned ſtrangers, who reſorted thither from various parts to conſult thoſe invaluable collections, which that famous library contained in all branches of ſcience.

N° LXVIII.

PEOPLE have a cuſtom of excuſing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their paſſions, as if they were under the controul of a blind neceſſity, and ſinned becauſe they could not help it. Before any man reſorts to this kind of excuſe it behoves him to examine the juſtice of it, and to be ſure that theſe paſſions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are ſtrictly natural, and do not ſpring either from the neglect of education or the crime of ſelf-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly ſo called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; ſome paſſions however make their appearance in this ſtage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; ſome follow us to the grave, others forſake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be reviewed under three periods, infancy, youth, and manhood; the firſt includes that portion of time before reaſon ſhews itſelf; in the ſecond it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, ſupport and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a perſon's reſponſibility bears reſpect to his reaſon, ſo do human puniſhments bear reſpect

to

to his reſponſibility: Infants and boys are chaſtiſed by the hand of the parent or the maſter; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed miſchief in the firſt caſe becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loſs of reaſon by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuſe himſelf by the plea of any ſudden impulſe of paſſion. If a priſoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger, luſt or malice are inherent in his conſtitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence; yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontroulable propenſity of their natural deſires, as if the Creator had ſet up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were neceſſitated to obey.

This miſerable ſubterfuge is no leſs abject than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whoſe inherent attribute is free agency and whoſe diſtinguiſhing faculty is reaſon, than to ſhelter himſelf from the dread of reſponſibility under the humiliating apology of mental ſlavery? It is as if he ſhould ſay—*Excuſe the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow inſtinct and renounce all claim to reaſon; my actions govern me, not I my actions*;—and yet the people, to whom I allude, generally ſet up this plea in excuſe for thoſe paſſions in particular, which have their origin in that ſtage of life, when the human mind is in the uſe and poſſeſſion of reaſon; an impoſition ſo glaring that it convicts itſelf; notwithſtanding this it is too often ſeen, that whilſt the ſenſualiſt is avowing the irreſiſtible violence

violence of his propenſities, vanity ſhall receive it not only as an atonement for the baſeſt attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay ſuch is the perverſion of principle in ſome men, that it ſhall paſs with them as a recommendation even of that ſex, the purity of whoſe minds ſhould be their ſovereign grace and ornament.

The paſſion of fear ſeems coæval with our nature; if they, who have our infancy in charge, ſuffer this paſſion to fix and increaſe upon us; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and preſent to our ſight frightful objects to ſcare us; if they practiſe on our natural and defenceleſs timidity by blows and menaces, and cruſh us into abſolute ſubjection of ſpirit in our early years, a human creature thus abuſed has enough to plead in excuſe for cowardice; and yet this, which is the ſtrongeſt defence we can make upon the impulſe of paſſion, is perhaps the only one we never reſort to: In moſt other paſſions we call that conſtitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of paſſions, to which the human mind is liable, it ſhould ſeem as if reaſon, which is expreſsly implanted in us for their correction and controul, was greatly overmatched by ſuch a hoſt of turbulent inſurgents; but upon a cloſer examination we may find that reaſon has many aids and allies, and though her antagoniſts are alſo many and mighty, yet that they are divided and diſtracted, whilſt ſhe can in all caſes turn one paſſion againſt another, ſo as to counterbalance any power by its oppoſite, and make evil inſtruments in her hands

conducive

conducive to moral ends: Avarice for inſtance will act as a counterpoiſe to luſt and intemperance, whilſt vanity on the other hand will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honeſt, and pride will ſometimes make a coward brave.

Obſerve the manners of *Palpatius* in company with his patron; aſſiduous, humble, obliging; for ever ſmiling, and ſo ſupple and obſequious, you would think he had no will of his own, and was born for the uſes and occaſions of others: Follow Palpatius to his houſe, ſee him with his wife and children, hear him dictate to his ſervants and the needy dependants, who make ſuit through him to his principal, you will find all things reverſed; the ſycophant turns out a tyrant, and he is only indebted to his hypocriſy for keeping his inſolence out of ſight.

Procax is one of the moſt diſſolute men living; he is handſome, impudent, and inſinuating, qualifications that enſure his ſucceſs with the ladies: He profeſt the moſt vehement paſſion for Fulvia; but Fulvia was on the point of marrying Vetulus, a rich old man, who wanted an heir, and till that event took place ſhe held out againſt Procax upon motives of convenience only: Fulvia ſoon became the wife of Vetulus; ſhe had no longer any repugnance to be the miſtreſs of Procax; but the ſame man, who had pleaded the irreſiſtible violence of his deſires before marriage, now pretended conſcience, and drew back from her advances; nay he did more, he put Vetulus upon his guard, and Fulvia's virtue was too cloſely watched to be in any future danger: What ſudden change was this in Procax? Vetulus

Vetulus had no heirs, and Procax had a contingent intereſt in the entail of his eſtate.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings, was ſolicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—*It is not for myſelf, madam*, ſaid the wretched creature, *it is for my huſband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief.*—Splendida directed her eyes towards the ſpot, and ſaw a ſickly object ſtretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot ſoldier: Her heart was touched, and ſhe drew out her purſe, which was full of guineas: The blood ruſhed into the beggar's meagre viſage at the ſight; Splendida turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulſe was loſt; unhappily for the ſuppliant, Splendida was alone and without a witneſs: She put her hand once more into her pocket, and taking out a ſolitary ſhilling, dropt it into the ſhrivelled palm that was ſtretched out to receive it, and drove on. Splendida returned home, dreſt herſelf, and went to a certain great lady's aſſembly; a ſubſcription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actreſs; the lady condeſcended to receive ſubſcriptions in perſon, and delivered a ticket to each contributor: Splendida drew forth the ſame purſe, and wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar: The room rang with applauſes of her charity—*I give it*, ſays ſhe, *to her virtues, rather than to her talents; I beſtow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actreſs.* Splendida on her return home took out her accompt-book, and ſet down twenty-one pounds one ſhilling

ſhilling to the article of charity; the ſhilling indeed Heaven audited on the ſcore of alms, the pounds were poſted to the account of vanity.

N° LXIX.

Favete linguis! (HORAT.)

AN ingenious author, who ſome years ago publiſhed a volume under the title of *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, has the following remark:——*You would know how a man* talks *to judge of his underſtanding, and yet poſſibly (however great the paradox) the very contrary method might be leſs fallible; the knowing how he* hears *might ſhew it you much better.* As I had not ſeen this book when I gave my account of *Mr. Jedediah Fiſh*'s Academy for *Hearing*, it gave me great pleaſure to fall in with the ſentiment of a contemporary, who whilſt he mixes with the world as a man of faſhion, reviews the living manners with the ſagacity of a philoſopher. I tranſcribed the whole article, from which the above paſſage is extracted, and ſent it to *Mr. Fiſh*: It will be found in the author's volume, N° LXXI. and is aptly illuſtrated by two ſketches of character; one of which, called Cleon, is a talker, and Theocles, the other, is a hearer.

I have

I have been favoured with the following anſwer from *Mr. Fiſh*.

SIR,

Your's is received: I approve of the extract, and like the author's manner well: He deals in ideas rather than in words; ſome men talk more than they hear; others write more than they read. As benevolence ſhould act without diſplay, ſo good advice ſhould be given in few words.

I ſend you the following caſes according to deſire.

A young man, known to his familiars by the name of *Jack Charter*, came under my hands: The ſymptoms of his diſorder may be thus deſcribed—*Garrulitas vix intermiſſa cum cachinno tantum non continuo.*—Garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon caſe, when the provocation thereunto ſprings from jokes of a man's own making; but there was this peculiarity in *Mr. Chatter's* diſeaſe, that he would laugh where no jeſt was, or even at the jeſts of other people, rather than not laugh at all. I ſoon perceived this to be occaſioned by exceedingly weak intellects, and an even row of very white teeth. As his malady would not yield to the ordinary preſcriptions, I was forced to throw him into a regimen of *ſkating*, for which the ſeaſon was then favourable: The operation ſucceeded to my warmeſt wiſhes, and the patient was effectually ſilenced by a happy diſlocation of two of his fore-teeth from a fall on the ice.

Miſs Kitty Scandal was put into my hands by her acquaintance

acquaintance in a very deplorable condition; was the *Cacoëthes defamationis ſcabioſum*: The com mon antidotes had no effect upon her; I ac miniſtered *detergents* out of Miſs Carter's Epict tus and Mrs. Chapone's Letters, but the do would not ſtay upon her ſtomach; I tried th *Pythagorean pill*, but with no better ſucceſs. A the patient had a remarkable ſwelling about th waiſt, which I conceived might ariſe from an ove flowing of the ſpleen; I called in my excelle friend Dr. Ford: The Doctor delivered her her ſwelling, and *Miſs Kitty Scandal* has not bee known to open her lips ſince.

Tom Belfry was the nuiſance of ſociety; he ap plied to me when he was far gone indeed; he ha been black-balled by all the clubs in town, an *ſent to Coventry* by the other half. I examined h caſe, and found it under the following claſs—*V ſtentoria, ſempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo, necnon a ribus obtuſis admodum ac inertibus.*—As his organs ſpeech ſeemed in want of immediate modulatio I tried the pitch-pipe upon him repeatedly, b the vehemence of his complaint baffled all my e forts; I could never bring him down within a fi octave of ſound health. I was unwilling to pr ceed to extremities, till I had done all that r more regular practice could ſuggeſt for his relie but when I found none but deſperate remed could ſave him, I cauſed a vein to be opened his right arm, and drew out fourteen ounces blood: This was in the month of March laſt, a the wind was then in the eaſt with ſleet and ra I immediately ordered the patient to take boa Black-friars, and he rowed to Chelſea-Reach a

b

back again in an open wherry: The expected conſequence enſued; a total deprivation of voice took place, and *Mr. Belfry*, being no longer able to articulate, is become a very companionable man, and is now in as much requeſt with his club, as heretofore he was in diſgrace with it.

Counſellor Clack is a young man of quick parts, ready wit, and ſtrong imagination, but ſorely troubled with the diſeaſe called *Lingua volubilis cum ſui ipſius amore nimio et prægravante.*——This patient was radically cured by a ſtrong doſe of his own praiſes, which I took from his mouth, and made him ſwallow grain for grain as he had uttered them: The *nauſea*, occaſioned by this doſe, operated ſo ſtrongly on his conſtitution, as totally to eradicate all ſeeds of ſelf-conſequence, and the counſellor is become one of the modeſteſt men, and beſt hearers in his profeſſion.

Captain Swagger was continually talking of battles, and ſieges, and campaigns, though he had never ſeen either: He arraigned the conduct of every enterprize; and proved to demonſtration, by the force of oaths, how much better it would have been managed, had he been the commander: The ſymptoms were too apparent to be miſtaken—*Os grandiloquum, rotundum, cum dextrâ bello frigidâ.*—In this ſtate of his diſorder he was recommended to my care by the officers of his meſs.—I found the tumefaction ſo vehement, that I preſcribed an opening by inciſion. The captain was accordingly ſent out by the commanding officer upon a ſcouting-party, and ſuffered a ſurprize, which effectually repelled the tumefaction: *Mr. Swagger* threw up his commiſſion, and has been a very

a very ſilent member of the civil community ever ſince.

I have ſent you theſe caſes out of many, as being peculiar; in common caſes, the general method I take to bring any gentleman to a patient hearing, is to entertain him with his own commendations: If this ſimple medicine will not ſerve, I am forced to daſh it with a few drops of ſlander, which is the beſt appeaſer I know; for many of my patients will liſten to that, when nothing elſe can ſilence them. This recipe however is not palatable, nor ought it to be uſed but with caution and diſcretion; I keep it therefore in reſerve like laudanum for ſpecial occaſions. When a patient is far advanced towards his cure, I take him with me to the gallery of the Houſe of Commons, when certain orators, whom I have in my eye, are upon their legs to harangue; and I have always found if a convaleſcent can hear that, he can hear any thing.

I am, Sir, your's to command,

JEDEDIAH FISH.

I am not ſo partial to my correſpondent, as to defend him in all his proceedings, and I ſuſpect, that, whilſt he is labouring to reſtore his patients to their ears, he may chance to take away their lives. Men, who act upon ſyſtem, are apt to ſtrain it too far; and as prevention is always to be preferred to remedy, I could wiſh that parents would take early care to inſtruct their children in the art of *hearing*, if it were only to guard them againſt falling into *Mr. Fiſh's* hands, when the malady may become ſtubborn.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſuggeſt one hint in the way of advice to fathers and mothers, which, if they are pleaſed to attend to it, may perhaps ſave ſome future trouble and vexation.

I would wiſh all parents to believe that the human character begins to fix itſelf much earlier in life, than they are generally aware of. There is ſomething very captivating in the dawning ideas of our children; we are apt to flatter and careſs them for their early vivacity; we tell their ſmart ſayings and repartees with a kind of triumph even in their preſence, and the company we tell them to are always polite enough to applaud and admire them. By theſe means we inſtil our own vanity into their infant minds, and puſh their genius into prematurity. The forwardneſs, which this practice of our's is ſure to create, paſſes off agreeably for a time; but, when infancy ceaſes, it begins to annoy us, and Miſs or Maſter appear inſupportably pert. The parent then finds himſelf obliged to turn the other ſide of his countenance upon the witticiſms of his child; this is not only a painful taſk, but probably a fruitleſs one; for the child by this time has made its party, and can find its admirers elſewhere: Every obliging viſitor makes intereſt with the clever little creature; the nurſery, the kitchen, the ſtables echo with applauſe; it can chatter, or mimic, or act its tricks before the ſervants, and be ſure of an audience: The miſchief is done, and the parent may ſnub to no purpoſe.

Let parents therefore firſt correct themſelves, before they undertake that office for their children: Education is incompatible with ſelf-indulgence,

gence, and the impulſe of vanity is too often miſtaken for the impulſe of nature: WhenMiſs is a wit, I am apt to ſuſpect that her mother is not over-wiſe.

No. LXX.

——*Mutato nomine de te*
Fabula narratur— (HORAT.)
——"*The ſtory ſlily points at you.*"

PRIDE is never more offenſive, than when it condeſcends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itſelf, naturally aſſumes good-humour. Nothing was ever more agreeable than Vaneſſa t'other night, when I found her in a ſmall circle over her fire-ſide, where a certain gentleman had taken the whole taſk of talking on himſelf, and left Vaneſſa nothing elſe to do, but to ſhew him juſt as much attention as ſerved to make him believe ſhe was liſtening, and left her at liberty to reſt her own imagination in the meantime.

I found this gentleman at the cloſe of a pathetic narrative he had been giving of ſome adventure, which he had met with in his travels, and which he wound up with ſaying—"I am afraid, "ladies, this ſtory has made you melancholy." If he had ſaid *weary*, he had been nearer to the truth: Methought

Methought Vaneſſa once in her life forgot her uſual politeneſs, when ſhe anſwered him—"Oh! no; not at all"—but ſhe was thinking of ſomething elſe, and the ſtory I ſhould gueſs had been very circumſtantial; ſo that I heartily forgave her. The talking gentleman however was not diſpoſed to take her word, but ſtuck to his opinion, and had ſo much conſideration for the company, as to promiſe them another ſtory, which ſhould be altogether as diverting, as the former one had been mournful. There was an effort in the countenance of Vaneſſa, which convinced me of her good-humour; ſhe ſtrove to welcome this promiſe with a ſmile; but it was a ſmile, that coſt her ſome pains to produce, and if the talker had poſſeſſed but one grain of intuition, he muſt have diſcovered that all ſuch promiſes cut up performance, and that no ſtory will endure a preface. I felt at that moment all the aukward embarraſſment of his ſituation, as if it had been my own; and it was a ſenſible relief to me, when Vaneſſa gave a little hitch to her chair, as if drawing nearer to the ſtory-teller, and at the ſame time ſtooping forward, put herſelf into a liſtening attitude. She never appeared ſo amiable in my eyes, and I began to take heart—*What pains and trouble*, thought I, *does this poor man take to make himſelf agreeable, when every ſtruggle carries him further from his point! And how little does he know what an eaſy thing it is to thoſe, who have the ſecret of ſucceeding without any effort at all!*—I uſe almoſt the very words of a contemporary author, and I am obliged to him for them.

As

As for the ſtory, which now followed, there is no occaſion to repeat it; if it had made its entrance without a herald; if it had grown out of the converſation naturally, and not been grafted in againſt nature; and if it had been leſs prolix, or told with more point, the ſtory had not been amiſs; it was a good one in its own country, but it was lamed in its journey, and Vaneſſa did not ſeem exactly to know when it was finiſhed, until the relater made a ſecond apoſtrophe, hoping he had now repaired all former damages, and reinſtated the ladies in their uſual good ſpirits. Vaneſſa now found it neceſſary to ſay ſomething, and well knowing, without doubt, that people like to be treated as if they had ſenſibility, although they have none, ſhe paſſed a few compliments upon the ſtory very neatly turned; when an elderly gentleman (who, as I afterwards found out, was father to the talking gentleman) obſerved to him that as he had made us grave, and made us merry, nothing now remained but to make us wiſe.—"And who ſo fit for that purpoſe," added he, "as the lady of the houſe herſelf?" Vaneſſa very aptly replied, that ſhe knew but one way to impoſe that belief on the company, and that was by keeping ſilence.—"And what is ſo edifying," reſumed he, "as to keep ſilence? What is ſo good a leſſon of wiſdom, as to ſee one, who can talk ſo well, forbear to do it, until other tongues have run their courſe?"—I ſtole a glance at the talkative gentleman, and to my utter ſurprize he was ſo far from being ſenſible of the rebuff, that he was actually preparing for another onſet—"What you remark upon ſilence," cried

cried he, "puts me in mind of an admirable ſto-
"ry."—"That may well be," anſwered the old gentleman; "but give me leave firſt to tell you "a ſtory, that may put you in mind of ſilence."—

"Jupiter and Apollo came down from Olympus upon a viſit to king Midas: Mercury had been diſpatched to appriſe him of the gueſts he was to entertain, and to ſignify to him, that it was the pleaſure of the gods to be received with no extraordinary honours, but to be conſidered only as travellers, who came to pay a viſit to his court, and take a view of his capital. On the day appointed, Jupiter, in the perſon of an elderly Athenian gentleman, and Apollo as his ſon, preſented themſelves in the great ſaloon of the palace: Midas, ſurrounded by his courtiers, and glittering in his richeſt robes, received the gods habited in this ſimple attire, and unattended.—The injunctions of Mercury were neglected, for the feaſt was the moſt ſumptuous that art and luxury could deviſe; and the gods were diſguſted with the vanity of their hoſt, and the profuſion of his entertainment. When Midas had thus contrived to diſplay the wealth and ſplendor of his court to the celeſtial gueſts, his next ſtudy was to impreſs them with an opinion of his talents and accompliſhments: He diſcourſed to Jupiter, without ceaſing, upon his maxims and rules of government; he treated him with innumerable anecdotes and events, calculated to ſet off his own wiſdom, conſequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himſelf the hero. The courtiers kept ſilence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of

Midas. He had not the ſenſe to diſcern the impropriety of his being an inceſſant talker, when he ought only to have been a reſpectful hearer; and ſo conſummate was his vanity, that having poſſeſſed Jupiter with impreſſions, as he fooliſhly imagined, of his wiſdom and ſcience, he flattered himſelf nothing was wanting but to recommend himſelf to Apollo by a ſpecimen of his accompliſhments in muſic and poetry. A band of minſtrels were ſummoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps by way of flouriſh before the maſter-artiſt began, when Midas, ſtarting from his ſeat as if with ſudden inſpiration, ſeized his lyre, and ſtruck up a ſtrain, which he accompanied with his voice, whilſt his ſelf-conceit inſpired him to believe he could rival Apollo himſelf in harmony, and even provoke him to envy.

As ſoon as Midas laid down his lyre, the gods roſe up to depart; when inſtead of thoſe applauſes which he looked for, and expected as a tribute due to his art even from the immortals themſelves, Jupiter, turning towards him with a frown, which brought into his countenance the inherent majeſty of the thunderer, thus accoſted him—'Had you entertained us, O Midas, in the manner I preſcribed, and met the condeſcenſion of the gods with the modeſty that becomes a mortal, we had left a bleſſing with our hoſt, inſtead of a reproof: But when you affected to dazzle me, who am myſelf the diſpenſer of all mortal attainments, with the vain diſplay of your wealth and wiſdom; and when you raſhly aſſailed the ears of Apollo himſelf, who preſides over muſic and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and the

the hoarſe untuneable diſſonance of your voice, you fooliſhly forgot both yourſelf and us; and by talking and ſinging without intermiſſion, when you ſhould rather have liſtened to us with attention, you reverſe the application of thoſe faculties I have beſtowed upon you, not conſidering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of ſpeech, I marked out the uſe, he was to make of thoſe diſpenſations: To remind you therefore of my deſign, and your duty, I ſhall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears.' —Jupiter ceaſed ſpeaking; and whilſt the deities reaſcended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch ſprouted up in the ears of an aſs."

The moral of the fable, and the perſonal application of it, were too obvious to be miſtaken by any of the company. Vaneſſa's ſenſibility ſuffered viſibly on the occaſion; but ſhe ſoon broke the painful ſilence, and addreſſing herſelf to the old gentleman—"I am obliged to you for your fable," ſays ſhe, "and ſhall edify by the moral; but ſtill I cannot help the weakneſs of woman, and muſt feel a compaſſion for poor Midas, whoſe treſpaſs, being of a good-humoured ſort, deſerved more mercy than it met with.—I confeſs the art of being agreeable, frequently miſcarries through the ambition which accompanies it.—Wit, learning, wiſdom—what can more effectually conduce to the profit and delight of ſociety? Yet I am ſenſible that a man may be too invariably wiſe, learned or witty, to be agreeable: And I take the reaſon of this to be, that pleaſure cannot be beſtowed by the ſimple and unmixed exertion of any one faculty or accompliſhment;

if every word a man ſpeaks is to be wit or wiſdom, if he is never to relax either in look or utterance from his ſuperiority of character, ſociety cannot endure it: The happy gift of being agreeable ſeems to conſiſt not in one, but in an aſſemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who by eaſy manners, ſweetneſs of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, poſſeſs the power of pleaſing without any viſible effort, without the aids of wit, wiſdom or learning, nay, as it ſhould ſeem, in their defiance; and this without appearing even to know that they poſſeſs it? Whilſt another, by labouring to entertain us too well, entertains us as poor Midas did his viſitors."

When Vaneſſa had done ſpeaking, the hour reminded me that I ought to take my leave, which I did with regret, repeating to myſelf as I walked homewards—*This lady ſhould never be ſeen in a circle.*

N° LXXI.

AS I was turning over a parcel of old papers ſome time ago, I diſcovered an original letter from Mr. Caſwell, the mathematician, to the learned Dr. Bentley, when he was living in Biſhop Stillingfleet's family, incloſing an account of an apparition taken from the mouth of a clergyman who ſaw it: In this account there are ſome curious particulars, and I ſhall therefore copy the whole narrative without any omiſſion, except of the name of the deceaſed perſon who is ſuppoſed to have *appeared*, for reaſons that will be obvious.

" To the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my Lord Biſhop of Worceſter's-Houſe in Park-Street, in Weſtminſter, London.

" SIR,

" When I was in London, April laſt, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I ſaid, but a cold and lameneſs ſeized me next day; the cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, ſo I preſently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage: However, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and if I

had opportunity to ſhew it, you ſhould find how much I am your faithful ſervant.

" I have ſent you incloſed a relation of an apparition; the ſtory I had from two perſons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts ſomewhat varied, and paſſing through more mouths has varied much more; therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth; after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy; he ſaid he could ſwear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned: He is the Curate of Warblington, Batchelor of Arts of Trinity College in Oxford, about ſix years ſtanding in the Univerſity; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here: He is now gone to his Curacy; he has promiſed to ſend up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a ſmith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the Rector, would have him ſay nothing of the ſtory, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the houſe for ten pounds a year leſs. *Mr. P.* the former incumbent, whom the apparition repreſented, was a man of a very ill report, ſuppoſed to have got children of his maid, and to have murthered them; but I adviſed the Curate to ſay nothing himſelf of this laſt part of P. but leave that to the pariſhioners, who knew him. Thoſe who who knew this P. ſay he had exactly ſuch a gown, and that he uſed to whiſtle.

Your's,

J. CASWELL."

I deſire

I deſire you not to ſuffer any copy of this to be taken, leſt ſome Mercury news-teller ſhould print it, till the Curate has ſent up the teſtimony of others and ſelf.

H. H. Dec. 15, 1695.

NARRATIVE.

" At Warblington, near Havant in Hampſhire, within ſix miles of Portſmouth, in the parſonage houſe dwelt Thomas Perce the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man-ſervant Thomas .... and a maid-ſervant. About the beginning of Auguſt, Anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about ſaw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard: Upon this the maid, haſting up ſtairs, having recovered but two ſteps, cried out; on which the maſter and miſtreſs ran down, found the candle in her hand, ſhe graſping the child about its neck with the other arm: She told them the reaſon of her crying out; ſhe would not that night tarry in the houſe, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer; where ſhe cried out all the night from the terror ſhe was in, and ſhe could not be perſuaded to go any more to the houſe upon any terms.

" On the morrow, (i. e. Tueſday) the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to de-

ſire my advice, and have conſult with ſome friends about it; I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuſe Mr. Brereton the Rector, whoſe houſe it was; ſhe deſired me to come up; I told her I would come up and ſit up or lie there, as ſhe pleaſed; for then as to all ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions I was an infidel. I went thither and ſate up the Tueſday night with the tenant and his man-ſervant: About twelve or one o'clock I ſearched all the rooms in the houſe to ſee if any body were hid there to impoſe upon me: At laſt we came into a lumber-room, there I ſmiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come: The tenant then ſeemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm! and then I repeated *Barbara, celarent Darii*, &c. jeſtingly; on this the tenant's countenance changed, ſo that he was ready to drop down with fear: Then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated *Baralipton*, &c. then he recovered his ſpirits pretty well and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and ſate up there the remaining part of the night and had no manner of diſturbance.

"Thurſday night the tenant and I lay together in one room and the man in another room, and he ſaw ſomething walk along in a black gown and place itſelf againſt a window, and there ſtood for ſome time, and then walked off. Friday morning the man relating this, I aſked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or flam; he told me the reaſon why he

he did not call me was, that he was not able to ſpeak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no diſturbance either of the nights.

"Sunday night I lay by myſelf in one room (not that where the man ſaw the apparition) and the tenant and his man in one bed in another room; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard ſomething walk in their room at the bed's foot, and whiſtling very well; at laſt it came to the bed's ſide, drew the curtain and looked on them; after ſome time it moved off; then the man called to me, deſired me to come, for that there was ſomething in the room went about whiſtling: I aſked him whether he had any light or could ſtrike one, he told me no; then I leapt out of bed, and, not ſtaying to put on my clothes went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted; I deſired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again; I went in three or four ſteps, and, it being a moon-ſhine night, I ſaw the apparition move from the bed ſide, and clap up againſt the wall that divided their room and mine: I went and ſtood directly againſt it within my arm's length of it, and aſked it in the name of God what it was that made it come diſturbing of us; I ſtood ſome time expecting an anſwer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be ſome fellow hid in the room to fright me, *I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand ſeemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of ſubſtance, till it came to the*

wall; then I drew back my hand, and ſtill it was in the ſame place: Till now I had not the leaſt fear, and even now had very little; then I adjured it to tell me what it was: When I had ſaid thoſe words, it, keeping its back againſt the wall, moved gently along towards the door: I followed it, and it, going out at the door, turned its back toward me: I went a little along the gallery; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it diſappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the ſtairs. Then I found myſelf very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear; I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceedingly cold. The tenant's man leaned over his maſter in the bed, and ſaw me ſtretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me ſpeak the words; the tenant alſo heard the words. The apparition ſeemed to have a morning gown of darkiſh colour, no hat nor cap, ſhort black hair, a thin meagre viſage of a pale ſwarthy colour, ſeemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half ſhut, the arms hanging down; the hands viſible beneath the ſleeve; of a middle ſtature. I related this deſcription to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Battin of Langſtone in Havant pariſh; they both ſaid the deſcription agreed very well to Mr. P. a former rector of the place, who had been dead above twenty years: Upon this the tenant and his wife left the houſe, which has remained void ſince.

" The

" The Monday after laſt Michaelmas-day, a man of Chodſon in Warkwickſhire having been at Havant fair, paſſed by the foreſaid parſonage-houſe about nine or ten at night, and ſaw a light in moſt of the rooms of the houſe; his pathway being cloſe by the houſe, he, wondering at the ſight, looked into the kitchen window, and ſaw only a light, but turning himſelf to go away, he ſaw the appearance of a man in a long gown; he made haſte away; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of ſeveral acres, to a lane, which he croſſed, and over a little meadow, then over another lane to ſome pales which belong to farmer Henry Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which were ſome of the farmer's men and ſome others; this man went into the barn, told them how he was frighted and followed from the parſonage-houſe by an apparition, which they might ſee ſtanding againſt the pales, if they went out; they went out, and ſaw it ſcratch againſt the pales, and make a hideous noiſe; it ſtood there ſome time and then diſappeared; their deſcription agreed with what I ſaw. This laſt account I had from the man himſelf, whom it followed, and alſo from the farmer's men.

" THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.

Dec. 11, 1695, Oxon."

I ſhall make no remark upon this genuine account, except as to the paſſage which I have put in italics: If Mr. Wilkins was thoroughly poſſeſt of himſelf at that moment, as he depoſes, and is ſtrictly correct in his fact, the narrative is eſtabliſhed.

N° LXXII.

I SHALL now proceed to lay before the public, ſuch an account as I have been enabled to collect of the ſeveral Greek writers of comedy.

The learned reader needs not to be informed, how little is to be found in Ariſtotle's Poetics on the ſubject of comedy; that treatiſe by no means anſwers to the general profeſſion of its title; if it had come down to us as perfect and entire, as it probably was when the author put the laſt hand to it, and preſented a correct copy of his work to Alexander, we might conclude otherwiſe of it; but to ſpeak of it as it is, we can call it nothing more than a diſſertation upon tragedy, in which many things are evidently out of place and order, ſome no doubt loſt, and others mutilated: It is thus conſidered by the learned commentator Daniel Heinſius, who in his ſupplementary treatiſe annexed to his edition, profeſſedly ſpeaks only of the conſtruction of tragedy, and endeavours with diligence and perſpicuity to methodize the whole work, and diſpoſe his author's ſyſtem into ſome order and regularity.

With the exception of a few obvious remarks upon the epic, as tending to illuſtrate the drama, and two or three paſſages where comedy is ſpoken of only as contraſted with tragedy, the whole of this celebrated diſſertation is nothing more than

than a ſet of rules for the drama, which are mere tranſcripts from the compoſitions of the great writers of the Homeric tragedy, Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides: He analyzes and defines a poem, then actually carried to its perfection; but gives no new lights, no leading inſtructions, for the furtherance and improvement of what had not arrived to the like ſtate of maturity.

With the remains of the three tragic poets above mentioned in our hands, I profeſs I do not ſee how we are edified by Ariſtotle's diſſertation, which offers nothing but what occurs upon the reading of their dramas; unleſs poſterity had ſeen fit to abide by the ſame laws, which they obſerved, and the modern tragedy had been made exactly to conform to the Greek model.

Ariſtotle, as we have before remarked, ſpeaks of no comedy antecedent to the comedy of Epicharmus: There is reaſon to think that this author did not fall in with the perſonal comedy in the licentious manner it prevailed upon the Athenian ſtage, even to the time of Ariſtotle; for it was not reformed there, till the perſonal ſatiriſts were awed into better reſpect by the Macedonian princes, who ſucceeded to Alexander; whereas Epicharmus wrote for the court of an abſolute prince.

Now it is remarkable, that Ariſtotle makes no ſtrictures upon the licentiouſneſs of the Athenian comedy, nor offers any rules for the correction of the ſtage, though the ſchools proſcribed it, and the tribunals were at open hoſtility with it. It is plain he ſtates things as they were, not as they ought to have been; for he pronounces of comedy

—*that*

—that it is a picture of human nature, worse and more deformed than the original.

I cannot hold this to be a juſt character of comedy, as it ſtood at the time when Ariſtotle pronounced it: The only entire comedies we have to refer to, are a contradiction to the aſſertion; for no one will contend that the corrupt and abominable manners of the times in which Ariſtophanes wrote, did not fully warrant the ſeverity of his ſatire, or that his characters of depravity are in general overcharged, *and his pictures of human nature more deformed than their originals.* As for the reſt of the comic fraternity, their fragments only can plead for them; but they are fragments of ſuch a nature, as prove them to have been moraliſts of the ſublimeſt ſort, and they have been collected, tranſlated, and applauded, by the graveſt and moſt ſententious of the Chriſtian writers for many ages. I will venture to ſay, that in theſe ſcattered reliques of the comic ſtage, more uſeful knowledge and good ſenſe, better maxims for right conduct in life, and a more generous diſplay of benevolence, juſtice, public ſpirit, and all the moral virtues of natural religion are to be found, than in all the writings of the philoſophers, which are ſo much more entire.

Socrates, it is true, could hardly be prevailed upon to enter the comic theatre, but I infer very little againſt the poets on that account; Plato, I am aware, though an intimate of Ariſtophanes, baniſhed the drama out of his viſionary republic; but what is that more than to ſay, that if all men were virtuous there would be no need of ſatiriſts? The comic poets in return laſhed the philoſophers over

over the ſtage, and they had what they merited, the public applauſe on their ſide; the ſchools and academies of ſophiſts furniſhed an inexhauſtible fund for wholeſome ridicule; their contradictory firſt principles, the dæmons and clouds, and water and fire, with all their idle ſyſtems and hypotheſes, their fabulous conceits, dreams and devices to catch the vulgar, and the affected rigour of their manners, whilſt in ſecret they were addicted to the groſſeſt debauchery and impurity, were continual ſubjects of ſatire; and if hypocriſy is not the comic poet's lawful game, what is? There is not a play of Ariſtophanes to be named, in which theſe ſanctified ſinners have not their ſhare in the ridicule; and amongſt the fragments above mentioned, a very large proportion falls to their lot.

Ariſtotle, who had very little feeling for Plato and his academy, or indeed for practical philoſophy in general (which he ſeems to have profeſſed only in oppoſition to Xenocrates) concerned himſelf no further about the ſtate of the ſtage, than to comment and remark upon the tragedies of the three chief writers above mentioned; and it is humiliating enough to the pride of criticiſm to obſerve, that tragedy, after all his pains to hold it up to the ſtandard of Sophocles and Euripides, ſunk with thoſe authors, and was no more heard of; whilſt comedy, without his help, and in defiance of his neglect, roſe in credit with the world, till it attained perfection under the auſpices of Menander.

I have ſpoken of tragedy as a *written poem* before comedy of the ſame deſcription, becauſe I think that Suſarion did not *write* comedy, though he

he acted it so early as the fiftieth Olympiad; a
I also think that Thespis did *write* tragedy in t
fixty-first Olympiad, if not sooner; in oth
words, although the complexion of the origi
drama was comic in the most extravagant degr
yet it appears probable that tragedy had the st
in point of publication. The nature of the fi
comedy, compared with that of the first tragec
seems to warrant this opinion; for it is easy
suppose that the raillery and satire of the villa
masques, which would pass off at a lawless fes
val, spoken off-hand and without the malice
premeditation, would not so readily have be
committed to writing by the poet, as the trag
drama; which being composed in honour of d
ceased heroes, or on religious and grave subject
not only called for greater deliberation on th
part of the author, but would also be made publ
without danger or offence.

It now remains to enquire into the chronolo
of the *written* comedy.

I have already observed, that Aristotle ascrib
the first written comedy to Epicharmus.

Both Aristotle and Horace call him a *Sicilia*
but in what particular place he was born is n
agreed; some contend that he was a Syracusa
some that he was a native of Crastum, others
Megara in Sicily: Diomedes the grammarian sa
he was born in Cos, and derives the word comed
from the name of that island, a derivation th
sets aside his authority altogether. The father
Epicharmus was named Chimarus, or accordin
to others Tityrus, and his mother Sicida. Cicer
in his Tusculans calls him, *acutum nec insulsu*
hominem

hominem: Demetrius Phaleræus celebrates him for the elegant and appoſite choice of his epithets, on which account the Greeks gave the name of *Epicharmion* to his ſtile, making it proverbial for its beauty and purity. It is difficult to fix the preciſe time when he began to write comedy, eſpecially as he lived to the great age of ninety-ſeven: It is certain however he was ſtill writing in the reign of Hiero, in or about Olymp. LXXIV. at which time Phormis alſo wrote comedy in Sicily; and Chionides, Dinolochus and Magnes, comic poets, flouriſhed at Athens.

Suidas's chronology does not agree with Ariſtotle's, for he makes Chionides antecedent to Epicharmus, and calls him the firſt writer of comedy; adding, that Evetes, Euxenides and Mylus, all Athenians, were his contemporaries; he allows, however, that Epicharmus and Phormis were the firſt writers in the iſland of Sicily; but this is in the vague manner of his dates, and not to be relied upon: He takes no notice of Ariſtotle's expreſs aſſertion, that Epicharmus was long ſenior to Chionides; and yet he might have recollected, that facts are ſo far in favour of Ariſtotle's chronology of theſe poets, that there is a title upon record of one of Chionides's plays called *The Perſians*, which muſt have been poſterior to the Perſian æra, when it is on all hands agreed that Epicharmus was living.

Amongſt the epigrams of Theocritus, publiſhed by Henry Stevens in 1579, there are ſome lines upon Epicharmus, which appear to have been inſcribed upon the pedeſtal of a ſtatue of braſs, which the Syracuſans had ſet up in his honour

honour as their fellow-citizen: It conſiſts of ten lines in the Doric dialect, which he uſed; it ſettles the point of his birth, expreſsly ſaying he was a Syracuſan, and aſcribes to him the invention of Comedy—

— χὠ 'πηρ, ὁ τὰν Κωμωδίαν
Εὑρὼν Ἐπίχαρμος.

"Epicharmus, the man who invented Comedy."

In the concluſion, it celebrates him for the many uſeful maxims which he gave for the inſtruction of youth; but this I am diſpoſed to think may apply to the circumſtance of his having been a ſchoolmaſter at Syracuſe; for if we are to take our judgment of Epicharmus's drama from his imitator Plautus, perhaps its morality, though not to be overlooked amongſt other excellencies, is nevertheleſs not the moſt ſtriking feature in its character. And though it is probable that Epicharmus did not launch out into that perſonality, which the freer Athenians indulged to ſuch exceſs, yet I can ſuppoſe him to have been not very chaſte in his dialogue, from the anecdote which Plutarch gives us, of his being heavily fined and compelled to manual labour by order of Hiero for certain obſcene jeſts, which he ſuffered to paſs in hearing of his queen: I muſt ground another remark upon this anecdote, reſpecting the time in which he is generally thought to have ſtruck out his comedy, as being long antecedent to the time of Hiero; which being admitted, will follow that he was near the cloſe of his

his life, when this ſentence of manual labour was executed upon him; a kind of puniſhment ſo very unlikely to be inflicted on a man of ninety-ſix years by a prince of Hiero's magnanimity and benevolence, that if I am to take the anecdote for granted, I cannot aſſent to thoſe authorities that have placed him ſo high in time, for the purpoſe only of putting his title of firſt founder of comedy out of diſpute.

Upon the whole, I think it likely the Athenians wrote comedy as ſoon as the Sicilians, but that Epicharmus was the firſt, who formed his drama upon the poems of Homer: It is alſo clear, that his countryman and contemporary Phormis wrote comedy as ſoon, or nearly as ſoon as he did; for although Theocritus, in the epigram above cited, ſays expreſsly that Epicharmus ſtruck out comedy, yet it muſt be remarked that Theocritus was a Syracuſan by birth, living in the time of Ptolemy Lagus; and in giving this teſtimony for his fellow-citizen, it is more than probable he ſpoke locally of the *Sicilian* comedy only, as Suidas did in after times, when he ſaid that Epicharmus and Phormis firſt ſtruck out comedy *in Sicily*.

I would therefore fix Epicharmus's firſt comedy antecedent to Olymp. LXXV. at the loweſt date, becauſe we have it from good authority that he was teaching ſcholars at Syracuſe four years before the Perſian æra; and this date is confirmed by the age of Phormis, who certainly flouriſhed in the time of Gelon, and was in great favour in the court of that prince, who was predeceſſor to Hiero, and was ſucceeded by him in Olymp. LXXVII.

N° LXXIII.

EPICHARMUS was a liberal benefactor to the ſtage. Porphyry ſays that Apollodorus the grammarian made a collection of his plays in ten volumes; Suidas reckons fifty-two; Lycon only thirty-five; but modern philologiſts have given the titles of forty, with the authorities by which they are aſcertained.

It is not my purpoſe in theſe papers to make a practice of loading the page with liſts of titles, which may too truly be called dead names; but in the inſtance of an author like Epicharmus, who ſtands at the head of his department, every relique ſeems an object of ſome curioſity; and therefore, although the following catalogue may ſtrike the dramatic reader as what may properly enough be called *a beggarly account of empty boxes*, yet I ſhall proceed to enumerate the titles of forty comedies, all of which are, upon good grounds of criticiſm, aſcribed to this celebrated author.

TITLES OF THE COMEDIES OF EPICHARMUS.

The Huſbandman. The Halcyon. Amycus, Son of Neptune. The Banditti. Atalanta. The Bacchæ. Buſiris. Earth and Sea. The Fathers of the People. The Bacchanalians. Diphilus. Hope. The Feſtival. The Celebration of the Victory. Hebe's Wedding. Juno's Nuptials. Vulcan,

Vulcan, or The Revels. The Ambaſſadors to the Oracle. The Cyclops. The Reaſoner. The Megarenſian. The Muſes. The Iſlands. Niobe's Wedding. Ulyſſes the Deſerter. Ulyſſes Shipwreckt. The Chitterlings. The Pædagogues. The Paragon. The Perſians. The Stateſman. Prometheus, the Fire-ſtealer. Pyrrha, the Wife of Deucalion. The Sirens. The Iſle of Scyros. The Sphynx. The Trojans. Philoctetes. The Chorus Troop. The Potters.

The ſame reſpect, which led me to inſert theſe titles, led me alſo to ſearch with all poſſible diligence for every fragment which I could find of Epicharmus. I wiſh they had been more in number, and of greater importance than they are; but ſuch as they are, I have reaſon to believe they are the whole amount of what can be picked up from the wreck of this once valuable poet.—The reader muſt not expect, that either in this author's inſtance, or that of any other Greek comedian, except in very few caſes, that the particular play can be aſcertained, to which the fragments belong; for the grammarians and others, who quote them, only give the name of the author, and not that of the comedy from which they extract them. I muſt in this place once for all give vent to an anxiety, which preſſes on my mind reſpecting theſe fragments of the Greek comedy, whether the inſertion of them will or will not be approved of by the generality of my readers: My ſole object is to furniſh them with rational and moral amuſements, and if I fail of that object in theſe my hearty endeavours,

I have

I have taken a great deal of pains to render theſe paſſages into Engliſh in the beſt manner my capacity enabled me to do, to a very unfortunate purpoſe indeed. The learned reader will bear me witneſs, that theſe fragments have been the admiration of ages; and I am ſenſible that very many of them poſſeſs intrinſic beauty both of ſtile and ſentiment; and if my tranſlations have not robbed them of their original merit, ſome pleaſure, and let me hope ſome profit, may attend their peruſal. I have ſtudied ſo to claſs them, as not to burthen or diſtract the reader with a mere ſucceſſion of miſcellaneous quotations without any reference or connection, which I am ſenſible could not be an agreeable mode of publication, though Stobæus, Hertelius and ſome others have taken it up; but on the contrary, I have endeavoured to introduce them with ſome anecdote or other, which ſerves to weave them into the thread of the work. Moſt of the tranſlations will be found in metre, in which I have ſtrove to copy the free ſtile of our old metrical comic poets: Some I have turned into rhime, where the thought allowed it, and the expreſſions were terſe and epigrammatical. Others I have put into proſe; and in all I have been as cloſe and faithful to the original, as the language and my conſtruction of the author would permit. If the candid reader will accept this preface in apology, I ſhall give him no further trouble on the ſubject.

Epicharmus, in one of his comedies (we may ſuppoſe *The Stateſman*) introduces the following retort from ſome man of low birth to a prating old woman, who is vapouring about her anceſtry

" Good

" Good goſſip, if you love me, prate no more:
" What are your genealogies to me?
" Away to thoſe, who have more need of them!
" Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
" Dig up dead honour from their father's tombs,
" And boaſt it for their own—Vain, empty boaſt!
" When every common fellow, that they meet,
" If accident hath not cut off the ſcroll,
" Can ſhew a liſt of anceſtry as long.
" You call the Scythians barbarous, and deſpiſe them;
" Yet Anacharſis was a Scythian born;
" And every man of a like noble nature,
" Tho' he were moulded from an Æthiop's loins
" Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him."

The following is a falſe antitheſis, in which bodily ſtrength is ſubſtituted for a mental—

" It demands the ſtrength of a lion to ſubdue
" the weakneſs of love."

MORAL MAXIMS.

" Be ſober in thought! be ſlow in belief!——
" Theſe are the ſinews of wiſdow."

" It is the part of a wiſe man to foreſee what ought to be done, ſo ſhall he not repent of what is done."

" Throw not away thine anger upon trifles! Reaſon, and not rage, ſhould govern."

" Mankind are more indebted to induſtry than to ingenuity: The gods ſet up their favours at a price, and induſtry is the purchaſer."

" A man without merit, ſhall live without envy; but who would wiſh to eſcape on theſe terms?"

" Live ſo as to hold yourſelf prepared either for a long life, or for a ſhort one!"

There

There is no ſubject, which the comic po whet their wits upon more frequently than m riage. The wives of Syracuſe were not mu obliged to Epicharmus for the following ſally.

" Marriage is like a caſt of the dice: If y get a wife of good morals and a quiet tem withal, happy is your lot: If you light upo gadding, goſſipping, extravagant huſſy, it is no wife you wed, but an eternal plague in the appa of a woman. There is not in the habitable gl ſo dire a torment; I feel it to my ſorrow; better luck is his, who has never tried it."

Mr. Congreve, in his *Double Dealer*, has following paſſage between Mellafont and Cynt upon the very eve of their nuptials.

Cynth. *Then I find marriage is like cards; if ei of us have a good hand, it is an accident of fortune.*

Mell. *No, marriage is rather like a game at bowls Fortune indeed makes the match, and the two neareſt, ſometimes the two fartheſt are together; but the game depends entirely upon judgment.*

Cynth. *Still it is a game, and conſequently one of us m be a loſer.*

Mell. *Not at all; only a friendly trial of ſkill, and winnings to be laid out in an entertainment.*

Neither this, nor any part of the ſcene which it appertains, is in Mr. Congreve's b manner. The wit does not flow, but is pum up in labour, and not very clear when it com

Of Phormis, the contemporary of Epicharm no fragments are to be found.

Chionides of Athens wrote comedy before Perſian æra, and is the oldeſt writer of Athen

Athenian ſtage. All the memorials I can obtain of him are, that he wrote three plays, entitled, *The Heroes*, *the Lyars*, *and the Poor Men.*

Magnes was an Athenian, and began to appear as a writer of Comedy, whilſt Chionides was living: Ariſtophanes makes mention of him in his play of *The Knights*. The Scholiaſt in his comment on the paſſage obſerves, that all his works are periſhed, nothing remaining but the titles of nine comedies, of which two bear the ſame names with two of Ariſtophanes, viz. *The Frogs*, and *The Birds*; the ſame Scholiaſt informs us that Magnes bore away two prizes.

Dinolochus was contemporary with Magnes: He uſed the Doric dialect, and is ſaid to have produced fourteen plays. Some place his birth at Syracuſe, others at Agrigentum. Suidas ſays he flouriſhed ſo early as Olymp. LXXIII. but this ill agrees with the circumſtance of his being the ſon, or, as others contend, the ſcholar of Epicharmus. His works have totally periſhed.

Theſe five poets, three of whom were Sicilians, muſt be called The Fathers of Comedy, and all that now remains of them is compriſed in the few ſhort paſſages here inſerted.

Whilſt their comedies were in repreſentation, tragedy was advancing under Pratinas and Chærilus, and Æſchylus had already taken poſſeſſion of the ſtage: Sophocles and Euripides were born, the former ſix years before the latter: *Ion*, ſurnamed Xuthis, ſon of Orthomenes of Chios, began to write tragedy in the firſt year of Olymp. LXXXII. Æſchylus being then dead.—*Theognis*, (from the coldneſs of his drama nick-named *Snow*) was contemporay with Ion.

The magiſtracy of Athens in Olymp. LXXXV. when Myrrichides was archon, publiſhed a decree, prohibiting the repreſentation of comedies in Athens: This decree held in force only two years under Glaucides and Theopompus; for when Euthymenes ſucceeded to that annual dignity, he found it expedient to gratify the people by a revocation of the edict, and the comic muſe was reinſtated on the ſtage by the celebrated triumvirate of Eupolis, Cratinus and Ariſtophanes; Cratinus opening the theatre with his celebrated comedy of *The Winter Amuſements*, Eupolis with *The New Moons*, and Ariſtophanes with *The Acharnenſians*.

N° LXXIV.

CRATINUS, *Eupolis* and *Ariſtophanes* are generally claſſed together as rivals and principals in what is called *The Old Comedy*. Cratinus was ſenior in age to both his competitors, and Eupolis is charged by the old annotator upon Ariſtophanes of having copied from him very freely: I confeſs this is ſtubborn authority, and yet it ſeems hard to believe that Eupolis, who was ſo conſtantly engaged in competition with his rival, ſhould expoſe himſelf to certain detection of ſo diſgraceful a fort; and had it been ſo, I ſhould rather have expected

expected to meet with the charge in the text of Ariſtophanes than in the comment; I muſt add, that upon the cloſeſt ſearch I can find nothing that favours this imputation in any other author which ſpeaks of Eupolis, but many circumſtances on the contrary which ſeem to place his pretenſions to originality on as good ground, as that of his contemporaries, with whom he is equally celebrated.

Theſe poets were in high favour with the people on account of the boldneſs and perſonality of their ſatire, and for the ſame reaſon proportionably obnoxious to the nobles and magiſtrates, whom they laſhed without mercy. Ariſtophanes was much the leaſt bitter of the three, and yet we have ſome ſmart ſpecimens of his ſeverity. Perſius ſeems to make this diſtinction in the following paſſage—

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum ſene palles,
Aſpice et hæc.

In theſe lines he characterizes Cratinus and Eupolis by the epithets of *audax* and *iratus*, whereas he introduces Ariſtophanes under the deſcription only of *prægrandis ſenex*, which is interpreted to refer to the ſuperior gravity and dignity of his ſtile.

Horace, in the fourth ſatire of his firſt book, inſtances theſe three poets by pre-eminence from amongſt all the writers of the old comedy.

Eupolis atque Cratinus Ariſtophaneſque poetæ,
Atque alii, quorum comœdia priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut ſicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

The comic poets, in its earlieſt age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian ſtage,
Was there a villain, who might juſtly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely ſtigmatiz'd the wretch in rhime.
(FRANCIS.)

It appears by this quotation, that Horace does not conſider their comedy in the ſame light with Ariſtotle, as if they repreſented human nature in worſe colours than it deſerved.

Quintilian expreſsly ſays, that theſe are the chief writers of the old comedy—*Plures ejus auctores; Ariſtophanes tamen et Eupolis, Cratinusque præcipui*:—And he recommends the old Greek comedy, and theſe authors in particular, as the beſt model (Homer only excepted) for his orator to form himſelf upon; inaſmuch as it is there only he will find the Attic ſtile in its purity and perfection; and though the old comedy, as he obſerves, is chiefly occupied in wit and ſarcaſm for the purpoſe of chaſtiſing vice, yet it has many excellences of a more general ſort: It is energetic, elegant, and full of graces; ſo that if Homer alone (who like his own Achilles has the privilege of being always put above compariſon) be excepted, no other ſchool for oratory can come in competition with this.

CRATINUS

CRATINUS.

Cratinus was the ſon of Callimedes an Athenian; we have the titles of at leaſt thirty comedies of his writing, ſo that Suidas is miſtaken in aſcribing to him only twenty-one; he was a poet of ſtrong imagination, and a florid lively ſtile; he carried away no leſs than nine prizes, which is a large proportion of ſucceſs, compared with others, who rank amongſt the higheſt both in the comic and tragic line. A ſecond edict came out in his time for reſtraining the licentiouſneſs of the ſtage in point of perſonality, and Cratinus, in common with the reſt of his contemporaries, found himſelf obliged to divert his ſatire from the living to the dead: Sarcaſms were now levelled at men's productions, not at their perſons; the tragic authors felt the chief weight of the attack, though even Homer did not eſcape, as may be gathered from *The Ulyſſes* of Cratinus, in which he parodies and ridicules the Odyſſey.

Cratinus lived to an extreme old age, though according to the looſe morals of the Greeks he indulged his paſſions both natural and unnatural without reſtraint: He carried his love of wine to ſuch exceſs, that he got the name of Φιλοπότης, launching out in praiſe of drinking, and rallying all ſobriety out of countenance, aſſerting that no author can be good for any thing, who does not love his bottle, and that dramatic poets in particular ought to drink hard, as a duty due to Bacchus for his peculiar patronage and protection of the ſtage. Horace, who was not very averſe

from his doctrine, quotes his authority in the firſt lines of an epiſtle to Mecænas.

Priſco ſi credis, Mecænas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus.

O learn'd Mecænas, hear Cratinus ſpeak,
And take this maxim from the gay old Greek;
No verſe ſhall pleaſe, or laſting honours gain,
Which coldly flows from water-drinker's brain.

As for the love of wine, it ſeems to have ſtood in the place of a merit with the Greeks; but Cratinus's exceſs was attended in his old age with ſome marks of weakneſs and want of retention, incidental to an exhauſted conſtitution, which gave a handle to Ariſtophanes, who was a younger man (and not much more abſtemious) to bring his old competitor on the ſtage, and hold him up to ridicule for this infirmity. The charge was unmanly, and rouſed the aged veteran to return the attack: Cratinus, then nearly approaching to an hundred, had left off writing, but he was not yet ſuperannuated, and lived to compleat a comedy, which he appoſitely entitled *The Flagon*. In the plot of this piece he feigns himſelf married to Comedy, whom he perſonifies and repreſents the lady in diſguſt with her huſband for his unconjugal neglect, on which account ſhe ſtates her charge, and roundly ſues for an actual divorce: Upon this hearing, certain friends and advocates are introduced on the ſcene in behalf of the party accuſed, who make ſuit to the dame to ſtay her proceedings, and not be over-haſty in throwing

throwing off an old ſpouſe; but on the contrary recommend to her to enter calmly into an amicable diſcuſſion of her grievances: To this propoſal ſhe at length accedes, and this gives occaſion to take up the charge of Ariſtophanes, accuſing the old bard of drunkenneſs and the concomitant circumſtances, which had been publiſhed with ſo much ill-nature to make him ridiculous at the end of life. Then follows a very pleaſant refutation of all theſe libels, by which he contrives to turn the laugh againſt Ariſtophanes, and ſo concludes the comedy. One feels a ſatisfaction even at this diſtance of ages to know, that the old poet bore away the prize with this very comedy, and ſoon after expired in the arms of victory at the age of ninety-ſeven, in the firſt year of Olymp. LXXXIX.

The Athenians gave him a monument, and an epitaph, in which they omit all mention of his fine talents, and record nothing but his drunkenneſs. He ſpared no man when living, and even death itſelf could not protect him from retaliation.

"Θανόντος ἀνδρὸς πᾶς ἀπόλλυται χάρις."
(STESICHORUS.)

The evil that he did liv'd after him,
The good was all interred with his bones.
(SHAKESPEAR.)

There is ſcarce a fragment of this poet, once ſo great a favourite, that is now to be found; the very few ſcraps of ſentences remaining are too

imperfect to merit a tranſlation: One little ſpark of his genius however will be ſeen in the following epigrammatic turn of thought upon the loſs of a ſtatue, which being the workmanſhip of Dædalus, he ſuppoſes to have made uſe of its privilege, and eſcaped from its pedeſtal.

" My ſtatue's gone! By Dædalus 'twas made.
" It is not ſtolen therefore; it has ſtray'd."

EUPOLIS.

Eupolis became a very popular author ſome years before the death of Cratinus: The bold ſtrong ſpirit of his ſatire recommended him to the public more than the beauties and graces of his ſtile, which he was not ſtudious to poliſh. He attacked the moſt obnoxious and profligate characters in Athens, without any regard to his perſonal ſafety; to expoſe the cheat, and ridicule the impoſtor was the glory of his muſe, and neither the terrors of the magiſtracy, nor the myſteries of ſuperſtition could divert him from it. He wrote two comedies profeſſedly againſt Autolycus the Areopagite, whoſe miſbehaviour in the Chæronenſian war had made him infamous, and he called them after his name *The firſt and ſecond Autolycus*. In his famous comedy called *The Baptæ* he inveighs againſt the effeminate turpitude of his countrymen, whom he exhibits dancing after the manner of the laſcivious prieſts of Cotytto (viz. *the Baptæ*) in the habits and faſhion of female minſtrels.

Talia

Talia ſecretâ coluerunt orgia tedâ
Cecropiam ſoliti Baptæ laſſare Cotytto.
(JUVEN.)

The prevailing account of his death is, that the perſons, whom he had ſatirized in this play of the *Baptæ*, ſuborned certain aſſaſſins to throw him into the ſea, as he was paſſing the Helleſpont with the Athenian forces then on an expedition againſt the Lacedæmonians; and ſeveral authorities impute this revengeful deed to Alcibiades, who had been ſeverely handled in that piece; but Cicero in his firſt epiſtle of the ſixth book to Atticus ſpeaks of this report as a vulgar error, and quotes Eratoſthenes for the fact of Eupolis having written certain comedies after the time, when the event of his death is dated—*redarguit Eratoſthenes; affert enim quas ille poſt id tempus fabulas docuerit.*

Pauſanias tells us, that his tomb was erected upon the banks of the Æſopus in Sicyonia, and as it is not likely this honour ſhould be paid to his memory by the Sicyonians, he being an Athenian born, unleſs he had died in their country; the authority of Pauſanias ſeems to confirm the account of Eratoſthenes, and diſcredit the fable of his being thrown into the Helleſpont.

In his comedy called *The People*, by the fiction of the ſcene he raiſes the ſhades of their departed orators and dæmagogues from the dead; and when Pericles, laſt of the troop, ariſes, the poet demands, "Who it is that appears?" The queſtion being anſwered, and the ſpirit of Pericles diſmiſſed, he pronounces his encomium—"That

he was pre-eminent as an orator, for man never ſpoke as he ſpoke: When he ſtarted like a courſer in the race, he threw all competitors out of ſight, ſo rapid was the torrent of his eloquence; but with that rapidity there flowed ſuch ſweetneſs and perſuaſion from his lips, that He alone of all orators ſtruck a ſting into the very ſouls of his hearers, and left it there to remain for ever."

I think it probable the following fragment has been the opening ſpeech of this very comedy; for in it he addreſſes *the People*, and complains of the preference they are apt to beſtow upon foreigners, to the neglect of their own countrymen—"Receiving every thing with favour that falls from their lips, and applauding them as oracles of human wiſdom; whereas, if any one of your own countrymen addreſſes you (though in no reſpect their inferior) you look down upon him with contempt; nay, you are ready to pronounce that the man is in his dotage; a fool who never had ſenſes, or a madman who has loſt them—but hark ye, gentlemen! let me have a word with you at ſtarting; let me prevail with you to revoke theſe unjuſt proceedings, and give a fellow-citizen and your humble ſervant a fair hearing and impartial judgment."

I ſuſpect this to be a fly blow at Ariſtophanes, who was not an Athenian born, and perhaps at this time had not his adoption. He proceeds to lament the ſtate of public affairs, and the degeneracy of the times; for in the old comedy it was uſual for the poet to harangue the theatre, either in the opening of the piece, or at any convenient

convenient interval between the ſcenes, ſometimes in his own perſon, ſometimes by the mouth of the chorus. We cannot wonder if ſuch ſentiments as the following, delivered from the ſtage, ſhould render Eupolis obnoxious to men in power.

Addreſs to the Audience by Eupolis.

" Of many things, which offer themſelves to my conſideration, I cannot find words to ſpeak, ſo penetrated am I with affliction, when I turn my thoughts to the condition of the commonwealth; for you muſt be conſcious, O citizens, it was not ſo adminiſtered in times paſt, when men of high birth, men, whoſe rank, fortune and merit gave them a conſideration in the ſtate, filled the firſt offices of government: To ſuch we deferred, as to the deities themſelves; for they merited our reſpect, and under their protection we enjoyed ſecurity: Now we have no other guide in our election but blind ignoble chance, and on whatſoever head it falls, though he be the worſt and meaneſt of mankind, he ſtarts up a great man at once, and is inſtalled with all proper ſolemnity a rogue in ſtate."

Here the poet ſpeaks out of the roſtrum rather than from the ſtage: This is plain bold language; and tempts me to call our countryman Ben Jonſon on the ſcene, who was deep in all theſe remnants of the old Greek poets, and frequently talks the very language of the Athenian theatre.

Aſper, in character of *Preſenter* of the play, thus opens the comedy of *Every Man out of his Humour*.

Addreſs

Addreſs to the Audience by B. Jenſon.

Away!
Who is ſo patient of this impious world,
That he can check his ſpirit, or rein his tongue?
Who can behold ſuch prodigies as theſe,
And have his lips ſealed up? Not I; my ſoul,
Was never ground into ſuch oily colours,
To flatter vice and dawb iniquity:
But with an armed and reſolved hand
I'll ſtrip the ragged follies of the time,
Naked as at their birth——

I fear no mood ſtampt in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd to unmaſk a public vice.
I fear no ſtrumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's ſtab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No broker's, uſurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
Were I diſpos'd to ſay, They're all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, ſhould I applaud
The eaſy flexure of his ſupple hams.
Tut! theſe are ſo innate and popular,
That drunken cuſtom would not ſhame to laugh
In ſcorn at him, that ſhould not dare to tax them.
&c. &c.

This is the very ſpirit of the old Greek comedy, ſpeaking through the organs of our Engliſh Ariſtophanes, and old Ben fills the character of the *prægrandis ſenex*, as well as he for whom it was deſigned. It is the *Comœdia, vocem tollens*, and aſſerting her determination to keep up her rights according to antient cuſtom of her founders —*Siquis erat dignus deſcribi.*—In the third year of Olymp. LXXXIX. which was two years after the deceaſe

deceaſe of Cratinus, Eupolis acted his comedy called *The Flatterers*, Alcæus being archon. I cannot doubt but the following is a fragment of this comedy; it is a part of the ſpeech of a paraſite, and runs over a few of the arts, by which he gulls the rich boobies that fall in his way.

The Paraſite of Eupolis.

" Mark now, and learn of me the thriving arts,
" By which we paraſites contrive to live:
" Fine rogues we are, my friend (of that be ſure)
" And daintily we gull mankind.—Obſerve!
" Firſt I provide myſelf a nimble thing
" To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
" Next two new ſuits for feaſts and gala-days,
" Which I promote by turns, when I walk forth
" To ſun myſelf upon the public ſquare:
" There if perchance I ſpy ſome rich dull knave,
" Strait I accoſt him, do him reverence,
" And, ſaunt'ring up and down, with idle chat
" Hold him awhile in play; at every word,
" Which his wife worſhip utters, I ſtop ſhort
" And bleſs myſelf for wonder; if he ventures
" On ſome vile joke, I blow it to the ſkies,
" And hold my ſides for laughter—Then to ſupper
" With others of our brotherhood to meſs
" In ſome night-cellar on our barley cakes,
" And club inventions for the next day's ſhift."

The Paraſite of Ben Jonſon.

MOSCA.

——— *Oh! your paraſite*
Is a moſt precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongſt clods and clot-poles here on earth.
I muſe the myſtery was not made a ſcience,
It is ſo liberally profeſt. Almoſt
All the wiſe world is little elſe in nature
But paraſites and ſub-paraſites. And yet
I mean not theſe, that have your bare town-art,

To

To know who's fit to feed them; have no houſe,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that ſenſe---nor thoſe,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Echo, My Lord, and lick away a moth;
But your fine elegant raſcal, that can riſe,
And ſtoop almoſt together like an arrow,
Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a ſtar,
Turn ſhort as doth a ſwallow, and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Preſent to any humour, all occaſion,
And change a viſor ſwifter than a thought;
This is the creature had the art born with him.

Lucian's *Paraſite*, which is a maſterpiece of character and comic writing, and Horace's dialogue between Tireſias and Ulyſſes (which is the fifth ſatire of the ſecond book) might perhaps be traced in paſſages of this comedy of Eupolis, if we had it entire.

Eupolis in his *Lacedæmonians* attacks both the public and private character of Cimon, charging him with improper partiality for the Lacedæmonians, with drunkenneſs, and even with an inceſtuous commerce with his own ſiſter Pnyce: Plutarch takes notice of this attack, and ſays it had a great effect in ſtirring up the populace againſt this celebrated commander.

He wrote his comedy, intitled *Marica*, againſt the orator *Hyperbolus*, whom Thucydides mentions to have been baniſhed by Oſtraciſm.

We have the titles of upwards of twenty plays of this author's compoſition.

N° LXXV.

ARISTOPHANES.

Ut templum charites, quod non labatur, haberent;
invenêre tuum pectus, Ariſtophanes.

(Jos. Scaliger ex Platone.)

THIS is an eulogy the more honourable to Ariſtophanes, as it fell from Plato, the diſciple of Socrates. If I were to collect all the teſtimonies, that are ſcattered through the works of the learned in behalf of the author we are now about to review, I ſhould fill my pages with panegyric; but this I am the leſs concerned to do, as the reader has a part of him in poſſeſſion, which as it is near a fourth of the whole man, he has more than the foot by which to meaſure this Hercules.

Both the parentage and birth-place of Ariſtophanes are doubtful: He was an adopted, not a natural, citizen of Athens, and I incline to think he was the ſon of Philippus, a native of Ægina, where our poet had ſome patrimony. He was in perſon very tall, bony and robuſt, and we have his own authority for his baldneſs; but whether this was as diſgraceful at Athens, as it was amongſt the Romans, I have not been anxious to enquire. He was in private life of a free, open and companionable temper, and his company was fought after by the greateſt characters of the age with all poſſible avidity: Plato, and even Socrates, ſhared many ſocial hours with him; he was much the

the moſt popular character in Athens, as the great dæmagogue Cleon experienced to his coſt, not to mention Socrates himſelf: Every honour that could be paid to a poet was publicly beſtowed upon Ariſtophanes by the Athenian people; nor did they confine their rewards to honorary prizes only, but decreed him fines and pecuniary confiſcations from thoſe, who ventured to attack him with ſuits and proſecutions: Dionyſius of Syracuſe in vain made overtures to him of the moſt flattering ſort, at the time when Æſchines and Ariſtippus, Socratic philoſophers, were retained in his court with ſo much infamy to their private characters, and when even Plato himſelf had ſolicited his notice by three ſeveral viſits to Syracuſe, where he had not the good fortune to render himſelf very agreeable. The fame of Ariſtophanes had reached to the court of Perſia, and his praiſes were there ſounded by the great king himſelf, who conſidered him not only as the firſt poet, but as the moſt conſpicuous perſonage at Athens. I do not find him marked with any other immorality, than that of intemperance with regard to wine, the faſhionable exceſs of the time, and in ſome degree a kind of prerogative of his profeſſion, a *licentia poetica*: Athenæus the Deipnóſophiſt ſays he was drunk when he compoſed, but this is a charge that will not paſs upon any man who is ſober; and if we rejected it from Sophocles in the caſe of Æſchylus, we ſhall not receive it but with contempt from ſuch an accuſer as Athenæus. He was not happy in his domeſtic connections, for he naturally declares that *he was aſhamed of his wife*—

Τὴν

—Τὴν γυναῖκα δ' ἀισχύνομαι—and as for his two ſons, Philippus and Araroteſ they did him as little credit, and he conſidered them accordingly. He was bleſt with a good conſtitution, and lived to turn above ſeventy years, though the date of his death is not preciſely laid down.

Though he was reſolute in oppoſing himſelf to the torrent of vice and corruption, which overſpread the manners of his country, yet he was far more temperate in his perſonal invective than his contemporaries. He was too ſenſitive in his nature to undertake the performance of his own parts in perſon, which was general with all the comic poets of his time; and he ſtood their raillery for not venturing to tread the ſtage as they did. Amipſias and Ariſtonymus, both rival authors, charged him with availing himſelf of the talents of other people from the conſciouſneſs of his own inſufficiency: Their raillery could not draw him out, till his favourite actor Calliſtratus declined undertaking the part of Cleon in his perſonal comedy of *The Knights*, dreading the reſentment of that powerful dæmagogue, who was as unforgiving as he was imperious: In this dilemma Ariſtophanes conquered his repugnance, and determined upon preſenting himſelf on the ſtage for the firſt time in his life: He dreſſed himſelf in the character of this formidable tribune; and having coloured his face with vermilion up to the hue of the brutal perſon he was to reſemble, he entered on the part in ſuch a ſtile of energy, and with ſuch natural expreſſion that the effect was irreſiſtible; and the proud factious Cleon was ſtript of his popularity, and ſentenced

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in a fine of five talents by the knight's decree, as damages for the charge he had preferred againſt the author touching his right of citizenſhip, which was awarded and ſecured to him by the ſame inſtrument.

Such was Ariſtophanes in perſon, manners and character: As a poet I might refer the learned reader to his works, which ſpeak ſo ably for themſelves: They are not only valuable as his remains, but when we conſider them as the only remains, which give us any complete ſpecimens of the Greek comedy, they become ineſtimable through the misfortunes of all the reſt. We receive them as treaſures thrown up from a wreck, or more properly as one paſſenger eſcaped out of a fleet, whoſe narative we liſten to with the more eagerneſs and curioſity, becauſe it is from this alone we can gain intelligence of the nature of the expedition, the quality of the armament, and the characters and talents of the commanders, who have periſhed and gone down into the abyſs together.

The comedies of Ariſtophanes are univerſally eſteemed to be the ſtandard of Attic writing in its greateſt purity; if any man would wiſh to know the language as it was ſpoke by Pericles, he muſt ſeek it in the ſcenes of Ariſtophanes, where he is not uſing a foreign or affected diction, for the purpoſe of accommodating it to ſome particular or extravagant character. The ancient authors, both Greek and Roman, who had all the productions of the Athenian ſtage before them, ſpeak of him with ſuch rapture and admiration, as to give him a decided preference before all other comic

comic poets, with an exception as I believe of Plutarch only, who brings him into compariſon with Menander, and after diſcuſſing their different pretenſions decides peremptorily for Menander: This criticiſm of Plutarch's I ſhall reſerve for future conſideration; and when I ſaid that he is ſingle in his preference of Menander, perhaps I ought to recal the expreſſion, as that poet has his admirers, but none that I know of, who have deliberately given judgment in his favour upon a critical compariſon with Ariſtophanes, except Plutarch above mentioned.

The drama of Ariſtophanes is of a mixed ſpecies; ſometimes perſonal, at other times inclining to parody, according to the character of the middle comedy: He varies and accommodates his ſtile to his ſubject and the ſpeakers on the ſcene; on ſome occaſions it is elevated, grave, ſublime and poliſhed to a wonderful degree of brilliancy and beauty; on others it ſinks and deſcends into humble dialogue, provincial ruſticity, coarſe naked obſcenity, and even puns and quibbles: The verſatility of his genius is admirable; for he gives us every rank and deſcription of men in his ſcenes, and in every one is ſtrictly characteriſtic. In ſome paſſages, and frequently in his choruſſes, he ſtarts out of the ordinary province of comedy into the loftieſt flights of poetry, and in theſe I doubt if Æſchylus or Pindar have ſurpaſſed him: In ſentiment and good ſenſe he is not inferior to Euripides, and in the acuteneſs of his criticiſms equalled by none: In the general purport of his moral he ſeldom, if ever, fails; but he works occaſionally with unclean tools, and, like Juvenal

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in the lower ages, chaſtiſes vice by an open expoſure of its turpitude, offending the ear, whilſt he aims to mend the heart. This habit of plain ſpeaking was the faſhion of the times he wrote in, and the audience demanded and would have it; that he may be ſtudied by the pureſt readers we ſhould conclude, when we are told he was the pillow companion of a Chriſtian ſaint, as the well-known anecdote of Chryſoſtom will teſtify. If we cannot entirely defend the indelicacy of his muſe, we cannot deny but that a great ſhare of the blame reſts with the ſpectators: A dramatic poet cannot model his audience, but in a certain degree muſt of neceſſity conform to their taſte and humour: It can be proved that Ariſtophanes himſelf laments the hard taſk impoſed upon him of gratifying the public at the expence of decency; but with the example of the poet Cratinus before his eyes, who was driven from the ſtage becauſe he ſcrupled to amuſe the public ear with tawdry jeſts, it is not to be wondered at, if any author, emulous of applauſe, ſhould fall in with the wiſhes of the theatre, unbecoming as they were: Let me add in further palliation of this fault, that he never puts obſcenity but in the mouths of obſcene characters, and ſo applies it as to give his hearers a diſguſt for ſuch unſeemly habits. Morality I confeſs deſerves a purer vehicle, yet I contend that his purpoſe was honeſt, and I dare believe went farther towards reforming the looſe Athenians, than all the indeciſive poſitions of the philoſophers, who being enliſted into ſects and factions ſcarce agreed in any one point of common morality.

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This part of his defence would have been very eaſily handled a century or two ago; Ben Jonſon for inſtance could have helped his argument out with his own example, if occaſion had required; but the taſk falls very heavy upon an advocate in this age, which is of purer ears than to liſten to obſcenity; and though my particular difficulties have thereby been encreaſed, I ſhall never repine under the weight of any burthen, which the merit of my contemporaries lays upon me.

His wit is of various kinds; much is of a general and permanent ſtamp; much is local, perſonal and untransferable to poſterity: No author ſtill retains ſo many brilliant paſſages, yet none has ſuffered ſuch injury by the depredations of time: Of his powers in ridicule and humour, whether of character or dialogue, there might be no end to inſtances: If Plautus gives us the model of Epicharmus, he does not equal him; and if Terence tranſlates Menander, his original does not approach him in theſe particulars: I doubt if the ſum total of wit and humour in all their ſtage-lacqueys would together balance the ſingle character of *Cario* in the *Plutus*. His ſatire, whether levelled againſt the vices and follies of the people at large, againſt the corruption of the dæmagogues, the turpitude and chicanery of the philoſophers, or the arrogant ſelf-ſufficiency of the tragic poets, cuts with an edge that penetrates the character, and leaves no ſhelter for either ignorance or criminality.

Ariſtophanes was author of above ſixty comedies, though they are erroneouſly ſtated under that amount. *The Plutus* now in our hands (which

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is the ſecond he wrote of that title) has been twice publiſhed in our language by two different tranſlators; one of theſe I have ſeen, which was jointly executed by the celebrated Henry Fielding and the Rev. Mr. Young: There is an Engliſh tranſlation, as I am told, of *The Clouds*, but this has never been in my hands, and alſo a very late one of *The Frogs* in metre, which I have peruſed. Much praiſe is due to the labours of learned men, who thus endeavour to make his wit current among us; and every man who knows the difficulties of their taſk, will find his candour ſtrongly called upon to excuſe any errors or inequalities, that may appear in their performances.

No LXXVI.

I SAID in my former Paper that Plutarch had made a compariſon between Ariſtophanes and Menander, and given his decided judgment for the latter. It might well be expected, that a Greek of the lower ages, living in the time of Trajan, and in court-favour with that emperor, ſhould prefer a poliſhed elegant author like Menander to one ſo bold, perſonal and ſarcaſtic as the poet he compares with him. Horace even in the time of Auguſtus had begun to decry the *Plautinos Sales*, and the manners were much more refined in Plutarch's

tarch's time than in his. As we can take little eſtimate of Menander from the fragments only of his comedies which now remain, we cannot ſee what general reaſons Plutarch, or any other critic of his time, might have for preferring him; but as far as he has entered into ſtrictures and objections in his examination of Ariſtophanes, ſo far we can follow him; this part at leaſt of his criticiſm is ſtill open to be controverted, and if it ſhall appear that he has condemned one party without reaſon, it may be preſumed he has preferred the other without juſtice.

Plutarch aſſerts that Ariſtophanes is a punſter, a quibbler upon words, and ridiculouſly given to parody. It is unfortunate for this charge that he follows it up with quotations, in every one of which Ariſtophanes is not only to be defended but applauded; he could not have ſelected paſſages leſs to the purpoſe; and the accuſation has accordingly been turned againſt him by Friſchlinus and other advocates of the poet.

He arraigns the ſtile of Ariſtophanes on account of its inequalities and variations, obſerving that it is ſometimes high and ſometimes low, now turgid and inflated, now grovelling and depreſſed—as if he had not been aware that the great variety of characters, which his comedy exhibits, naturally demands as great a variety of ſtile: He applauds Menander for the uniform and equal tenor of his ſtile, not ſeeming to recollect that his comedy on the contrary had one uniform complexion, contained no choruſſes and introduced no living characters; whereas Ariſtophanes, according to the ſpirit of the old comedy, makes uſe of choruſſes, many

many of which are of ſo fanciful and imaginary a nature, that it is neceſſary to employ all the powers of poetry in their diſplay, and in ſome caſes even to create a new ſtile (and almoſt language) for the occaſion: He alſo introduces gods, heroes, poets, orators, philoſophers, ambaſſadors, prieſts on his ſcene; ſome of theſe profeſſedly demand a ſwelling tragic pomp of words, for inſtance Æſchylus, Sophocles and Euripides: In ſhort, the very excellence of Ariſtophanes is diſcrimination of ſtile and character. Should Socrates and a ſlave ſpeak in the ſame phraſe? Should Lamachus (a mere *miles glorioſus*) talk in the tone of a beggarly Megarenſian pedlar? Certainly not; nor is there any need to dwell longer on this criticiſm of Plutarch's, in which the ingenious author has ſhewn little of his uſual candour or judgment. That he ſhould be prepoſſeſſed in favour of the new comedy is very natural; elegant and moral fictions are both more pleaſing and more proper ſubjects for the drama, than bold and coarſe truths and living realities: The even ſuavity of Menander's ſtile might be more to his taſte than the irregular ſublimity of Ariſtophanes's; but when I ſee him manage the argument in a manner ſo much below his uſual ſagacity, I cannot help ſuſpecting there might be ſome other beſides general prejudice in his mind againſt Ariſtophanes, and I make no doubt he had foſtered ſtrong reſentments againſt him for his attacks upon Socrates; I alſo ſee ſome grounds for believing that he had been oppoſed by Pliny in his partiality for Menander, whom that author calls *omnis luxuriæ interpres*; a charge which was reſented by Plutarch, who

who nevertheleſs was compelled to admit it: It is not improbable therefore that this might have given ſome occaſion to him for entering into a more formal compariſon between the two authors, and for publiſhing his ſtrictures upon Ariſtophanes. Upon looking over the titles of the comedies of the laſt-named author, which are loſt, I find one intitled *Bœotia*, which play was tranſlated and brought upon the Roman ſtage by Plautus, as it is generally thought, though we are told that M. Varro gave it to one Aquilius; be this as it may, the comedy was produced by one or the other, and there is a fragment of it in proof, which will be found in Pareus's edition of Plautus: Here is freſh reaſon for Plutarch (who was a Bœotian) to take up a reſentment againſt Ariſtophanes; and, if it were a ſubject worth following, I could ſhew that Plutarch's national prejudices were uncommonly ſtrong: The comedy indeed is not in exiſtence, both original and tranſlation being periſhed; but we can eaſily believe that Bœotia did not eſcape out of Ariſtophanes's hands without a pretty ſmart flagellation; and this was the more galling to Plutarch, becauſe it was naturalized on the Roman ſtage, and, if it was ſtill in repreſentation, might give a handle to the wits of the time for a run upon his native country. But I perceive my zeal is carrying me into an unprofitable reſearch, and I proceed with my ſubject.

Ariſtophanes has ſometimes been reproached for his attacks upon Euripides; but this author was a fair ſubject for ſatire in his literary character, and, though he was the friend of Socrates his private morals were no leſs open to reproof.

The voice of the heathen world has been ſo loud in the praiſe of Socrates; he is ſo decidedly the hero of all the Ciceros and declaimers upon morality, that even now, after ſo many centuries of Chriſtianity, it is with a kind of ſuperſtitious reverence we approach his character. His contemporaries, who ſaw him in the neareſt light, treat him with the leaſt reſpect: Ariſtophanes (as Ben Jonſon expreſſes it) *hoiſted him up with a pulley, and made him play the philoſopher in a baſket; meaſure how many foot a flea could ſkip geometrically by a juſt ſcale, and edify the people from the engine*—Time and prejudice have ſince caſt a veil before him, that it would be a hardy deed to attempt to withdraw.

This attack of Ariſtophanes has doomed him to almoſt univerſal deteſtation; the praiſe we give him is no more than his ſuperior genius extorts, and it is paid grudgingly, like a tax, without cordiality or good-will: We admire him for his bold attacks upon Cleon, and we can find ſome palliation for his ſtrictures upon Euripides; the languid affectation of the poet, and the turbulent ferocity of the dæmagogue, juſtify the ſatiriſt; but when he aſſaults the ſacred character of Socrates, when he arraigns the unſpotted purity of the great maſter of morality, it is no longer ſatire, it is ſacrilege. But is all this to paſs without one word for the poet? Was he given up by his contemporaries for this atrocious act? was he given up by the friends and diſciples of Socrates? By none; not even by Plato himſelf, who on the contrary careſſed, admired and extolled him both in verſe and proſe; he adopted his ſentiments on the ſubject

ject of *Love*, and engrafted them into his own *Sympoſium*: He applauded him to Dionyſius of Syracuſe, and put his comedies into his hands as the only pure and perfect model of Attic elegance: the tyrant read them, admired them, and even rehearſed them by heart; nay he did more, he turned poet himſelf, and wrote a play for the Athenian ſtage, which of courſe was honoured with a prize. And now why ſhould we be more angry than Plato was? what have we diſcovered, which he did not know, that we ſhould take the matter up ſo high? We have diſcovered that Ariſtophanes took a bribe of Melitus and his faction to attack Socrates, and pave the way for their criminal charge, by which he ſuffered; and this we take upon credit from Ælian's inſinuations in an article of his *Various Hiſtory*, which for its authority in this caſe is about as good an evidence as any ſtory out of the *Incredibilia* of *Palæphatus Heraclitus*. Ælian however does not hardily advance this as a fact, but hooks it in by way of queſtion—*Where is the abſurdity*, he aſks, *ſuppoſing that the poet who was known to be needy, had taken a bribe?*—This is a mere inſinuation, by which he tries the credulity of his readers: If they will believe it, ſo much the better for his purpoſe; if not, he has nothing elſe to offer; he has done his beſt to blacken the character of Ariſtophanes in this caſe, as he did in that of his intemperance: He has accuſed him of writing plays when he was drunk, and now he accuſes him of taking a bribe for writing them: The man who believes the one, may take the other into the bargain; for his own part, the improbability ſtares him ſo fully in the face, that he immediately ſubjoins to his inſinuation above quo-

ted—*That for the truth of this, it was beſt known to Ariſtophanes himſelf.*—This can never paſs with any candid reader. As for the ſucceſs of the attack, that he confeſſes was beyond all example; the comedy was applauded to the ſkies; never did any poet receive ſuch honours from the public, as Ariſtophanes for this play of *The Clouds*.

As to the charge of the bribe, I need not obſerve, that if it was not an eaſy thing for any advocate of the poet to prove the negative in Hadrian's days, when Ælian threw it out, it cannot be leſs difficult now to do it, when more than two millenniums have interpoſed between the fact and our examination of it: And yet we know that Ariſtophanes, in a ſhort time after the repreſentation of his *Clouds*, brought this very Melitus, who is ſuppoſed to have ſuborned him by a bribe, before the audience, and expoſed his vicious character with the moſt unſparing ſeverity. If this is not proving a negative, it is as near it as circumſtance and preſumption can go.

But there is another part of Ælian's charge which can be more clearly diſproved than the above, and this is the aſſertion he advances, that this attack upon Socrates from the ſtage was contrived by Anytus and Melitus as a prelude to the criminal accuſation of him: This Ælian expreſly aſſerts, adding that the faction were afraid of his popularity, and therefore ſet Ariſtophanes upon him to feel the pulſe of the people, before they ventured to bring their public charge againſt him. Here he flatly confutes himſelf; for had this been the proving attack, what experiment could anſwer more completely, when even by his own ac-

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count all Athens was in raptures with the poet, and the comedy went off with more general applauſe than any was ever known to receive? nay, more than this, Socrates himſelf according to Ælian's own account was preſent in the theatre, and ſtood up in view of the people all the while; yet in ſpite of his preſence, in defiance of this bold appeal, the theatre rung with plaudits, and the philoſopher only ſtood up to be a more conſpicuous mark of raillery and contempt. Why then did not the faction ſeize the opportunity and ſecond the blow? Could any thing anſwer more fully to their wiſhes? or rather, could any event turn out more beyond their expectation? From Ælian's account we are left to conclude that this was the caſe, and that this attack was literally a prelude to their charge; but this inference is alike diſingenuous with all the reſt, for we know from indubitable dates that *The Clouds* was acted at leaſt *eighteen years* before the death of Socrates: It was in the firſt year of Olymp. LXXXIX. when Iſarchus was archon, that Ariſtophanes acted his firſt comedy of *The Clouds*, which was driven off the ſtage by Alcibiades and his party: In the year immediately following, when Aminias was archon he brought out the ſecond of that name, which is the comedy in queſtion, now in our hands: Theſe are authentic records; take the earlieſt date for the death of Socrates, and it will not fall till the firſt year of Olymp. XCV. when Laches was archon; the interval is as I ſtate it; a pretty reaſonable time for ſuch a plot to be ripening: And who now will give credit to Ælian and his *Various Hiſtory?*

Having taken ſome pains to prove what Ariſtophanes's motives were not, it now remains to ſhew what they were; but this will be the ſubject of another paper.

N° LXXVII.

THE Clouds is a ſatirical and perſonal comedy, the moral of which is to ſhew how the ſophiſtry of the ſchools may be employed as an inſtrument of fraud and evaſion in matters of right and property; this is its principal object: But it touches alſo upon other points by the way, and humorouſly expoſes certain new and chimerical notions about the relation of children to their parents, and of the influence of *The Clouds*, as ſuperior to the ſuperintending power of Jupiter.

Of its moral therefore, ſeparately conſidered (comprehending the chief duties and relations of men, whether to the gods, to their parents, or to ſociety at large) there can be no doubt; its excellence and importance ſpeak for themſelves.

The comedy being written before the practice was reſtrained of bringing living characters on the ſtage, a ſchool is here introduced, and the greateſt philoſopher of the time is repreſented in perſon

perſon on the ſtage: This philoſopher is Socrates himſelf, and the ſchool is the ſchool of Socrates.

Socrates is made to advance the hypotheſis of *The Clouds* before mentioned; but it ſhould be conſtantly kept in remembrance, that he lays down no doctrines, as principles of fraud or injuſtice: It is not the teacher who recommends, but his diſciples who pervert his inſtructions to the evil purpoſe of defrauding and eluding their creditors: The like remark holds good in the caſe of the natural duty of children to their parents: The ſon in the play it is true ſtrikes and beats his father on the ſtage, and he quotes the maxims of Socrates in juſtification; but he does not quote them as poſitive rules and injunctions for an act ſo attrocious; he only ſhews that ſophiſtry may be turned to defend that, or any other thing equally violent and outrageous.

There are two lights in which Socrates is to be viewed; firſt, in his public character as a teacher; ſecondly, in his private one as a man. It is chiefly in the former of theſe that Ariſtophanes has attacked him; and (as I before obſerved) it is to expoſe the evil uſes rather than the evil nature of his doctrines, that he brings his ſchool upon the ſtage; for when the diſciple is queſtioned about the ſtudies which his maſter is employed in, he makes report of ſome frivolous and minute reſearches, which are introduced only for the purpoſe of raiſing a harmleſs laugh, and ſo far there can be no offence in this ſcene.

After all it muſt be allowed, that theſe ſeminaries of ſophiſtry, which the ſtate of Athens thought it neceſſary to put down by public edict,

could not have been improper ſubjects for dramatic ridicule; for if the ſchools were found ſo detrimental to the morals of youth, that the archons and their council, after due deliberation, reſolved upon a general expulſion of all maſters and teachers thereunto belonging, and effectually did expel them, ſurely the poet may be acquitted, when he ſatirizes thoſe obnoxious parties, whom the laws of his country in a ſhort time after cut off from the community.

There can be little doubt but this was a public meaſure founded in wiſdom, if it were for no other reaſon, than that the Lacedæmonians never ſuffered a maſter of philoſophy to open ſchool within their realm and juriſdiction, holding them in abhorrence, and proſcribing their academies as ſeminaries of evil manners, and tending to the corruption of youth: It is well known what peculiar care and attention were beſtowed upon the education of the Spartan youth, and how much more moral this people was, who admitted no philoſophers to ſettle amongſt them, than their Athenian neighbours, in whoſe diſſolute capital they ſwarmed. In fact, the enormity became too great to be redreſſed; the whole community was infected with the enthuſiaſm of theſe ſectaries; and the liberties of Athens, which depended on the public virtue of her citizens, fell a ſacrifice to the corruptions of falſe philoſophy: The wiſer Lacedæmonians ſaw the fatal error of their rivals, and availed themſelves of its conſequences; they roſe upon the ruins of Athens, and it was the triumph of wiſdom over wit: Theſe philoſophers were ingenious men, but execrable citizens; and

when

when the raillery of the ſtage was turned againſt them, the weapons of ridicule could not be more laudably employed.

As for the ſchool of Socrates in particular, though it may be a faſhion to extol it, there is no reaſon to believe it was in better credit than any other; on the contrary, it was in ſuch public diſrepute on account of the infamous characters of many of his diſciples, and of the diſgraceful attachments he was known to have, that it was at one time deſerted by every body except Æſchines, the paraſite of the tyrant Dionyſius, and the moſt worthleſs man living: This Æſchines, his ſole and favourite diſciple, was arraigned by the pleader Lyſias, and convicted of the vileſt frauds, and branded as a public cheat: He was a wretch, who employed the ſophiſtry and cunning argumentation, which he learnt of his maſter, to the purpoſe only of evading his debts, contracted by the moſt profligate extravagancies: He afterwards went over to the ſchool of Plato, and when Socrates was dead, had influence enough with Xantippe to obtain of her ſome dialogues from her huſband's papers, which he publiſhed as his own, and ſet up for an author and preceptor in philoſophy. It is very probable Ariſtophanes had in view the character of this very Æſchines, when he brings his old man on the ſcene, conſulting Socrates for ſophiſtical evaſions how to elude his creditors.

Another of the ſcholars of Socrates was *Simon* the ſophiſt, a man whoſe rapacity became a proverb (Σίμωνος ἁρπακτικώτερος, *Simoni rapacior*). This Simon was ſuch a plunderer of the public money,

that Ariſtophanes in his ſtrong manner ſays, *The very wolves run off upon the ſight of Simon.*

The deſpicable *Cleonymus*, whoſe cowardice was as proverbial as Simon's rapacity, and the profligate *Theorus*, who buried himſelf in the ſtews at Corinth, were alſo fellow ſtudents under Socrates, and it is with juſt indignation againſt ſuch execrable characters that Ariſtophanes exclaims—*O Jupiter, if thy bolts are aimed at perjury, why do theſe wretches, of all moſt perjured, Simon, Cleonymus and Theorus, eſcape the ſtroke?*

Ειπερβάλλει τὺς ἐπιόρκυς, πῶς δῆτ' οὐχί Σίμων' ἐνέπρησεν,
Οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θεώρον; καὶ τοι σφόδρα γ' εἰσ' ἐπιόρκοι.

Ariſtippus, the Cyrenaic founder, was a diſtinguiſhed diſciple of the Socratic ſchool, a paraſite alſo in the court of Dionyſius, a buffoon and drunkard, the avowed oppoſer of every thing virtuous, a maſter and profeſſor of immorality, who laid down inſtitutes of ſenſuality and reduced it to a ſyſtem.

Of Alcibiades I ſhall briefly ſpeak, for the ſtories of Socrates's attachment to him are ſuch as need not be enlarged upon; they obtained ſo generally, that he was vulgarly called Alcibiades's Sileſius: When I glance at theſe reports in diſfavour of a character, which probably ſtands ſo high in the opinion of the learned reader, I muſt hope for a candid interpretation of my motives for collecting theſe anecdotes, which I do not wiſh to apply to any other purpoſe than merely to ſhew

ſhew that Ariſtophanes was not ſingular in his attack upon this celebrated philoſopher; neither did this attack bear ſo hard againſt him, as many ſtories, then in general circulation, otherwiſe did: Great authorities have aſcribed his attachment to Alcibiades to the moſt virtuous principle; common fame, or perhaps (more properly ſpeaking) common defamation, turned it into a charge of the impureſt nature: In like manner we find him ridiculed for his devotion to the noted Aſpaſia, in whoſe company he is ſaid to have paſſed much of his time; and Athenæus quotes ſome paſſages of his dialogues with her, which he tells us were publiſhed by Herodicus, and which we muſt either totally reject, or allow him to have been ſubject to ſuch private weakneſſes and frailties, as were very unſuitable to his public character: What were the real motives for his frequent viſits to Aſpaſia, as well as for his ſeeming attachment to the ſtrumpet Theodote, muſt be left to conjecture; of the fact there is no room to doubt. He is ſtigmatized for his guilty connections in his youth with his preceptor Archelaus, and yet this charge (however improbable it may ſeem) reſts upon the authority of Ariſtoxenus, a man of the moſt candid character, and whoſe credit ſtands high with all true critics. Herodicus the hiſtorian, whom I have before mentioned, and who lived about three hundred and fifty years before the Chriſtian æra, ſeems to have treated Socrates with the greateſt ſeverity, charging him with ſitting up all night drinking and carouſing with Agatho and others, whom when he had left drunk and aſleep, he reeled into the Lyceum,

more

more fit (in the words quoted from the relater) for the ſociety of Homer's cannibals, than of thoſe he found there: In this debauch it is pretended, that although Phedrus, Eryximachus and many other potent drinkers fled the company, Socrates ſate to the laſt, ſwallowing drenches of wine out of enormous goblets of ſilver: He deſcribes him ſitting amongſt laſcivious revellers at a banquet, where dancing-girls and boys were exhibiting their indecent attitudes to the muſic of harpers and minſtrels: He expoſes this maſter of morality entering into a controverſy with his ſcholar Critobulus upon the ſubject of male beauty; and becauſe Critobulus had ridiculed him for his uglineſs, he aſſerts that Socrates challenged him to a naked exhibition, and that he actually expoſed his unſeemly perſon to a Pathic and a dancing-girl, the appointed umpires of the diſpute; the conqueror was to be rewarded with an embrace from each of theſe umpires, as the prize of ſuperior beauty, and the deciſion was of conſequence given *ex abſurdo* to the philoſopher, in preference to one of the handſomeſt young men in Greece, and he enjoyed the prize annexed to the decree. If we can believe this anecdote to have been gravely related by an hiſtorian, who lived ſo near to him in point of time, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder that Ariſtophanes had the whole theatre on his ſide, when ſuch ſtories were in circulation againſt the character of Socrates.

As I have no other object in view but to offer what occurs to me in defence of Ariſtophanes, who appears to have been moſt unjuſtly accuſed of taking bribes for his attack upon Socrates, and

of having paved the way for the cruel ſentence by which he ſuffered death, I ſhall here conclude an invidious taſk, which my ſubject, not my choice, has laid upon me.

In our volume of Ariſtophanes, the comedies are not placed according to the order of time in which they were produced: There is reaſon to think that *The Acharnenſians* was the firſt of its author; it was acted in the laſt year of Olymp. LXXXV. when the edict was reverſed which prohibited the repreſentation of comedies; and it is ſaid that Ariſtophanes brought it out in the name of Calliſtratus the comedian.

In the laſt year of Olymp. LXXXVIII. he produced his comedy of *The Knights*, in which he perſonally attacks the tribune Cleon.

In the firſt year of Olymp. LXXXIX. he produced his firſt comedy of *The Clouds*, and in the year following his ſecond of that title, which is now in our hands, and ranks as third in the volume.

In the ſame year was acted his comedy of *The Waſps*, in which he ſatirizes the General Chares for his conduct in the unfortunate expedition to Sicily.

In the fourth year of Olymp. XC. we may place his comedy intitled *The Peace*. In the firſt of Olymp. XCI. *The Lyſiſtrata*; and in the ſecond of the ſame Olympiad that of *The Birds*

The Theſmophoriaguſæ or *Cerealia Celebrantes* and *Concionatrices*, fall within the period of Olymp. XCII. before the death of Euripides, who is ſatirized in the former of theſe pieces.

The *Frogs* were performed in the laſt year of Olymp. XCIII. after the death of Euripides.

The

The Plutus, which completes the eleven comedies ſtill remaining, and the laſt, to which he prefixed his own name, was produced in the fourth year of Olymp. XCVII.

It is generally ſuppoſed that we owe theſe remains of Ariſtophanes to St. Chryſoſtom, who happily reſcued this valuable, though ſmall, portion of his favourite author from his more ſcrupulous Chriſtian contemporaries, whoſe zeal was fatally too ſucceſsful in deſtroying every other comic author, out of a very numerous collection, of which no one entire ſcene now remains.

No LXXVIII.

I SHALL now proceed to mention ſome other principal writers of the old comedy, of whoſe works, though once the favourites of the Athenian ſtage, few memorials ſurvive, and theſe ſo ſmall and imperfect, and withal ſo ſeparated from each other (conſiſting only of ſhort quotations in the ſcholiaſts and grammarians) that it is a taſk to collect them, which nothing would compenſate but the hope of being in ſome degree the inſtrument of ſaving from abſolute extinction the names of authors once ſo illuſtrious.

AMIPSIAS

AMIPSIAS was a contemporary of Ariſtophanes, and no mean rival; we have the titles of ten comedies of this author. In ſome of theſe his ſatire was perſonal, but all of them ſeem by their titles to have been levelled againſt the reigning vices of his time, ſuch as *The Gameſters*, *The Glutton*, *The Beard* (in which he inveighed againſt the hypocriſy and affectation of the prieſts and philoſophers), *The Adulterers*, *The Sappho* (wherein the morals of the fair ſex were expoſed), *The Purſe*, a ſecond attack upon the gameſters, and *The Philoſopher's Cloak*, in which it is underſtood he glanced pretty ſeverely at Socrates.

PLATO was a comic poet, high in time and character; a collection of no leſs than forty titles of his comedies has been made by the learned Meurſius, but very few fragments of theſe are remaining. Clemens aſſerts that Ariſtophanes and Plato were mutually charged of borrowing from each other, which in one ſenſe makes greatly to the reputation of our poet. He is quoted by Plutarch in his Alcibiades, and very honourably mentioned by the famous Galen, by Athenæus, Clemens, Julius Pollux and Suidas. There is a fragment containing four lines and a half, upon a ſtatue of Mercury cut by Dædalus, which has an epigrammatic neatneſs and point in it, that induced me to render it in rhime: He addreſſes the ſtatue, miſtaking it for a living figure:

"Hoa there! who art thou? Anſwer me—Art dumb?"
"—Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come;
"My name Mercurius, and, as you may prove,
"A ſtatue; but his ſtatues ſpeak and move."

Plato

Plato wrote a comedy perſonally againſt the General Cleophon, and called it by his name; there are others of the ſame deſcription in his catalogue, and ſome of the middle ſort: There are a few lines upon the tomb of Themiſtocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic ſimplicity in them, that deſerves a better tranſlation than I can give.

" *On the Tomb of Themiſtocles.*

" By the ſea's margin, on the watery ſtrand,
" Thy monument, Themiſtocles, ſhall ſtand:
" By this directed to thy native ſhore
" The merchant ſhall convey his freighted ſtore;
" And when our fleets are ſummon'd to the fight,
" Athens ſhall conquer with thy tomb in ſight."

The following frament of a dialogue, between a father and a ſophiſt, under whoſe tuition he had placed his ſon, probably belonged either to the comedy called *The Beard*, or *The Philoſopher's Cloak*: It is pretty much in the ſpirit of our old Engliſh drama.

" FATHER,

" Thou haſt deſtroy'd the morals of my ſon,
" Aud turn'd his mind, not ſo diſpos'd, to vice,
" Unholy pedagogue! With morning drams,
" A filthy cuſtom which he caught from thee,
" Clean from his former practice, now he ſaps
" His youthful vigour. Is it thus you ſchool him?

" SOPHIST.

" And if I did, what harms him? Why complain you?
" He does but follow what the wiſe preſcribe,
" The great voluptuous law of Epicurus,

Pleaſure.

" Pleaſure, the beſt of all good things on earth ;
" And how but thus can pleaſure be obtain'd ?

" FATHER.

" Virtue will give it him.

" SOPHIST.

" And what but virtue
" Is our philoſophy ? When have you met
" One of our ſect ſluſh'd and diſguis'd with wine ?
" Or one, but one of thoſe you tax ſo roundly,
" On whom to fix a fault ?

" FATHER.

" Not one, but all,
" All to march forth with ſupercilious brow
" High-arch'd with pride, beating the city-rounds,
" Like conſtables in queſt of rogues and out-laws,
" To find that prodigy in human nature,
" A wiſe and perfect man ! What is your ſcience
" But kitchen-ſcience ? wiſely to deſcant
" Upon the choice bits of a ſavoury carp,
" And prove by logic that his *ſummum bonum*
" Lies in his head ; there you can lecture well,
" And, whilſt your grey beards wag, the gaping gueſt
" Sits wondering *with a fooliſh face of praiſe.*

(PLATO, COM.)

CRATES, by birth an Athenian, was firſt an actor, and afterwards a writer of the old comedy ; he performed the principal characters in Cratinus's plays, and was the great rival of Ariſtophanes's favourite actors Calliſtratus and Philonides ; we have the titles of more than twenty comedies, and but four ſmall fragments of this author : I have ſearched for his remains more diligently, from the circumſtance of his having been ſo celebrated an actor ; a profeſſion which centers in itſelf

itſelf more gifts of nature, education, art and ſtudy, than any other. His comedies are ſaid to have been of a very gay and facetious caſt; and the author of the *Prolegomena* to Ariſtophanes informs us, that he was the firſt who introduced a drunken character on the Athenian ſtage; to this anecdote I give credit, becauſe no one could better know how entirely ſuch an attempt depends upon the diſcretion and addreſs of the actor, who has ſuch a part in his keeping: It is plain the experiment ſucceeded, becauſe even the tragedians exhibited ſuch characters in ſucceeding times. Modern experience ſhews us, how ſubject ſuch repreſentations are to be outraged; the performer generally forgetting, or not knowing, that his own ſobriety ſhould keep the drunkenneſs he counterfeits within its proper bounds. Ariſtotle aſcribes to Crates another innovation with reſpect to the iambic metre of the old comedy, which he made more free and appoſite to familiar dialogue; this alſo correſponds with the natural and facetious character of his drama. I cannot ſay the four ſmall fragments which I have collected bear that ſtamp; on the contrary, they are of a grave and ſententious caſt: One of them is an obſervation on the effects of poverty, which Horace has either literally tranſlated, or ſtruck upon the very ſame thoughts in the following paſſage:

Non habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

I find a ſhort ſtricture upon the gluttony of the Theſſalians; a remark upon the indecorum of

of inviting women to wedding ſuppers, and making riotous entertainments at a ceremony which modeſty would recommend to paſs in private, and within the reſpective family where it occurs.

The laſt fragment is a ſhort but touching picture of old age, and the vanity of human wiſhes: I think the turn of thought and expreſſion extremely beautiful.

"ON OLD AGE.

" Theſe ſhrivell'd ſinews and this bending frame,
" The workmanſhip of time's ſtrong hand proclaim;
" Skill'd to reverſe whate'er the gods create,
" And make that crooked which they faſhion ſtraight.
" Hard choice for man, to die—or elſe to be
" That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you ſee:
" Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
" And travel on to life's laſt ling'ring day;
" Then ſinking ſlowly down from worſe to worſe,
" Find heav'n's extorted boon our greateſt curſe."

(CRATES.)

PHRYNICHUS was a contemporary of Eupolis, and a writer of the old comedy; a dramatic poet of the firſt claſs in reputation as well as in time. He was an Athenian by birth, and muſt not be confounded with the tragic poet of that name. I find the titles of ten comedies of his writing; theſe are *The Ephialtes; The Beard*, (the ſame title with that of Plato); *Saturn; The Revellers; The Satyrs; The Tragedians; The Recluſe; The Muſes; The Prieſt;* and *The Weeding-Women.*— We have no other guides but theſe titles to gueſs at the comedies themſelves; we ſee however by ſome

ſome of them what ſubjects his ſatire pointed out to the ſpectators, in which the philoſophers had their ſhare as uſual; and by certain fragments it appears, that Alcibiades was alſo treated with ſome perſonal ſeverity.

PHERECRATES is the next author I ſhall notice, a poet famous in his time, and whoſe character as well as genius deſcends to us with the warmeſt teſtimonies of high authority. His ſtile was of that ſort, which has been proverbially dignified as *Moſt Attic:* He acquired ſuch reputation by his poems as well as plays, that the metre he uſed was called by pre-eminence *the Pherecratian Metre.* He was no leſs excellent in his private character than in his poetical one; he was attached to Alexander of Macedon, and accompanied that great conqueror in his expeditions; he lived in intimacy with Plato at Athens, and in ſome of his comedies was engaged in warm competition with Crates, the actor and author, of whom I have already ſpoken. Suidas ſays he wrote ſeventeen comedies, and the titles of theſe are ſtill extant: One of them, viz. *The Peaſants*, is mentioned by Plato in his Protagoras: Clemens quotes a paſſage from his *Deſerters* of great elegance, in which the gods are introduced making heavy complaints of the frauds put upon them by mankind in their ſacrifices and oblations: This poet alſo has a perſonal ſtroke at the immoral character of Alcibiades.

Having quoted a paſſage from Crates on the ſubject of old age, I ſhall now ſelect one from this author on the ſame; and if the reader is curious

rious to obſerve how theſe celebrated rivals expreſſed themſelves on a ſimilar ſentiment, he has an opportunity of making the compariſon.

"ON OLD AGE.

" Age is the heavieſt burthen man can bear,
" Compound of diſappointment, pain and care;
" For when the mind's experience comes at length,
" It comes to mourn the body's loſs of ſtrength:
" Reſign'd to ignorance all our better days,
" Knowledge juſt ripens when the man decays;
" One ray of light the cloſing eye receives,
" And wiſdom only takes what folly leaves."

(PHERECRATES.)

Pherecrates intitled one of his comedies *The Tyranny*; it does not appear what particular object he had in view under this title, but from the following fragment he ſeems to have levelled ſome ſhare of his ſatire againſt the fair ſex—

" Remark how wiſely antient art provides
" The broad-brimm'd cup with flat expanded ſides;
" A cup contrived for man's diſcreeter uſe,
" And ſober potions of the generous juice:
" But woman's more ambitious thirſty ſoul
" Soon long'd to revel in the plenteous bowl;
" Deep and capacious as the ſwelling hold
" Of ſome ſtout bark ſhe ſhap'd the hollow mould,
" Then turning out a veſſel like a tun,
" Simp'ring exclaimed—Obſerve! I drink but one."

(PHERECRATES.)

Athenæus has preſerved a conſiderable fragment from this author, extracted from his comedy of *The Miners*, which I look upon to be as curious a ſpecimen of the old comedy as I have met with. It is a very luxuriant deſcription of the riches and abundance of ſome former times to which

which he alludes, ſtrongly daſhed with comic ſtrokes of wild extravagance and hyperbole.—Theſe *Miners* were probably the chorus of the drama, which no doubt was a ſatirical ſort, and pointed at the luxuries of the rich. By the mention made of Plutus in the firſt line, we may ſuppoſe that theſe *Mines* were of gold, and probably the deity of that precious metal was one of the perſons of the drama.

FROM THE MINERS OF PHERECRATES.

" The days of Plutus were the days of gold ;
" The ſeaſon of high feeding and good cheer :
" Rivers of goodly beef and brewis ran
" Boiling and bubbling thro' the ſteaming ſtreets,
" With iſlands of fat dumplings, cut in ſops
" And ſlippery gobbets, moulded into mouthfuls,
" That dead men might have ſwallow'd; floating tripes
" And fleets of ſauſages in luſcious morſels
" Stuck to the banks like oyſters : Here and there,
" For reliſhers, a ſalt-fiſh ſeaſon'd high
" Swam down the ſavoury tide : When ſoon behold ?
" The portly gammon ſailing in full ſtate
" Upon his ſmoaking platter heaves in ſight,
" Encompaſs'd with his bandoliers like guards,
" And convoy'd by huge bowls of frumenty,
" That with their generous odours ſcent the air."
"—You ſtagger me to tell of theſe good days,
" And yet to live with us on our hard fare,
" When death's a deed as eaſy as to drink."
" If your mouth waters now, what had it done,
" Cou'd you have ſeen our delicate fine thruſhes
" Hot from the ſpit, with myrtle-berries cramm'd,
" And larded well with celandine and parſley,
" Bob at your hungry lips, crying—*Come eat me !*
" Nor was this all ; for pendant over-head
" The faireſt choiceſt fruits in cluſters hung;
" Girls too, young girls juſt budding into bloom,
" Clad in tranſparent veſts, ſtood near at hand
" To ſerve us with freſh roſes and full cups
" Of rich and fragrant wine, of which one glaſs
" No ſooner was diſpatch'd, than ſtrait behold !

" Two

" Two goblets, freſh and ſparkling as the firſt,
" Provok'd us to repeat the encreaſing draught.
" Away then with your ploughs, we need them not,
" Your ſcythes, your ſickles, and your pruning hooks!
" Away with all your trumpery at once!
" Seed-time and harveſt-home and vintage wakes—
" Your holidays are nothing worth to us.
" Our rivers roll with luxury, our vats
" O'erflow with nectar, which providing Jove
" Showers down by cataracts; the very gutters
" From our houſe-tops ſpout wine, vaſt foreſts wave
" Whoſe very leaves drop fatneſs, ſmoaking viands
" Like mountains riſe—All nature's one great feaſt."

AMPHIS, the ſon of Amphicrates an Athenian, was a celebrated comic poet: We have the titles of one and twenty comedies, and he probably wrote many more: By theſe titles it appears that he wrote in the ſatirical vein of the old comedy, and I meet with a ſtroke at his contemporary Plato the philoſopher. He has a play intitled *The Seven Chiefs againſt Thebes*, which is probably a parody upon Æſchylus, and proves that he wrote after the perſonal drama was prohibited: There is another called *The Dicers*; and by ſeveral ſcattered paſſages he appears to have expoſed the perſons of drunkards, gameſters, courteſans, paraſites, and other vicious characters of his time, with great moral ſeverity; There are alſo two comedies intitled *Women's Love* and *Women's Tyranny*.

HERMIPPUS was a writer of the old comedy, and an Athenian. No leſs than forty comedies are given to this author by Suidas; he attacks Pericles for his diſſolute morals, and in one of his plays calls him *King of the Satyrs*, adviſing him to aſſume the proper attributes of his laſcivious character: He was the ſon of Lyſides, and the brother of Myrtilus, a comic writer alſo.

HIPPARCHUS,

HIPPARCHUS, PHILONIDES and THEOPO PUS complete the liſt of poets of the old c medy. Philonides, before he became a votary the muſe, followed the trade of a fuller, and we are to take the word of Ariſtophanes, was very ſilly vulgar fellow, illiterate to a proverb. Athenæus and Stobæus have however given ſome ſhort quotations, which by no means favo this account, and it is probable there was mc ſatire than truth in Ariſtophanes's character him. Theopompus is deſcribed as a man of e cellent morals, and though he was long afflict with a defluxion in his eyes, which put him fr his ſtudies, time has preſerved the titles of twe ty-four comedies of his compoſing: Very lit remains upon record either of him or his worl

One ſhort fragment of Philonides is all that r mains of his works, and it is a ſpecimen whi convinces me that we muſt not always take t character of a poet from a contemporary w engaged in the ſame ſtudies.

FRAGMENT OF PHILONIDES.

" Becauſe I hold the laws in due reſpect,
" And fear to be unjuſt, am I a coward?
" Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
" And only terrible amongſt its foes."

——*Soli æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.*

I now take leave of what is properly call *The Old Comedy*: In the further proſecution this work (if that ſhall be permitted to me) it my intention to review the writers of the *Midd* and conclude with thoſe of the *New Comedy*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.